



# JUDGE DREDD

## THE COMPLETE CASE FILES 20

2000 AD PROGS 856 - 887  
JUDGE DREDD MEGAZINE 2.44 - 2.56  
YEAR: 2115 - 2116



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THE COMPLETE CASE FILES 20

JUDGE DREDD CREATED BY JOHN WAGNER AND CARLOS EZQUERRA



JUDGE DREDD: THE COMPLETE CASE FILES 20  
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Script: John Smith  
Art: Peter Doherty  
Letters: Tom Frame  
Originally published in  
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**BOOK OF THE DEAD**

Script: Grant Morrison/Mark Millar  
Art: Dermot Power  
Letters: Tom Frame & John Aldrich  
Originally published in  
2000 AD Progs 859 to 866

**I HATE CHRISTMAS**

Script: Mark Millar  
Art: Carlos Ezquerra  
Letters: Tom Frame  
Originally published in  
2000 AD Prog 867

**FRANKENSTEIN  
DIVISION**

Script: Mark Millar  
Art: Carlos Ezquerra  
Letters: Tom Frame  
Originally published in  
2000 AD Progs 868 to 871

**CRIME PREVENTION**

Script: Mark Millar,  
Art: Nick Percival  
Letters: Tom Frame  
Originally published in  
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Script: Alan McKenzie/John  
Tomlinson  
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**TOP GUN**

Script: Mark Millar  
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Letters: Tom Frame  
Originally published in  
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**MANCHU  
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Script: Alan McKenzie  
Art: Mick Austin  
Letters: Tom Frame  
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**SCALES OF JUSTICE**

Script: John Higgins  
Art: John Higgins  
Letters: Tom Frame  
Originally published in  
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**ENEMY BELOW**

Script: John Tomlinson  
Art: Clint Langley  
Letters: Tom Frame  
Originally published in  
2000 AD Progs 886 to 887



# JUDGE DREDD

2000 AD CREDIT CARD  
SCRIPT John Smith  
ART Peter Doherty  
LETTERS Tom Frame

## ROADKILL

MEGA-CITY ONE.  
SECTOR 147, 2300 HOURS.

Y'KNOW, HONEY, I  
THINK YOU'RE RIGHT.  
WE MUST'VE TAKEN  
A WRONG TURN ON  
THE UPTOWN RAMP...

NEVER MIND, MERV.  
YOU JUST GET  
YOUR BEARINGS.



IT'S THESE DARNED GLASSES.  
THEY KEEP GETTING FOGGED UP..  
I COULD HAVE SWORN THERE  
WAS A POD-PARK ROUND HERE.

MERV--THERE'S A JUDGE  
COMING OVER. WHY DON'T  
WE ASK DIRECTIONS?

SAY,  
EXCUSE ME,  
OFFI--

WHAT'S THE MATTER  
WITH YOU, POPS?  
YOU SOME KIND OF  
WISE GUY?

DRIVING PERMIT  
AND INSURANCE  
PAPERS--NOW!



YOUR MEMORY BAD, GRAMPS?  
YOU'RE THREE WEEKS OVERDUE FOR  
YOUR STATUTORY EYE TEST!

WE'VE BEEN IN BRIT-CIT.  
JUDGE DREDD. ONLY JUST  
GOT BACK. MY S-SISTER-IN-LAW,  
ESMEE, SHE'S IN AN IRON  
LUNG AND--

SPARE ME THE  
SOB STORY.



60 DAYS, TRAFFIC  
VIOLATION. TURN YOURSELF  
IN AT THE NEAREST  
ISO-BLOCK.

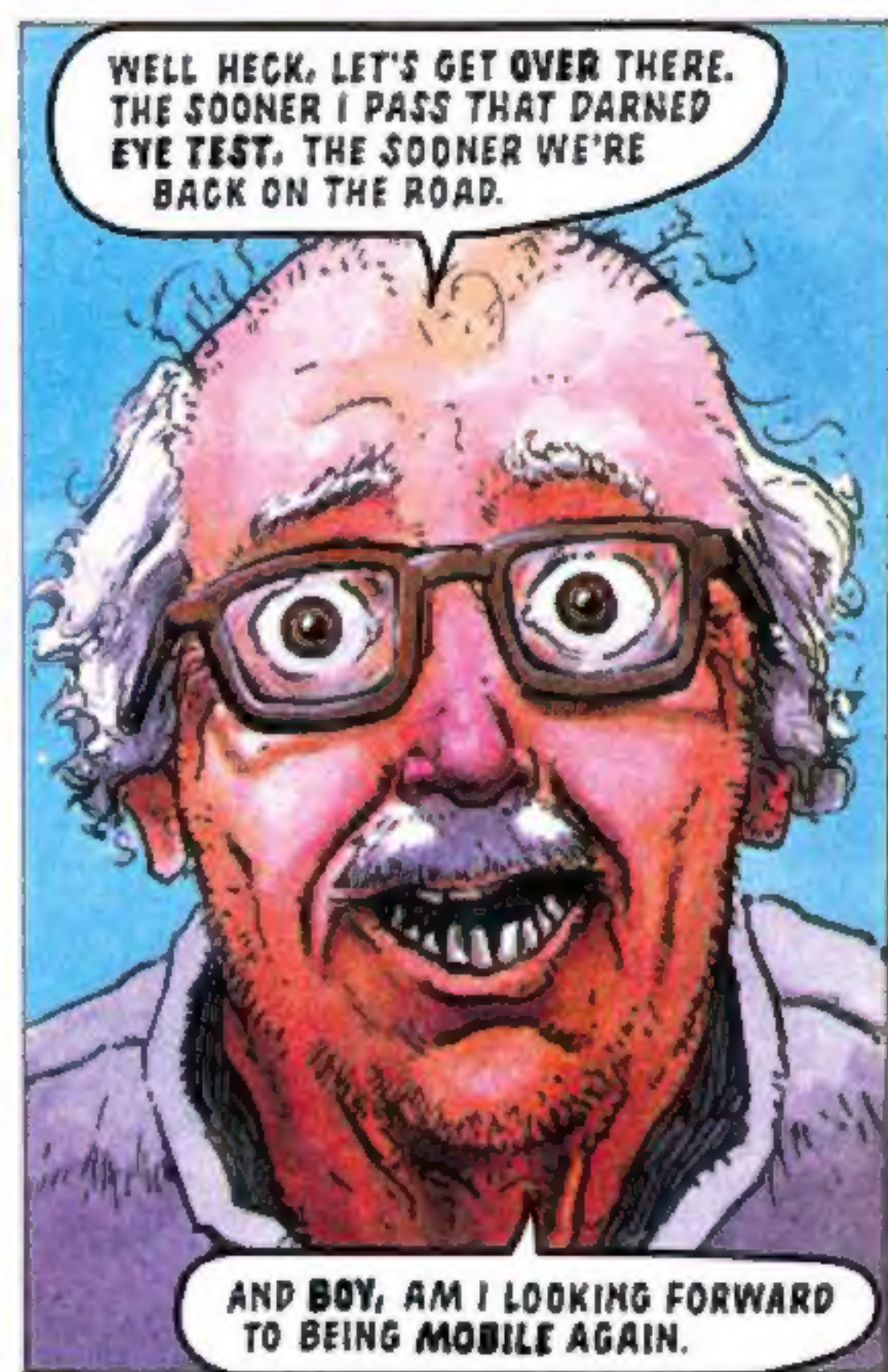
AND TAKE MY ADVICE:  
YOU GOT A LITTLE  
NEST EGG SAVED AWAY.  
INVEST IN A NEW  
PAIR OF EYES.



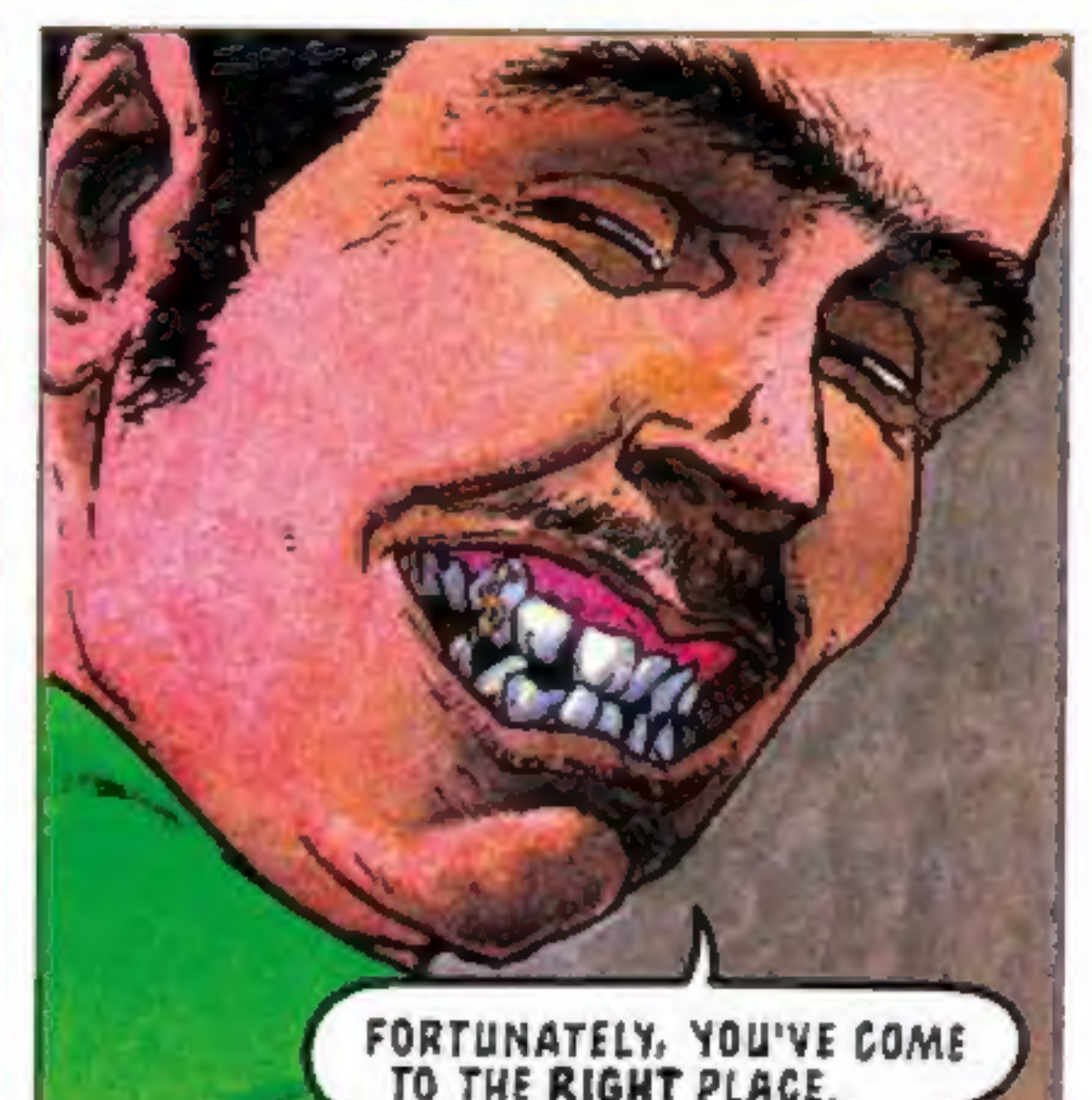
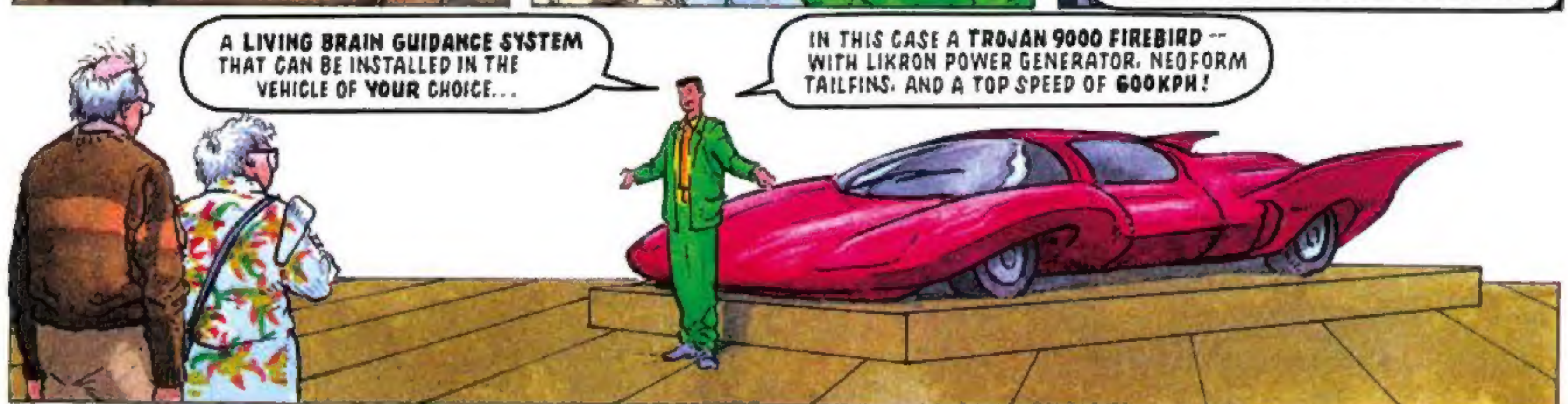
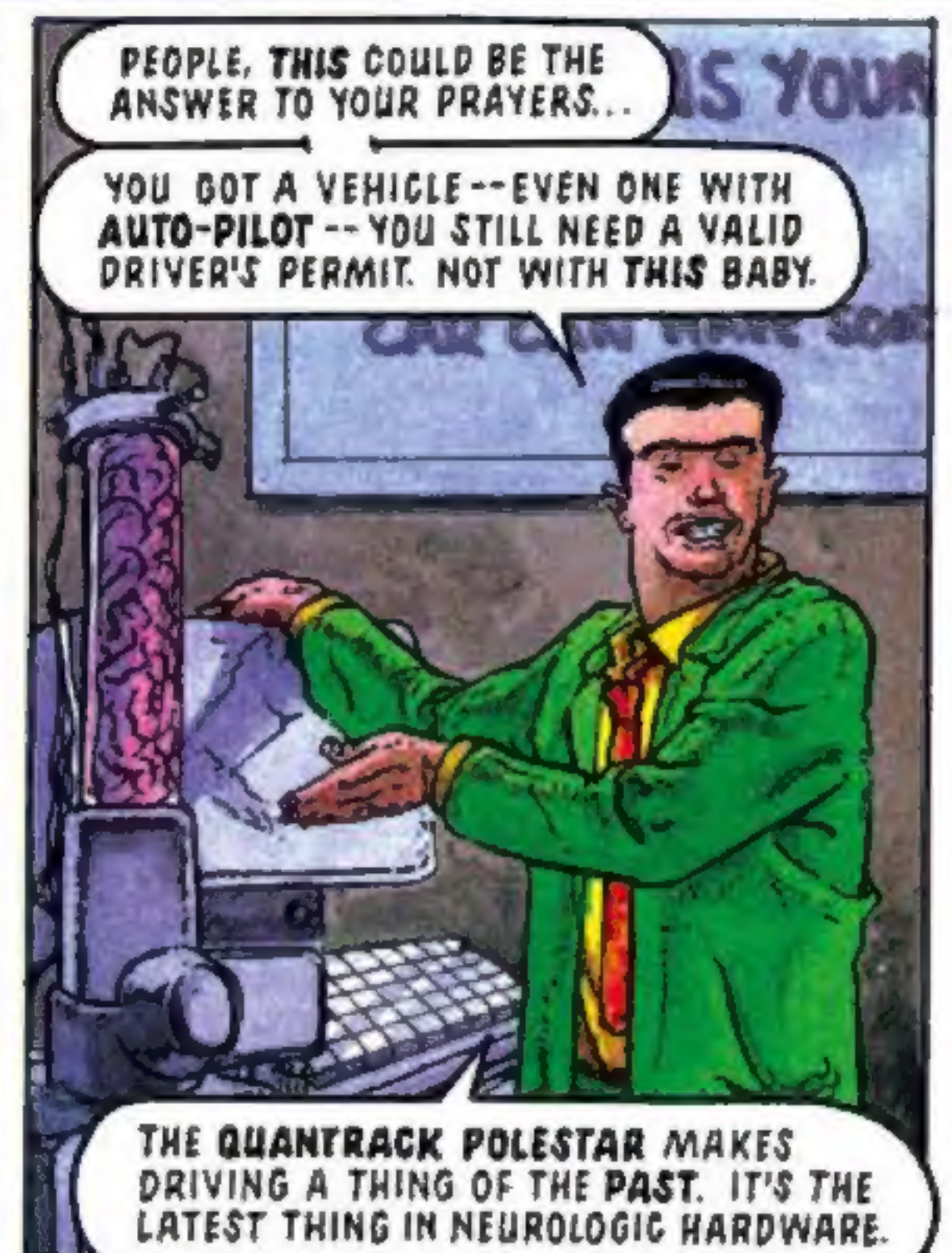
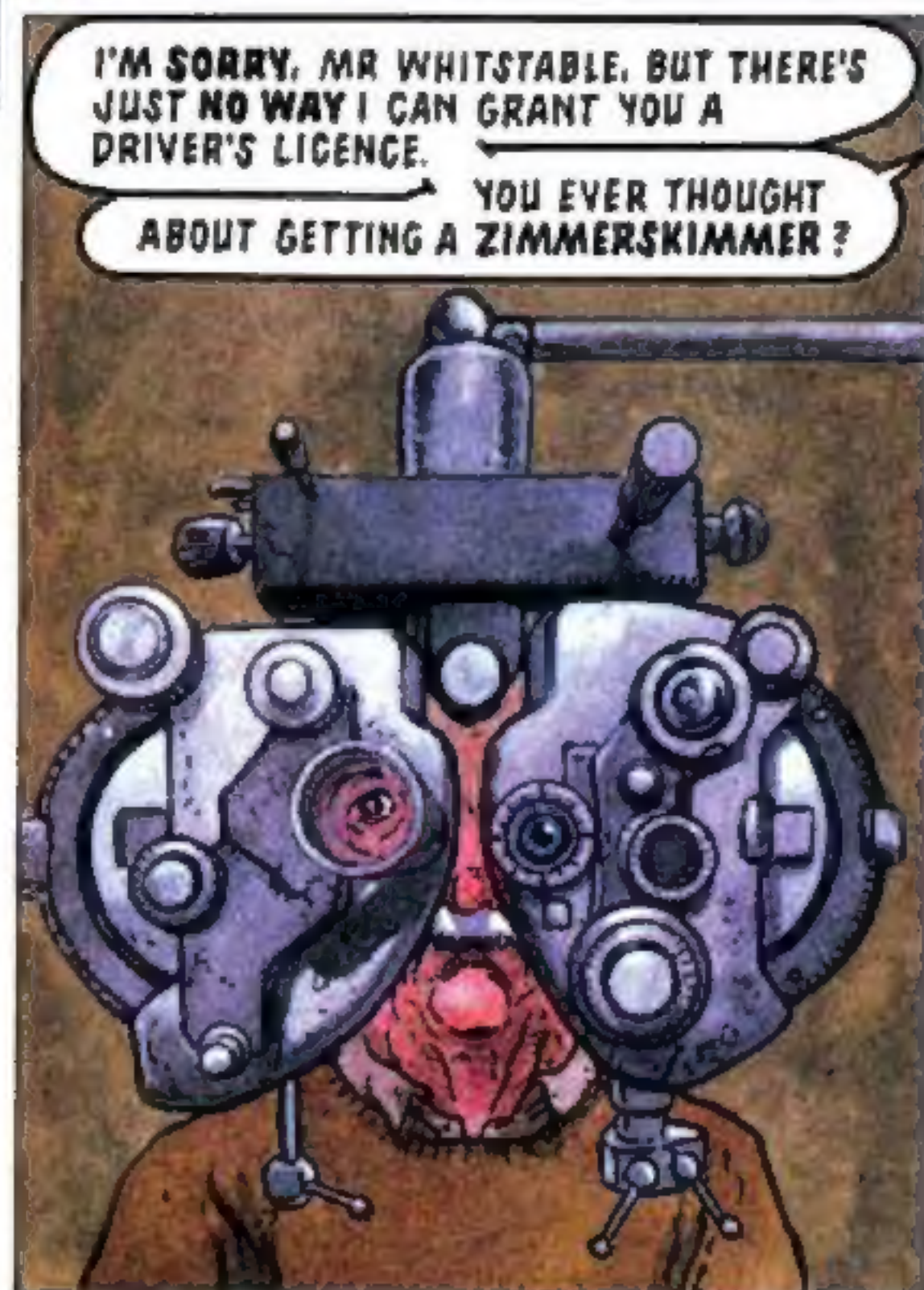
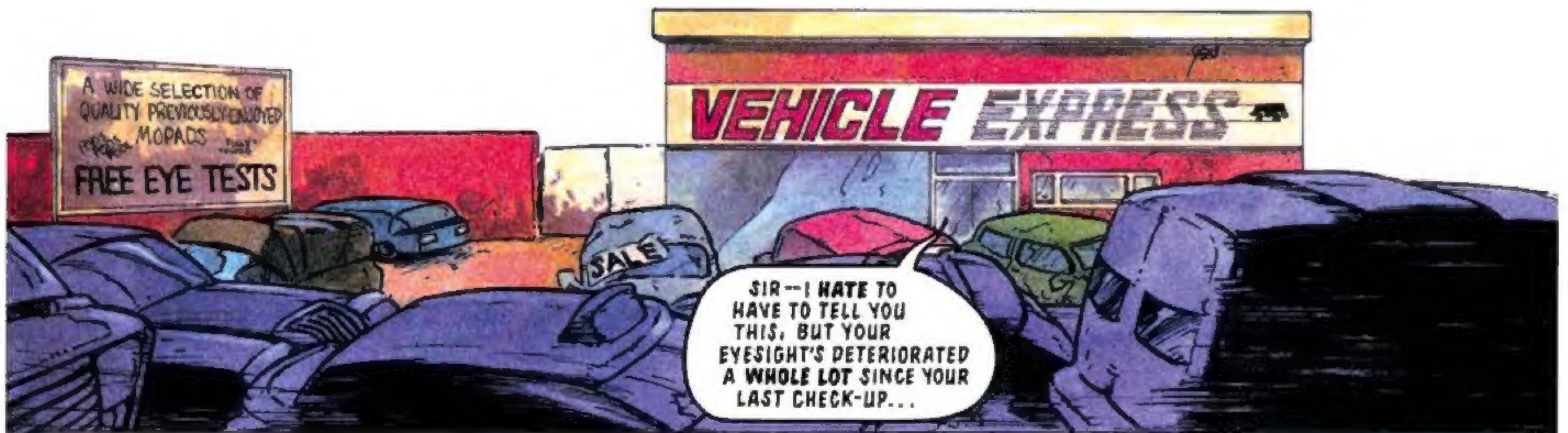
B-BUT THAT'S  
INCREDIBLE! HOW  
ON EARTH DID YOU  
KNOW I HAVE  
POOR EYESIGHT?



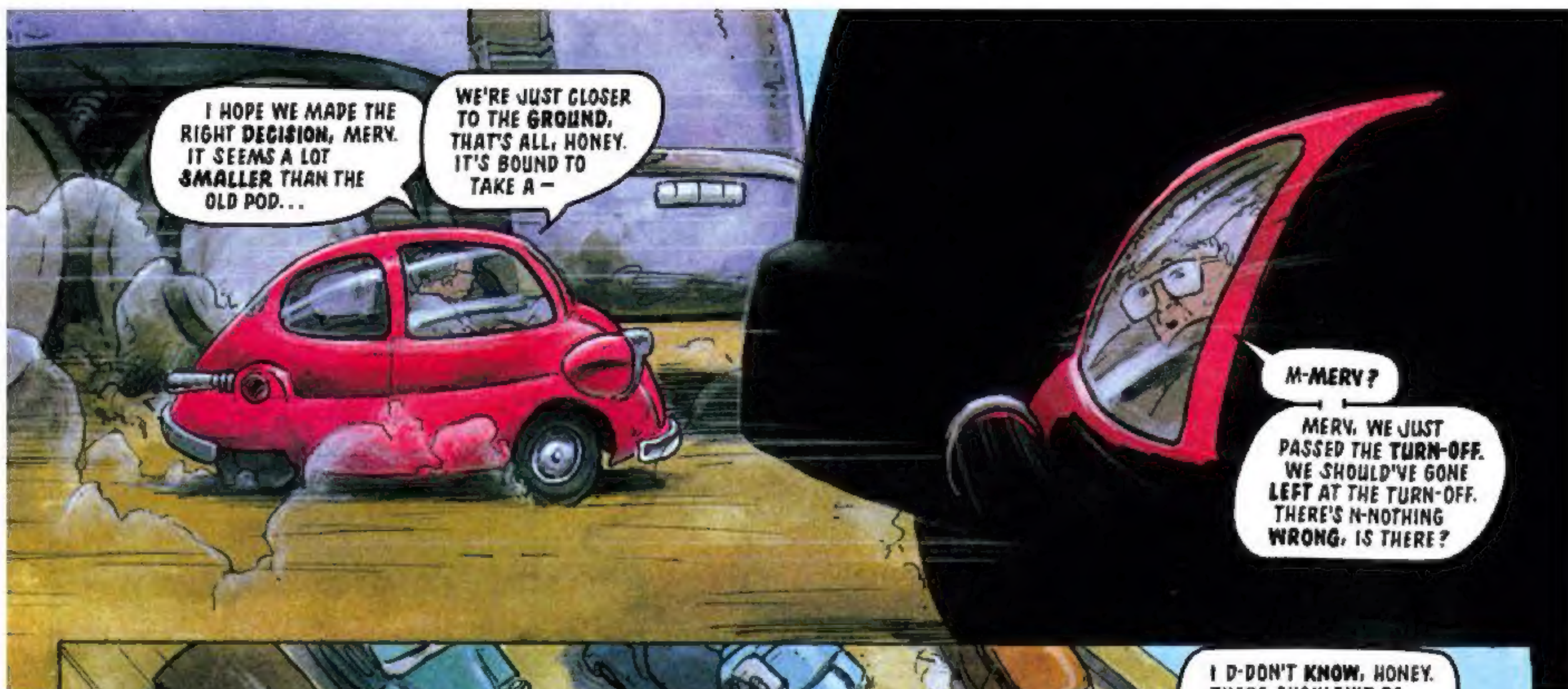












I HOPE WE MADE THE RIGHT DECISION, MERV. IT SEEMS A LOT SMALLER THAN THE OLD POD...

WE'RE JUST CLOSER TO THE GROUND, THAT'S ALL, HONEY. IT'S BOUND TO TAKE A -

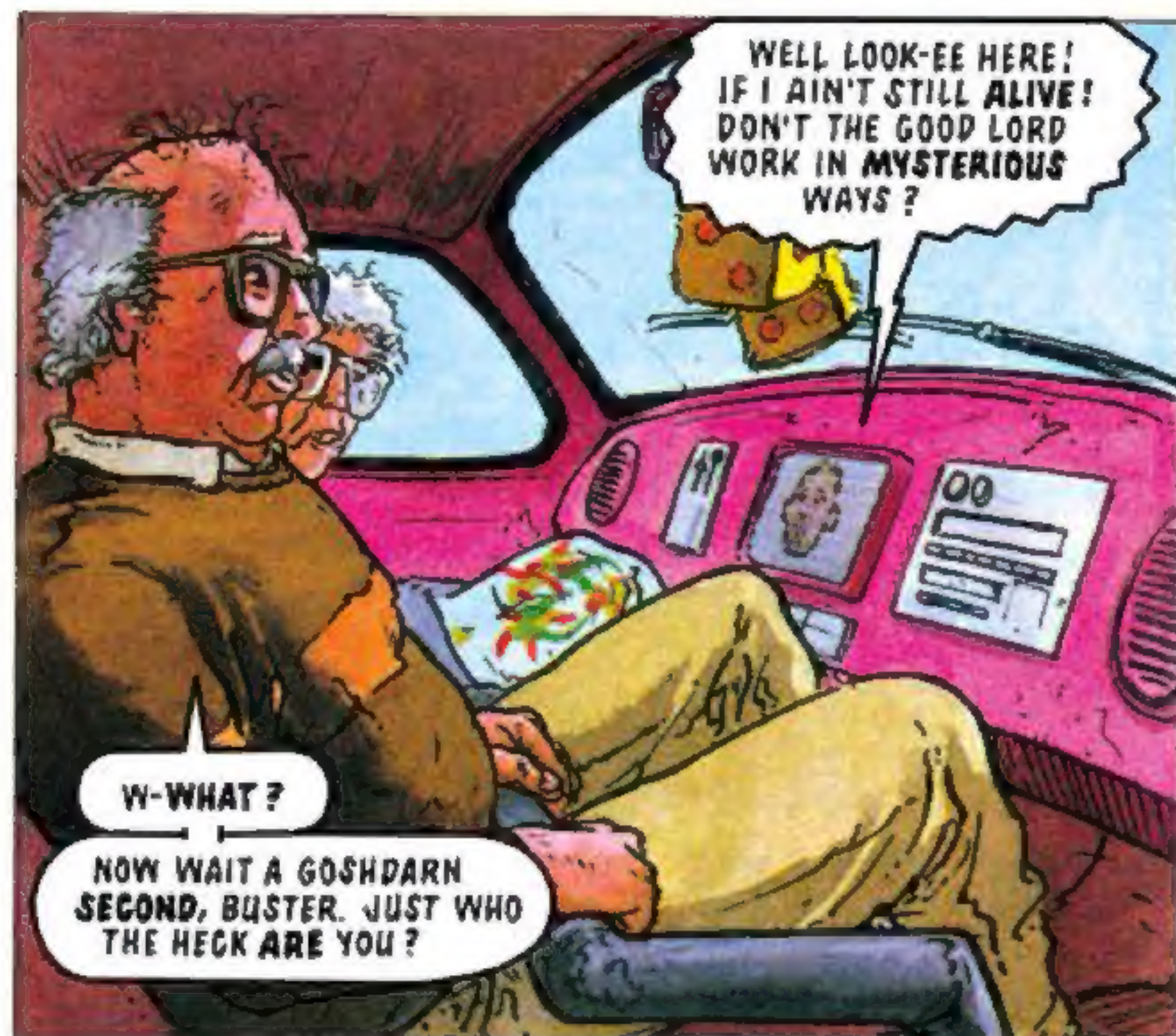
M-MERV?

MERV, WE JUST PASSED THE TURN-OFF. WE SHOULD'VE GONE LEFT AT THE TURN-OFF. THERE'S N-NOTHING WRONG, IS THERE?



I D-DON'T KNOW, HONEY. THERE SHOULDN'T BE. I FOLLOWED THAT BLASTED MANUAL TO THE LETTER...

WE SEEM TO BE GOING AWFULLY FAST, MERV...



WELL LOOK-EE HERE! IF I AIN'T STILL ALIVE! DON'T THE GOOD LORD WORK IN MYSTERIOUS WAYS?

W-WHAT?

NOW WAIT A GOSH DARN SECOND, BUSTER. JUST WHO THE HECK ARE YOU?



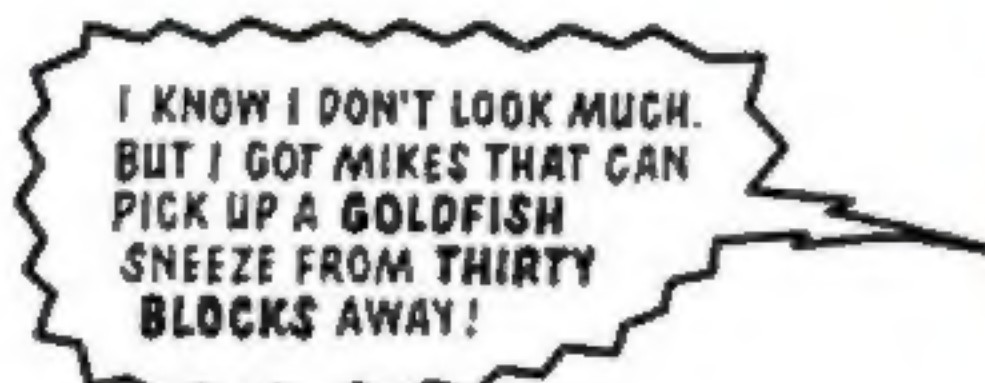
I'M LENNY-LEE LUCAS. LEASTWAYS, I USED TO BE LENNY-LEE LUCAS. AIN'T RIGHTLY SURE NOW JUST WHAT I AM.

BUT I TELL YOU FOLKS SOMETHIN'... I'M SURE GONNA MAKE THE MOST OF IT! AIN'T OFTEN YOU GET A SECOND CHANCE.



AN' BOY-OH-BOY... DOES OL' LENNY HAVE SOME SCORES TO SETTLE!



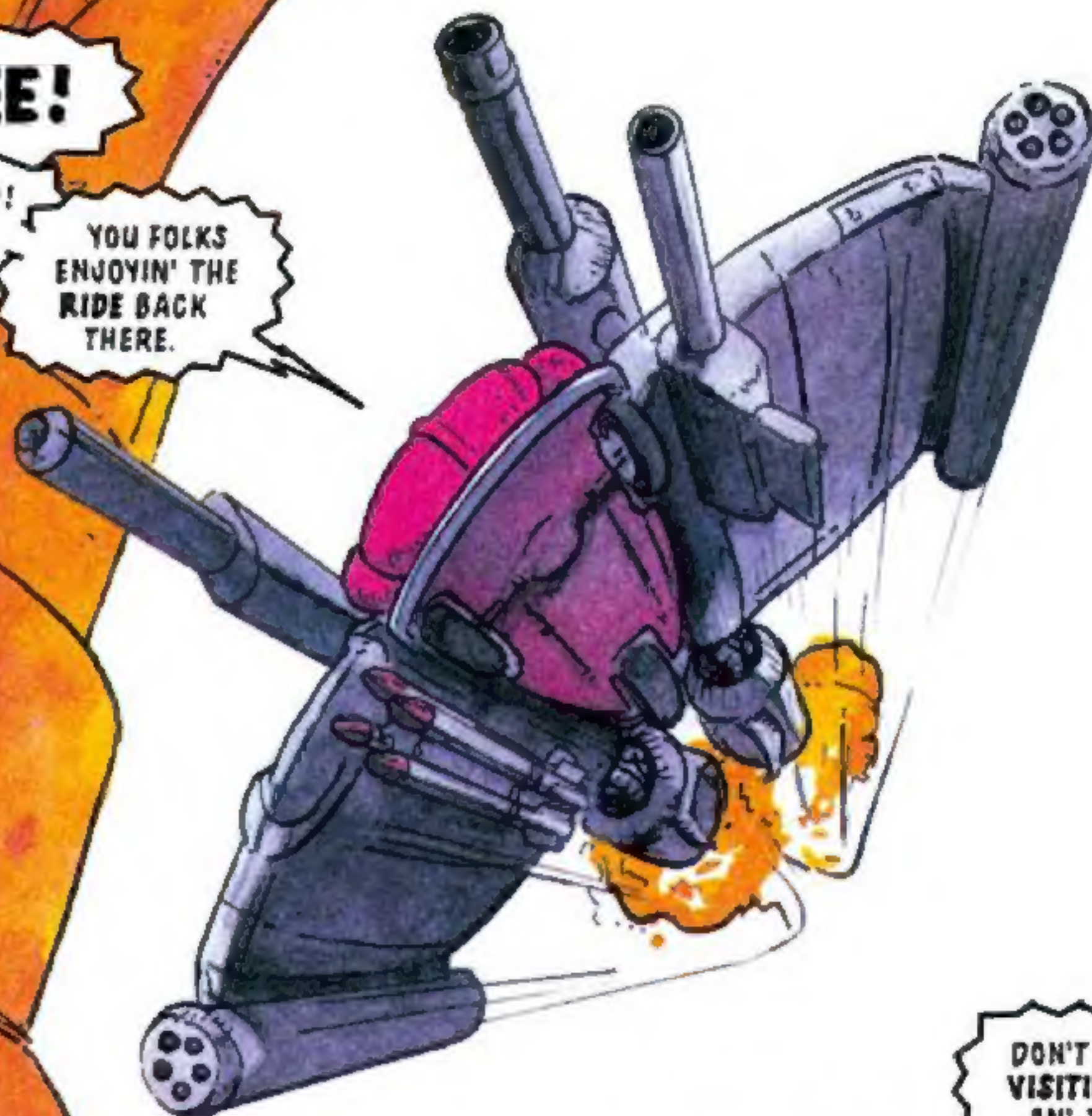




**WHEEE-DOGGEE!**

JUST FEEL THAT WIND!  
'SLIKE A PACK OF  
HUNGRY DAWGS  
TEARIN' AT MY  
FLANKS!

YOU FOLKS  
ENJOYIN' THE  
RIDE BACK  
THERE.



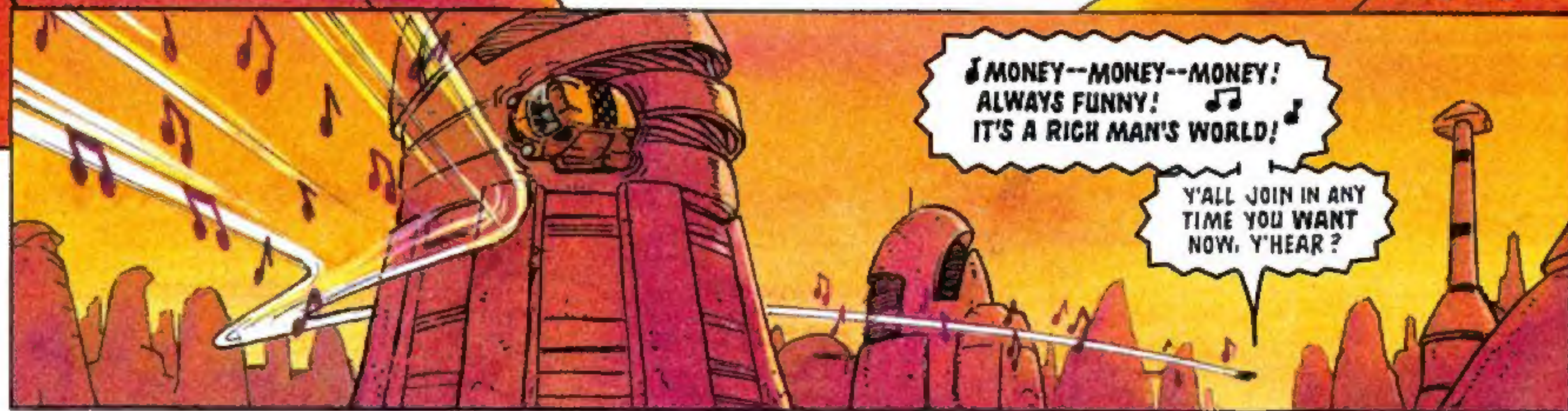
WH-WHERE ARE  
YOU TAKING US?



DON'T SWEAT IT, POPS. WE'RE GOIN'  
VISITIN', THAT'S ALL. YOU JUST SIT BACK  
AN' TAKE IN THE SCENERY.



SAY--HOW 'BOUT A LITTLE  
MUSIC? I KNOW ALL THE  
CLASSICS OFF BY HEART...



♪ MONEY--MONEY--MONEY!  
ALWAYS FUNNY! ♪  
IT'S A RICH MAN'S WORLD!

Y'ALL JOIN IN ANY  
TIME YOU WANT  
NOW, Y'HEAR?

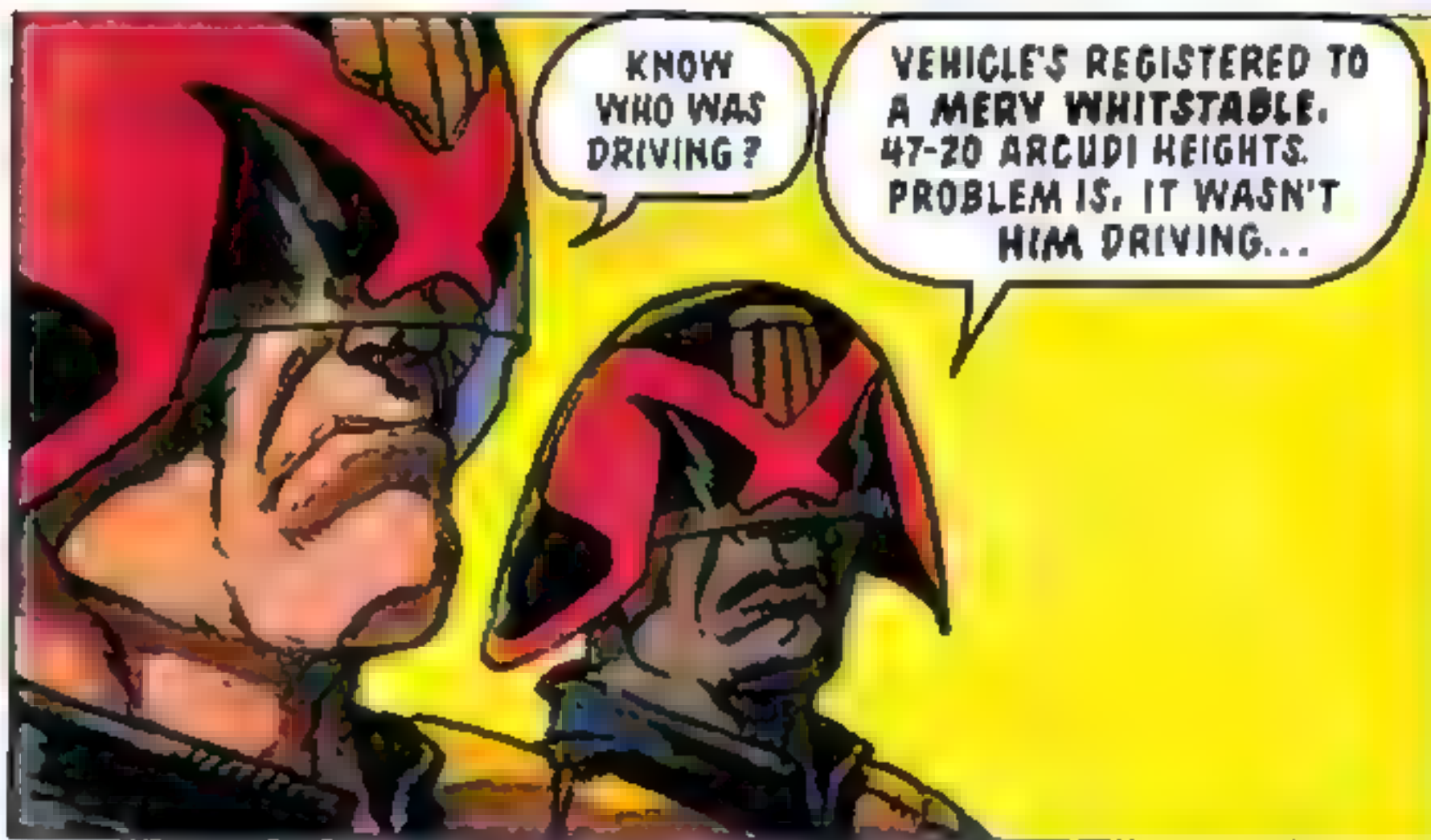
SECTOR 142, 1930 HOURS...

PLACE WAS HELD UP BY A  
ZIPPY C5. TOOK THE OWNER  
HOSTAGE, DEMANDED A FULL  
SYSTEMS CONVERSION AND  
ARMAMENTS FIT-UP, THEN  
TOOK OFF AGAIN.

LAST SEEN HEADING EAST ON  
LOBIANCA. WE'VE PUT OUT  
AN APB AND ALERTED  
SPY-IN-THE-SKY.

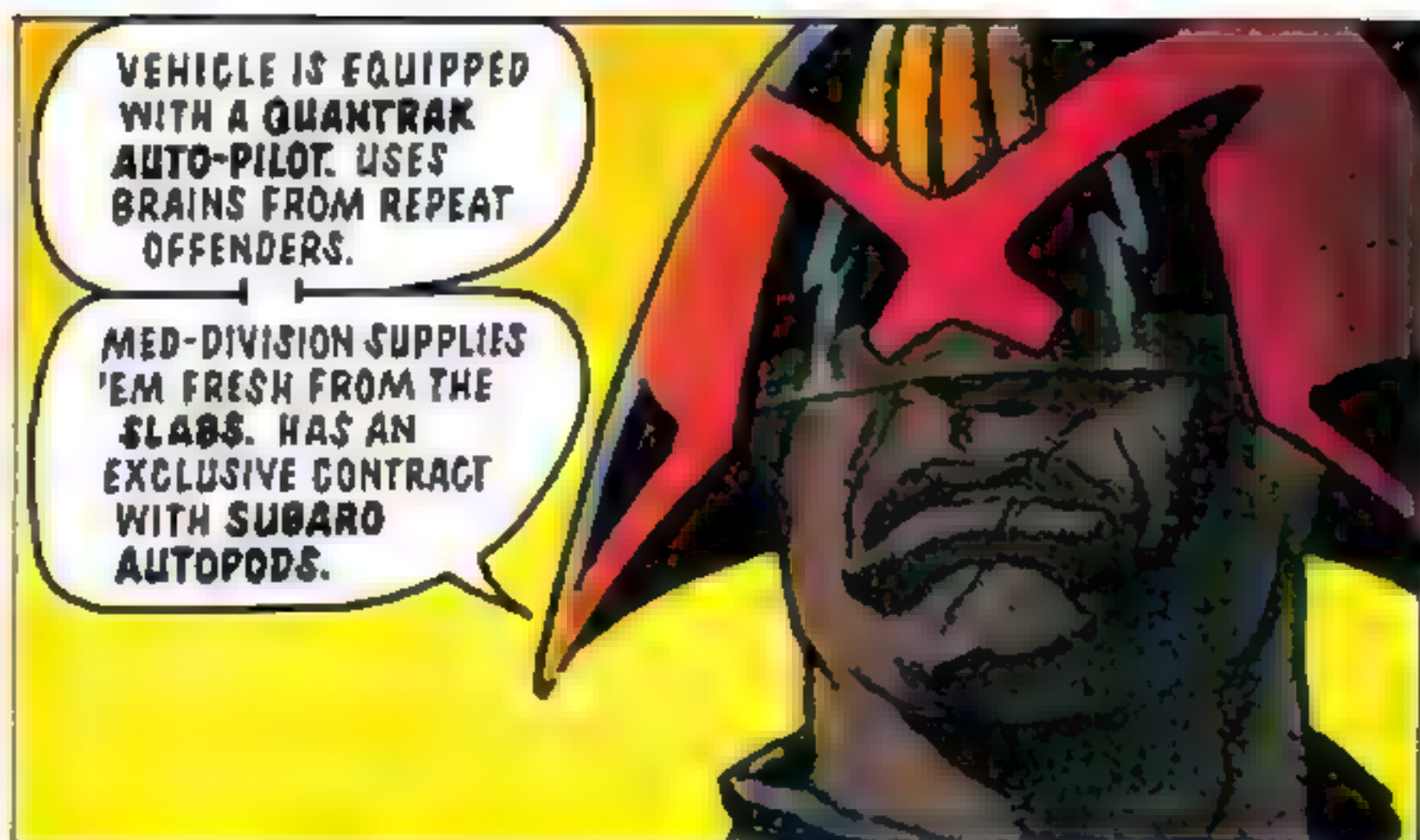






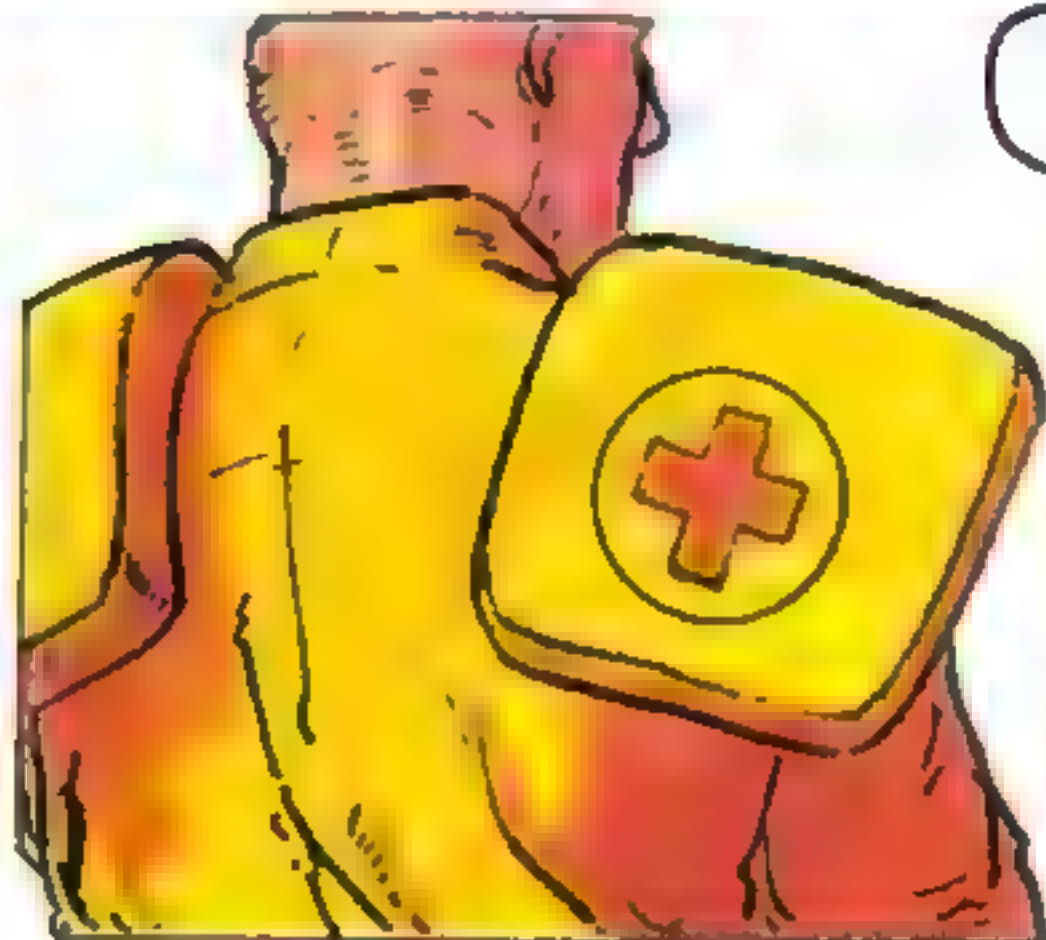
KNOW WHO WAS DRIVING?

VEHICLE'S REGISTERED TO A MERV WHITSTABLE. 47-20 ARCUDI HEIGHTS. PROBLEM IS, IT WASN'T HIM DRIVING...



VEHICLE IS EQUIPPED WITH A QUANTRAK AUTO-PILOT. USES BRAINS FROM REPEAT OFFENDERS.

MED-DIVISION SUPPLIES 'EM FRESH FROM THE SLABS. HAS AN EXCLUSIVE CONTRACT WITH SUBARO AUTOPODS.



WHO'S BRIGHT IDEA WAS THAT?



PART OF McGRUDER'S NEW BUSINESS INITIATIVE. FOSTERING CLOSER TIES BETWEEN THE PRIVATE SECTOR AND JUSTICE DEPARTMENT.



IT'S NOT AS DUMB AS IT SOUNDS. THE BRAINS ARE WIPED AND REPROGRAMMED FROM SCRATCH. WE GOT A 100% SUCCESS RATE.

WELL, WE DID HAVE, UP TILL TODAY.



YOU MANAGE TO IDENTIFY OUR PERP?

BRAIN BELONGED TO LENNY-LEE LUCAS, aka THE KARAOKE KILLER. PART-TIME RUNNER FOR THE WHITE TONGUE TRIAD.



I REMEMBER. BOUGHT IT DURING A BOTCHED HEIST AT SOME UPMARKET ORGAN BANK. HIS FRIENDS LEFT HIM TO FRY.

YOU RECKON HE'S OUT FOR REVENGE?

I HOPE SO, CONTI. THE WHITE TONGUE'S ALWAYS KEPT ONE STEP AHEAD OF US. WE'VE NEVER NAILED 'EM YET.

WE KEEP OUR FINGERS CROSSED. THIS SCUZZBALL MIGHT JUST SAVE US THE TROUBLE.





SECTOR 135,  
20.00 HOURS.

# JUDGE DREDD

THIS WHOLE THING, MAN...  
JIMMY GOIN' LEGIT... PUMPIN'  
MONEY INTO THAT FREAKIN'  
ART GALLERY... IT AIN'T RIGHT...

WE'RE LOSIN' FACE...

DROKK OFF,  
IWADA. YOU  
WORRY TOO  
MUCH.

YEAH, MAN! COME AN'  
TRY SOME OF THIS...  
PRIME COLOMBIAN  
BROWN. TAKE YOUR  
MIND OFF THINGS...

HEY!  
WHO TURNED  
OUT THE--

## PART 2 ROADKILL

John Smith  
Peter Doherty  
Tom Frame





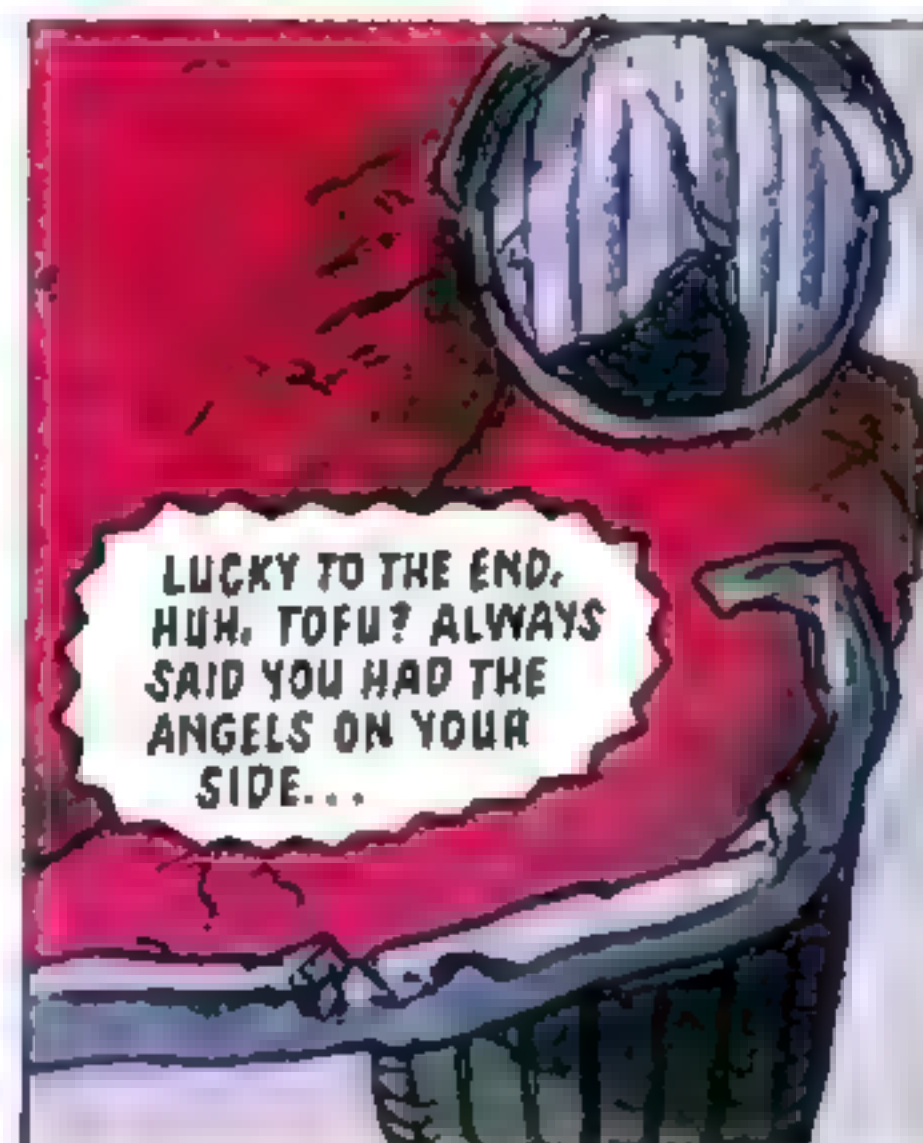
M-M-MERV? OH MERV,  
I TH-THINK I WET  
MYSELF...

IT'S OKAY, HONEY. YOU HUSH  
NOW. EVERYTHING'S GONNA BE  
JUST FINE, YOU'LL SEE.



ADOHHHH...

WELL, WHADDYA  
KNOW! IF IT AIN'T  
MY OLD BUDDY  
TOFU!



LUCKY TO THE END.  
HUM, TOFU? ALWAYS  
SAID YOU HAD THE  
ANGELS ON YOUR  
SIDE...



L-LENNY?  
THAT Y-YOU,  
MAN...?

WELL, IT  
SURE AIN'T THE  
AVON LADY.



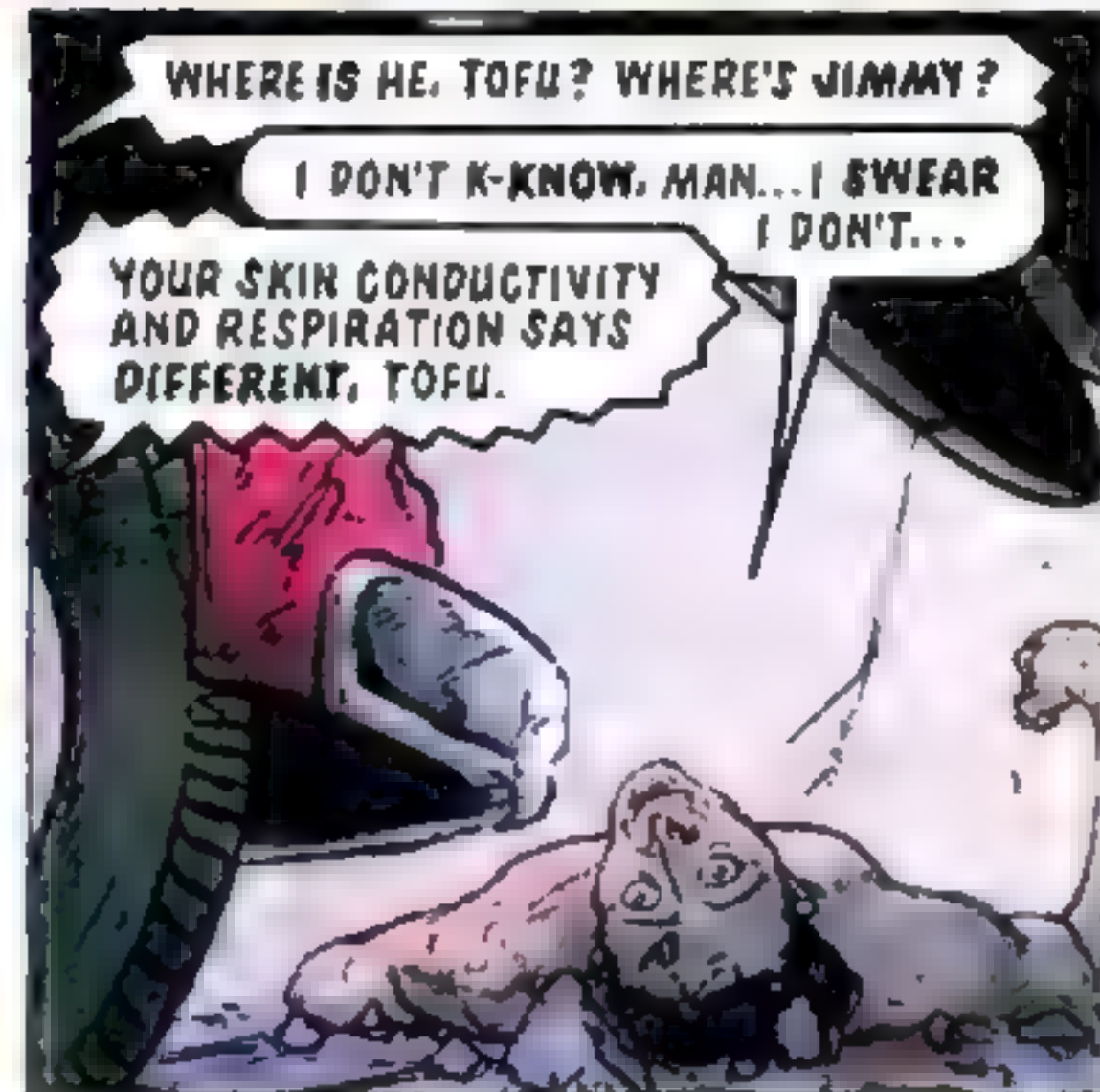
"I BEEN THINKIN, TOFU.  
'BOUT THAT DAY AT  
THE ORGAN BANK..."



"YOU CREEPS LEFT ME TO DIE OUT THERE. LET  
THE JUDGES SHOOT ME DOWN LIKE SOME KINDA  
ANIMAL..."



"WELL I'M BACK.  
AN' I'M GONNA  
GET ME SOME  
JUSTICE."



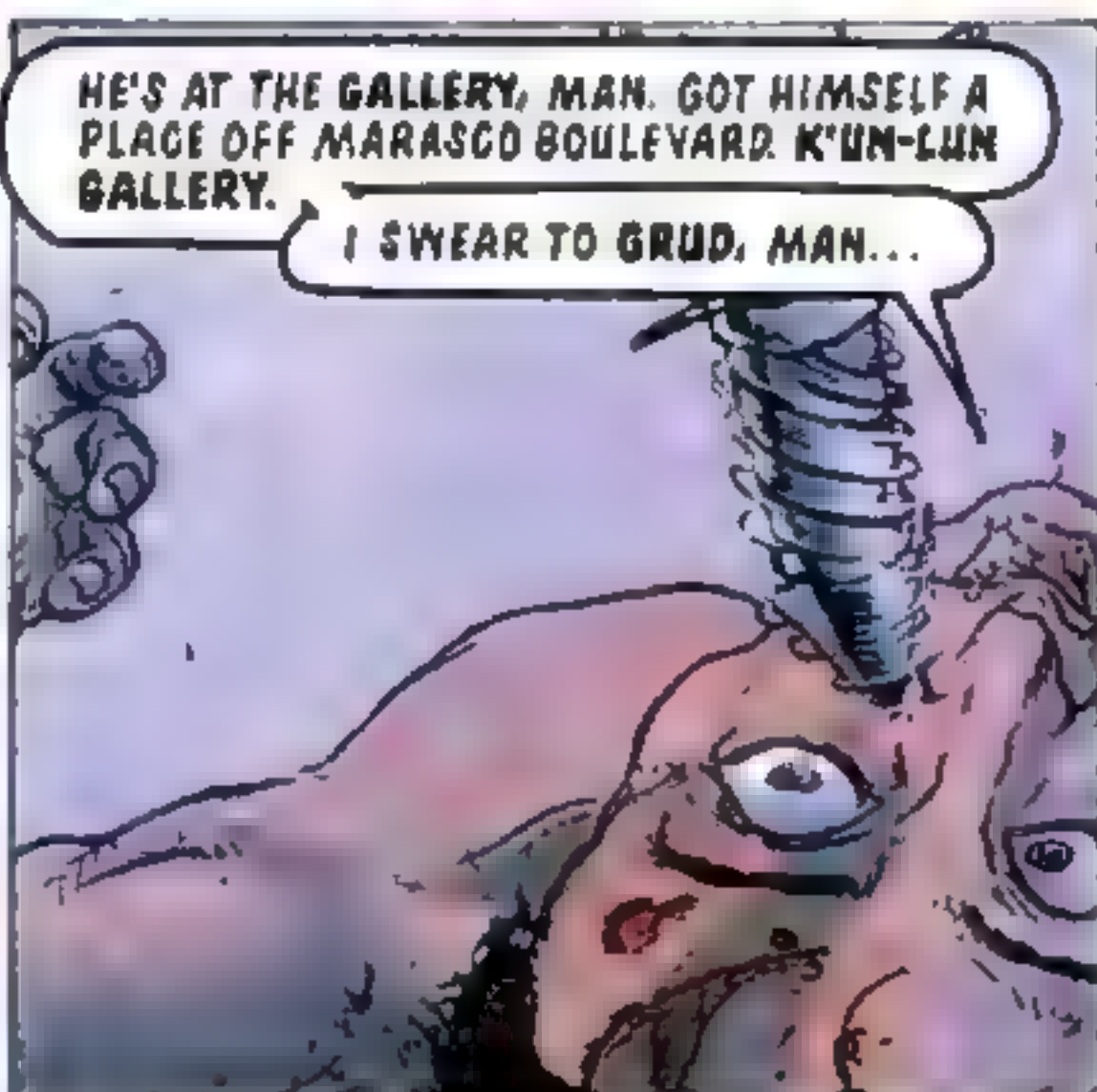
WHERE IS HE, TOFU? WHERE'S JIMMY?

I DON'T K-KNOW, MAN... I SWEAR  
I DON'T...

YOUR SKIN CONDUCTIVITY  
AND RESPIRATION SAYS  
DIFFERENT, TOFU.



NOW  
WHERE?



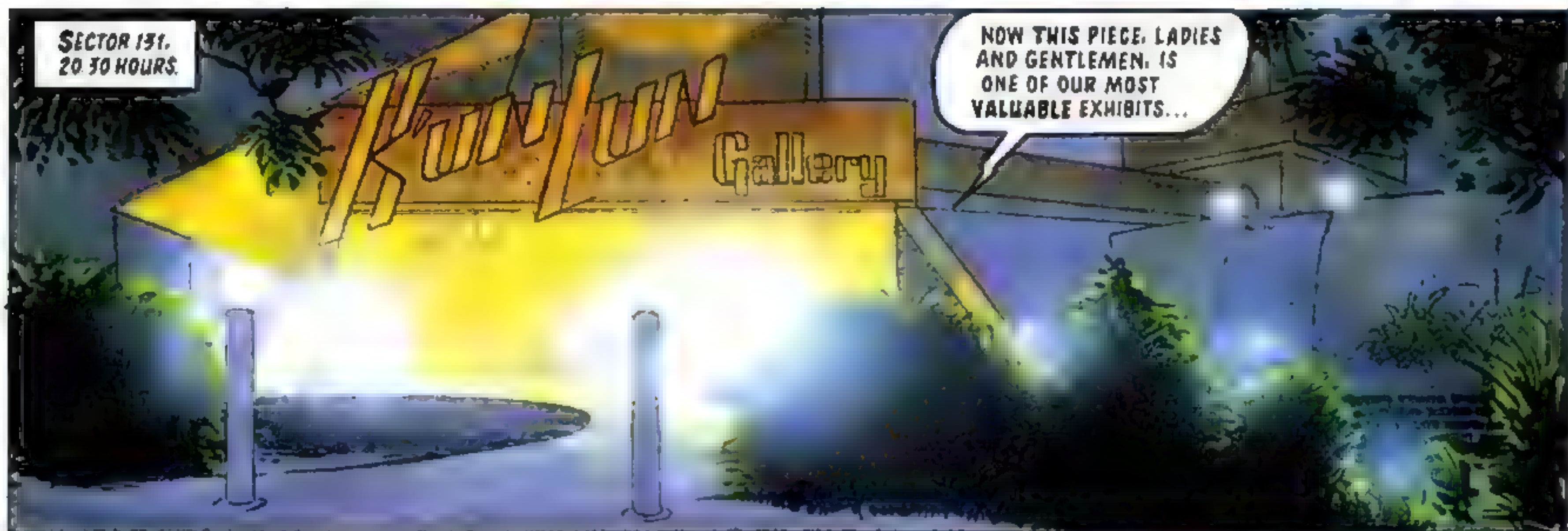
HE'S AT THE GALLERY, MAN. GOT HIMSELF A  
PLACE OFF MARASCO BOULEVARD. K'UN-LUN  
GALLERY.

I SWEAR TO GRUD, MAN...



THANKS, TOFU.  
YOU'RE A GENT.









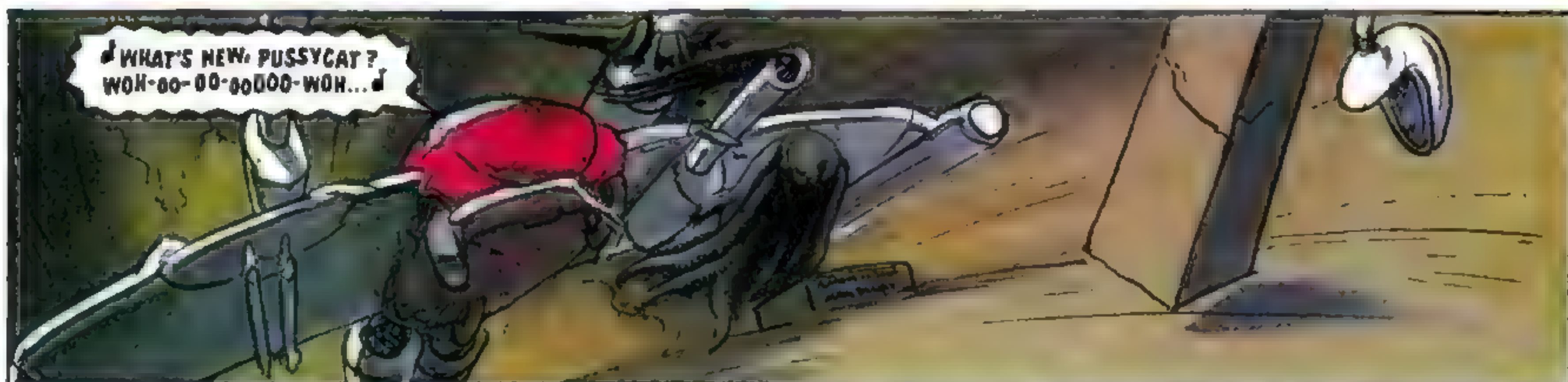
GET MED-UNITS TO  
K'UN-LUN GALLERY,  
3RD AND BEAUMONT,  
OFF MARASCO  
BOULEVARD.

SEND A  
COUPLE OF  
MEAT-WAGONS,  
TOO.



MR CHINN--  
HE'S HERE! HE'S  
TAKING THE  
PLACE APART!

I WANT A ROADSTER  
ROUND THE BACK! NOW!  
THEN GET A TONG  
ASSAULT SQUAD OVER  
HERE FAST!



WHAT'S NEW, PUSSYCAT?  
WOH-OO-OO-OOO-OOH...



HOLY  
DROKK!



AWAY FROM THE CAR!  
GET AWAY FROM THE  
DROKKIN' CAR!

HOW DARE YOU?  
IF YOU SERIOUSLY  
THINK THIS IS ANY WAY  
TO GAIN INVESTORS,  
THEN YOU'RE VERY  
MUCH MIST-



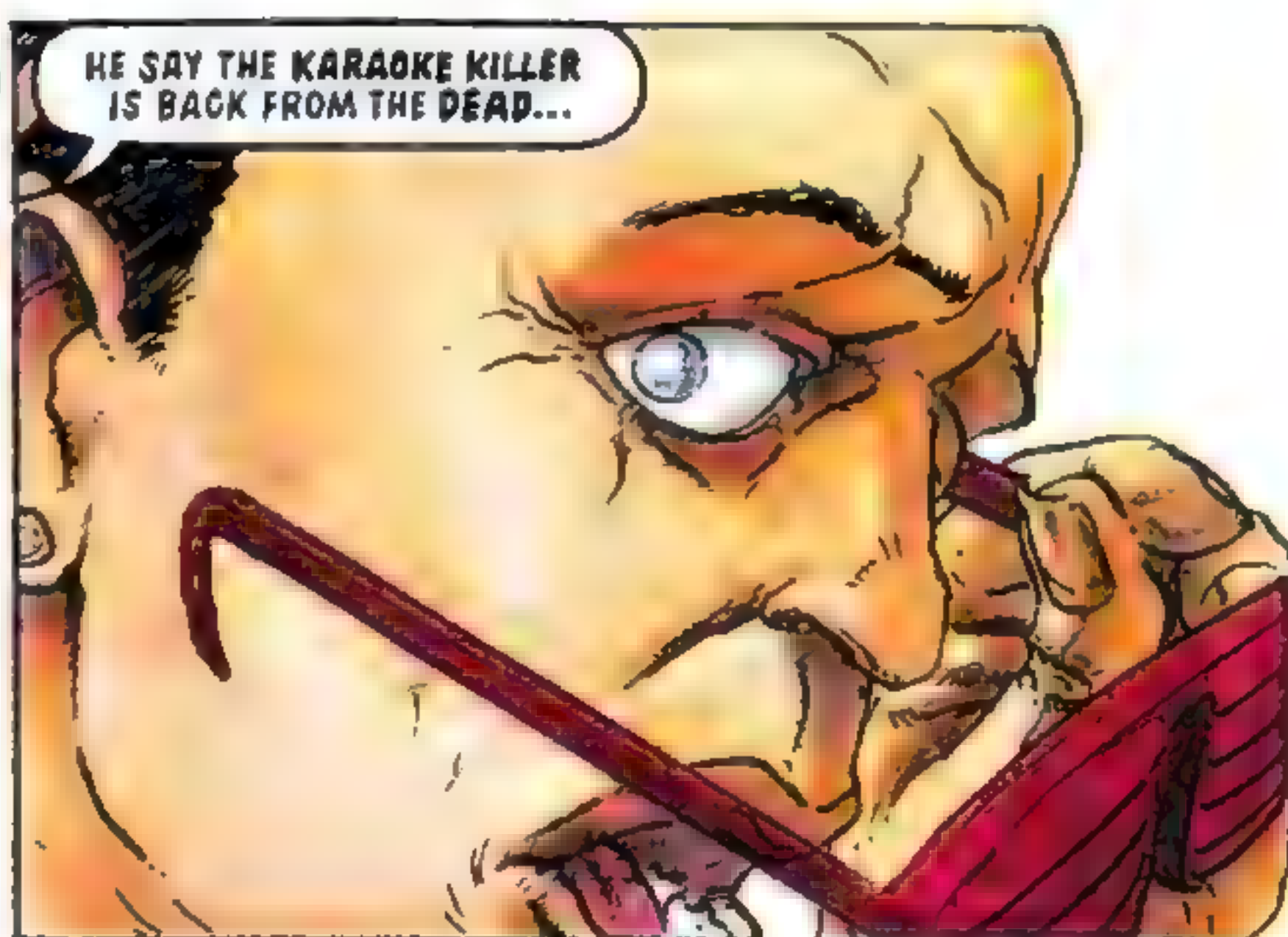
AH,  
SHADDAP!

CHUDD!

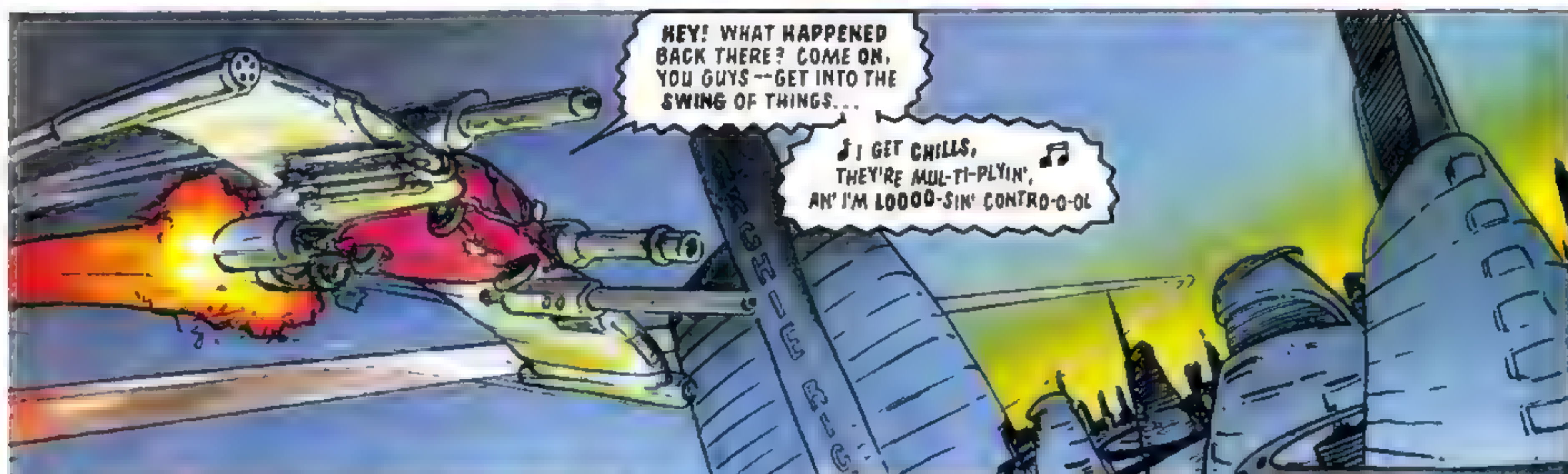




SIR? VERY SORRY TO INTERRUPT, MR CHINN, BUT LI-WONG IS ON LINE. HE SAYS WE HAVE BIG PROBLEM COMING OUR WAY...



HE SAY THE KARAOKE KILLER IS BACK FROM THE DEAD...



HEY! WHAT HAPPENED BACK THERE? COME ON, YOU GUYS--GET INTO THE SWING OF THINGS...

♫ I GET CHILLS, THEY'RE MUL-TI-PLYIN', AN' I'M LOOOO-SIN' CONTRO-O-OL



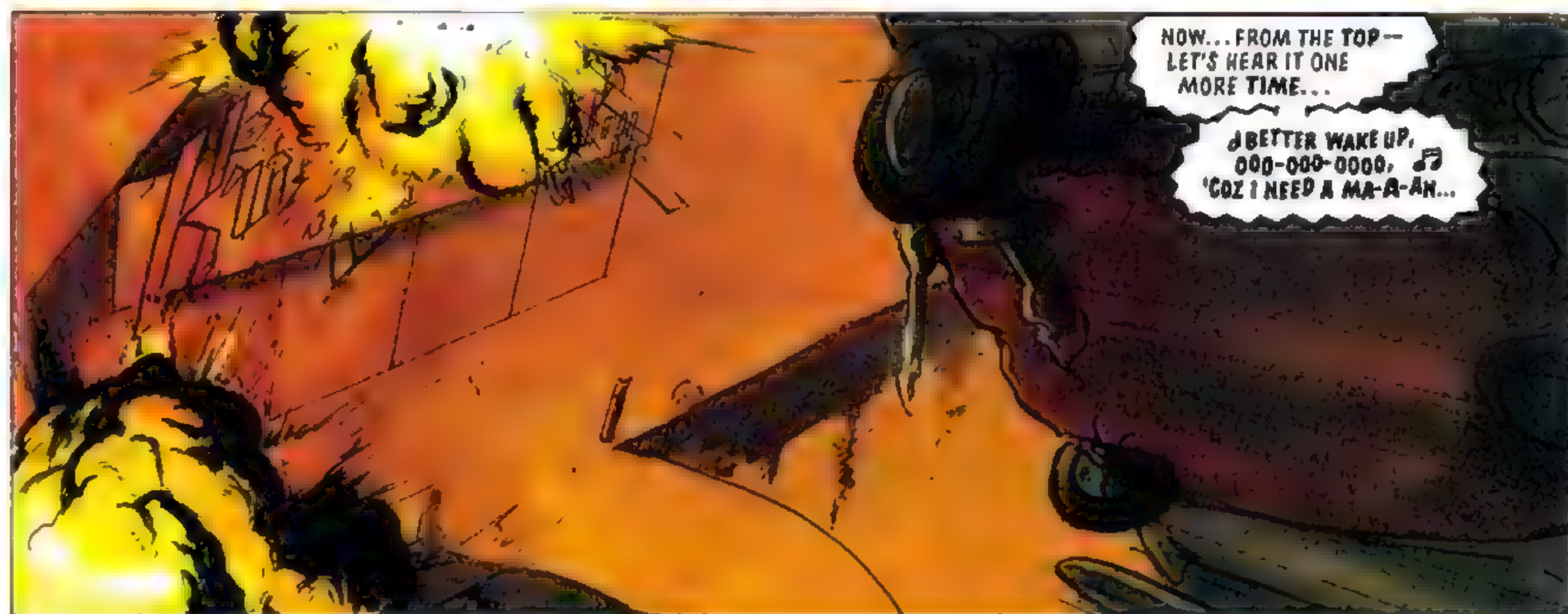
WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU? SHE'S ILL, DARN IT! CAN'T YOU SEE SHE'S ILL?

♫ BUT THE POW-WER YOU'RE SUPPLYIN' IT'S BL-CK-TRIVIN'...



BUDDY, I BEEN REAL PATIENT WITH YOU FOLKS. SEEM' AS HOW I'M OBLIGED TO YOU AN' ALL...

...BUT WHEN I'M WORKIN', I JUST GOTTA HAVE MUSIC. IT'S THE WAY THE GOOD LORD MADE ME.



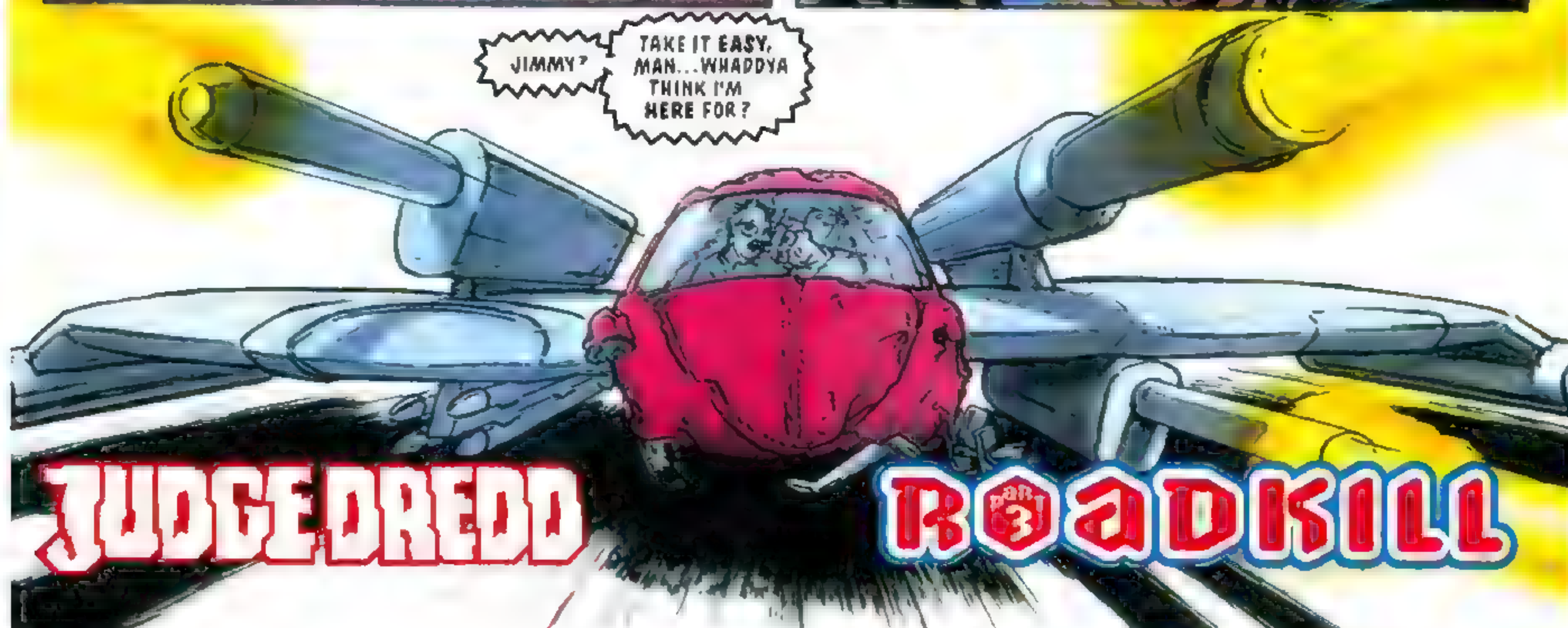
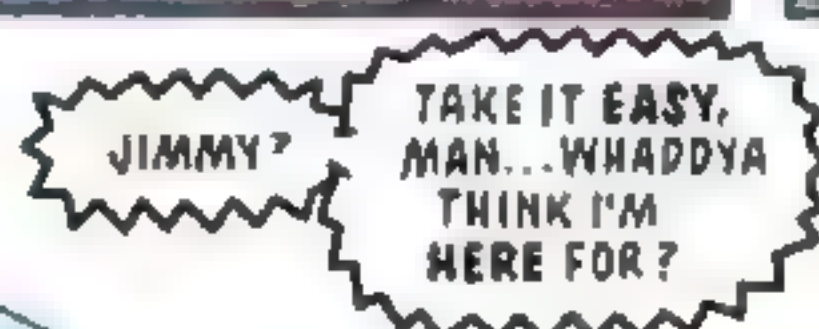
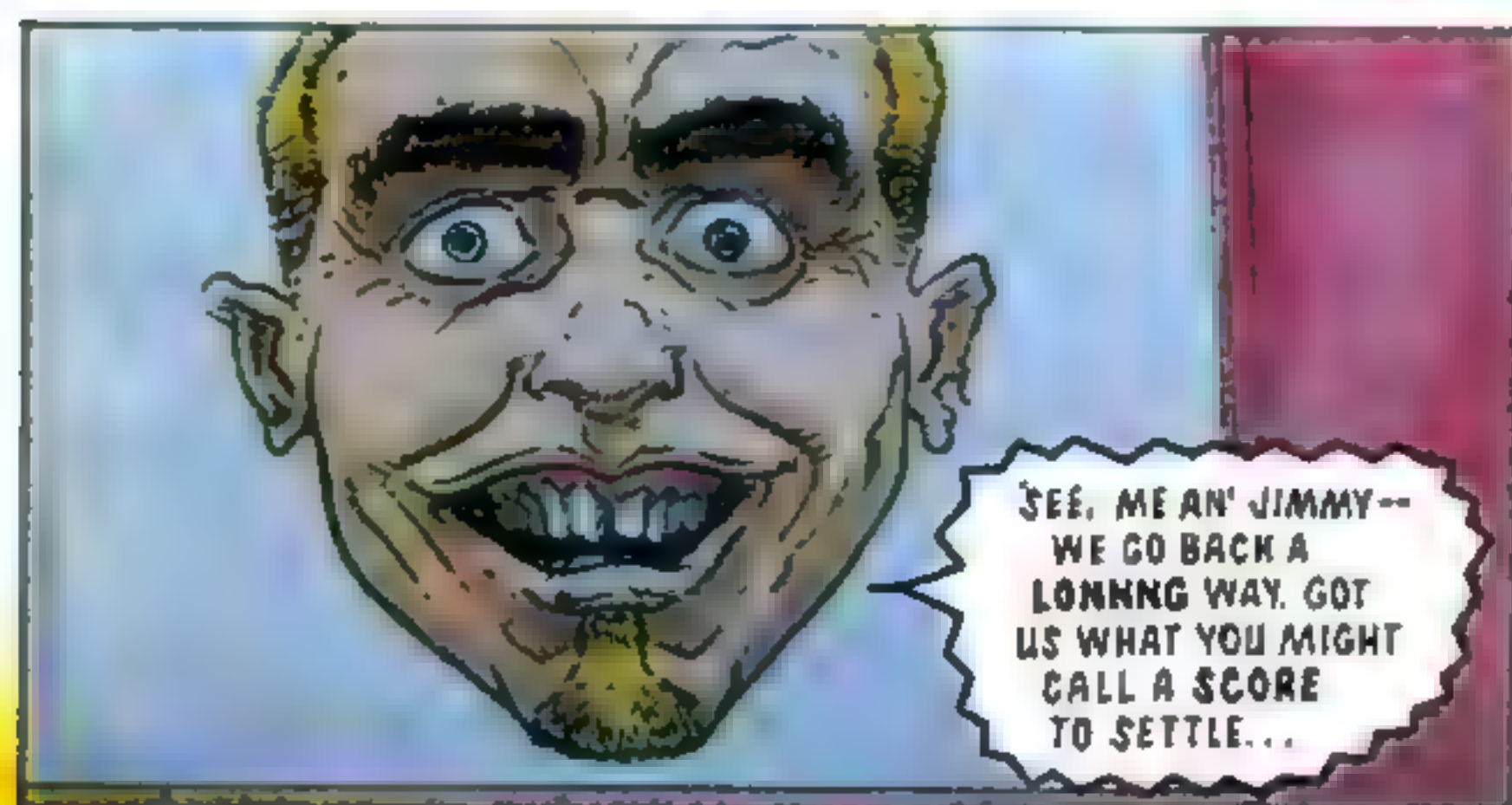
NOW... FROM THE TOP-- LET'S HEAR IT ONE MORE TIME...

♫ BETTER WAKE UP, 000-000-0000, ♫ 'COZ I NEED A MA-A-AH...













M-MERV? IT'S SO...S-SO HOT IN HERE, MERV... I CAN HARDLY... B-B-BREATHE...

YOU TAKE IT EASY NOW, HONEY. WE'LL BE OUT OF THIS MESS IN NO TIME, JUST YOU SEE...

YOU HAD YOUR CHANCE, CREEP. GUESS THERE'S SOME LESSONS YOU GOTTA LEARN THE HARD WAY...

BIKE CANNON!

DREDD -- WE HAVE YOU ON VISUAL. GOT W-WAGONS ON THEIR WAY OVER THERE RIGHT NOW.

DETAIN VEHICLE UNTIL BACK-UP ARRIVES.

HYUK-YUK-YUK!

AIN'T GONNA BE SO EASY TO SNUFF ME THIS TIME, LAWBOY! NO SIR-REE!

IN FACT, YOU'RE GONNA HAVE TO BUST YOUR BUTTS JUST TO KEEP UP WITH ME...

'COZ FROM HERE ON IN...

I'M RIDIN' ME A DEATH WISH STRAIGHT TO HELL!

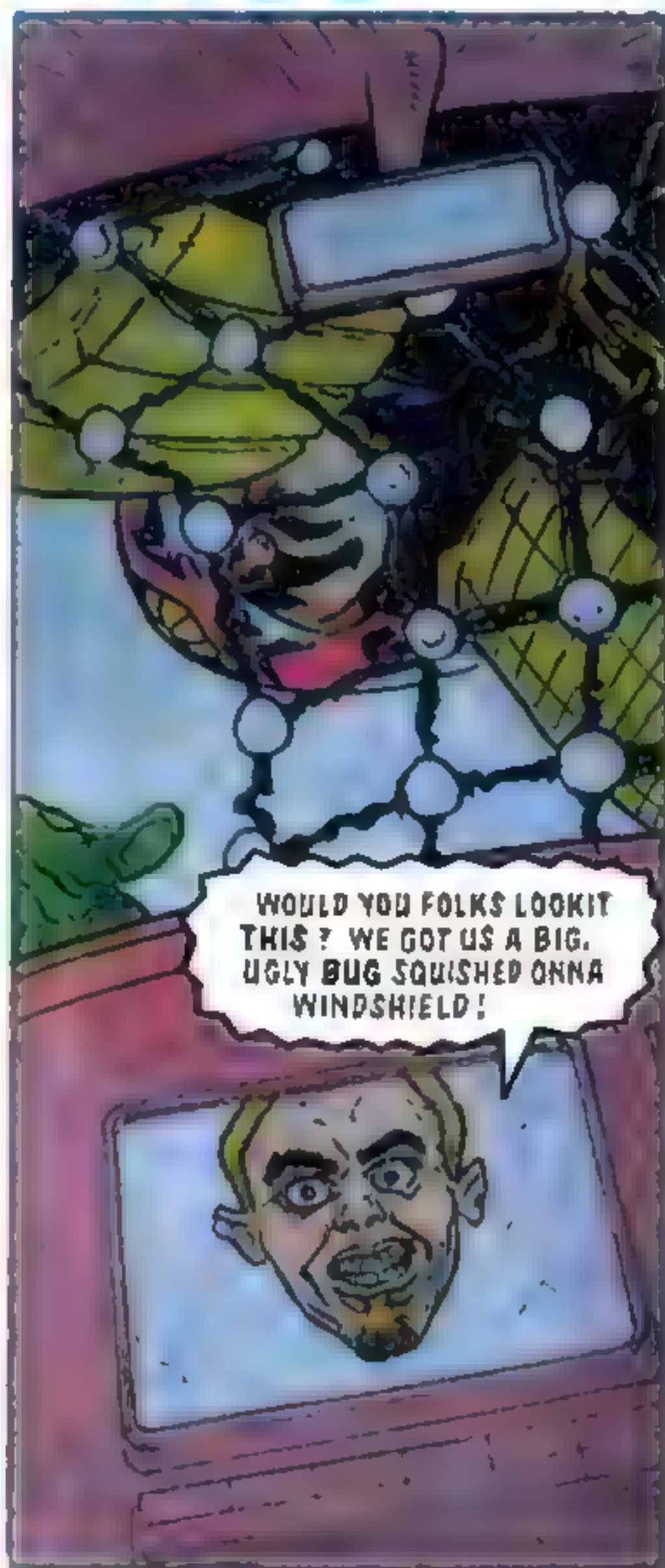




**KRRRENNNGG!**



DROKK!  
CLING  
NET!



WOULD YOU FOLKS LOOKIT  
THIS? WE GOT US A BIG,  
UGLY BUG SQUISHED ONNA  
WINDSHIELD!

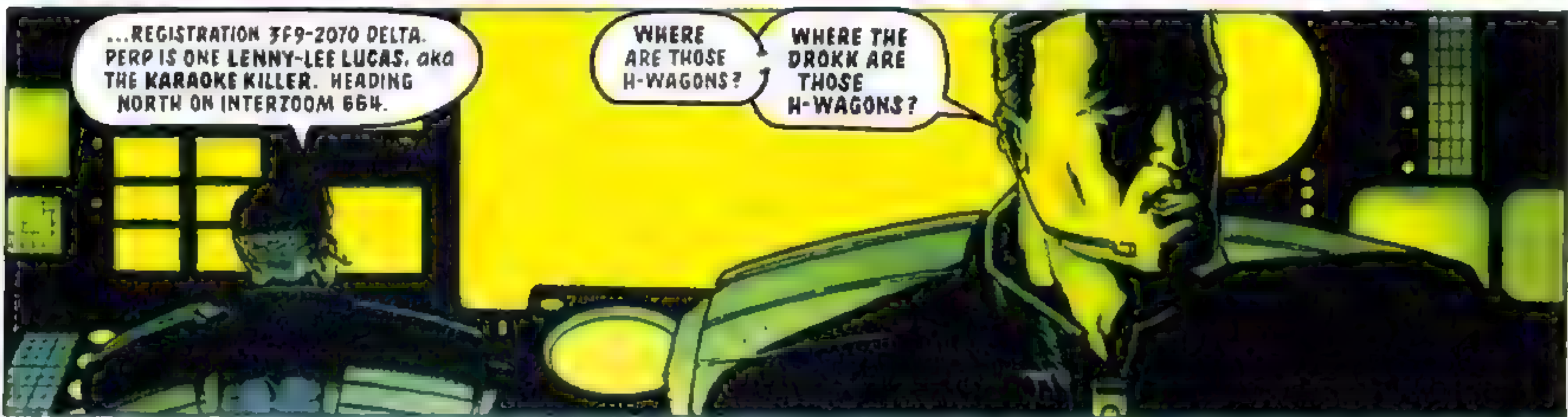


M-M-MERV? I...I'VE GOT THAT--UNGH--  
THAT PAIN IN MY...CHEST A-AGAIN, MERV...

IT'S ALL RIGHT, SWEETHEART. JUST TRY AND  
RELAX NOW YOU'RE GOING TO BE JUST FINE.



YOU IN THERE--  
SIT TIGHT!  
HELP IS ON  
THE WAY!



...REGISTRATION 3F9-2070 DELTA.  
PERP IS ONE LENNY-LEE LUCAS, aka  
THE KARAOKE KILLER. HEADING  
NORTH ON INTERZOOM 664.

WHERE  
ARE THOSE  
H-WAGONS?

WHERE THE  
DROKK ARE  
THOSE  
H-WAGONS?





♪ YOU CAN TELL BY THE WAY I USE MY WALK,  
I'M A WOMAN'S MAN,  
NO TIME TO TALK... ♪

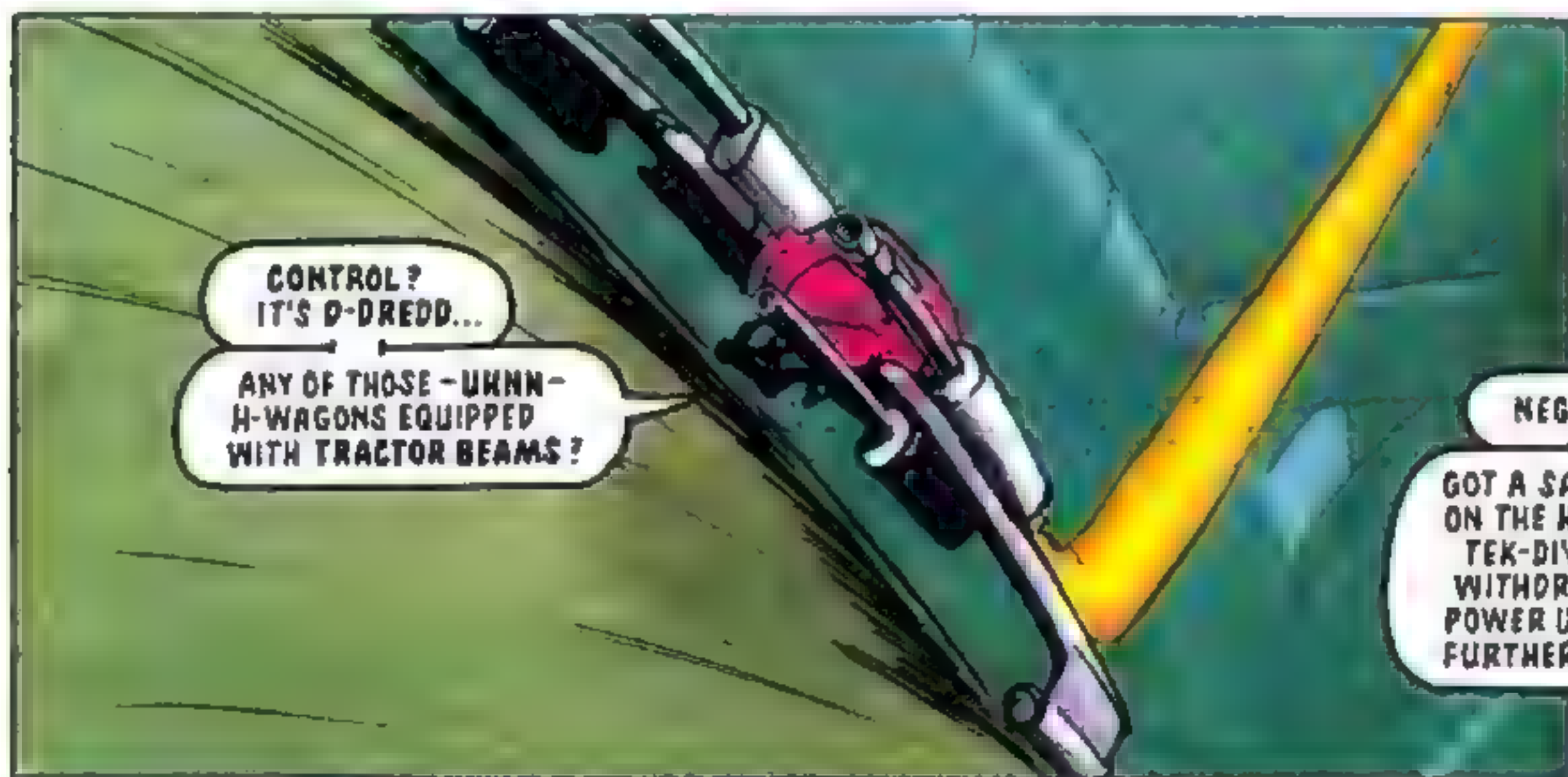
GROUP LEADER TO  
CONTROL--WE'RE  
IN POSITION!

TARGET SIGHTED OVER  
JASON MELRAY BLOCK.  
SPEED APPROXIMATELY  
650 KPH.

UH...WHAT  
EXACTLY ARE WE SUPPOSED  
TO BE DOING UP HERE,  
CONTROL?

HE'S GOT A POINT. THEY  
CAN'T RISK SHOOTING  
IT DOWN, NOT WITH  
DREDD ON THAT THING.

NOT MUCH  
CHANCE WITH  
RIOT FOAM AT  
THAT SPEED,  
EITHER...

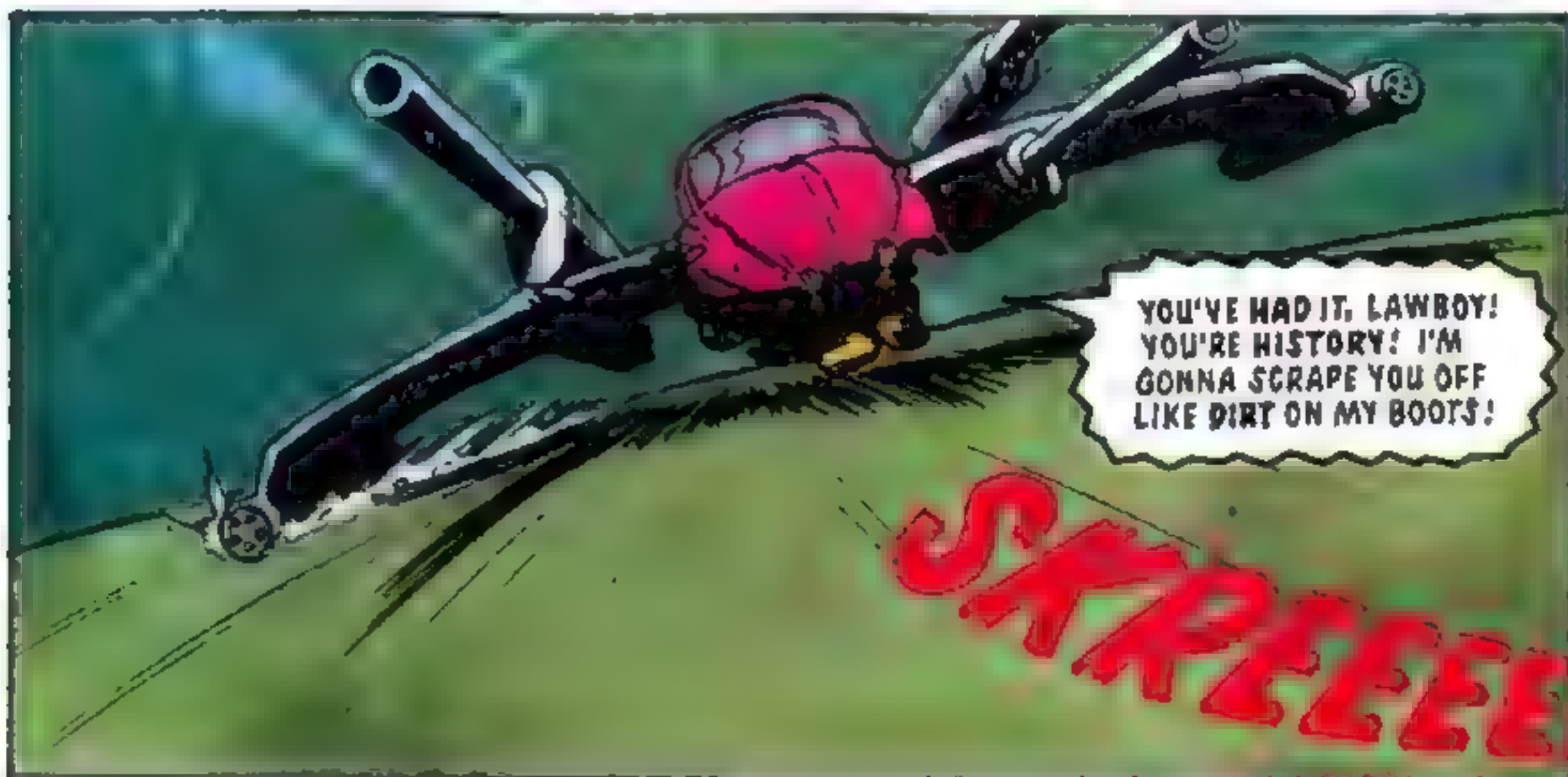


CONTROL?  
IT'S D-DREDD...

ANY OF THOSE -UHHN-  
H-WAGONS EQUIPPED  
WITH TRACTOR BEAMS?

NEGATIVE.

GOT A SAFETY SCARE  
ON THE HEMP: 9000S.  
TEK-DIVISION'S  
WITHDRAWN ALL  
POWER UNITS TILL  
FURTHER NOTICE.



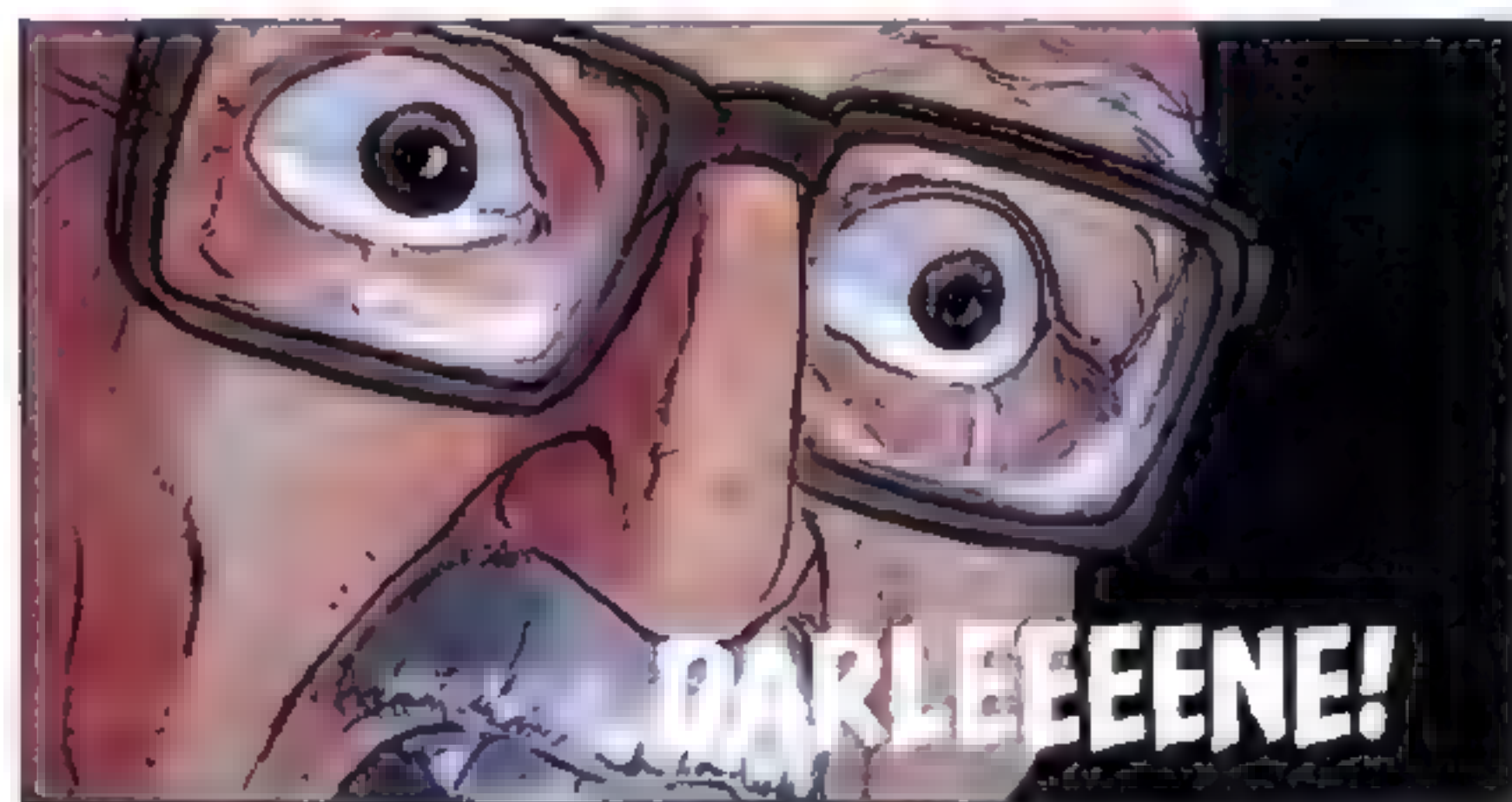
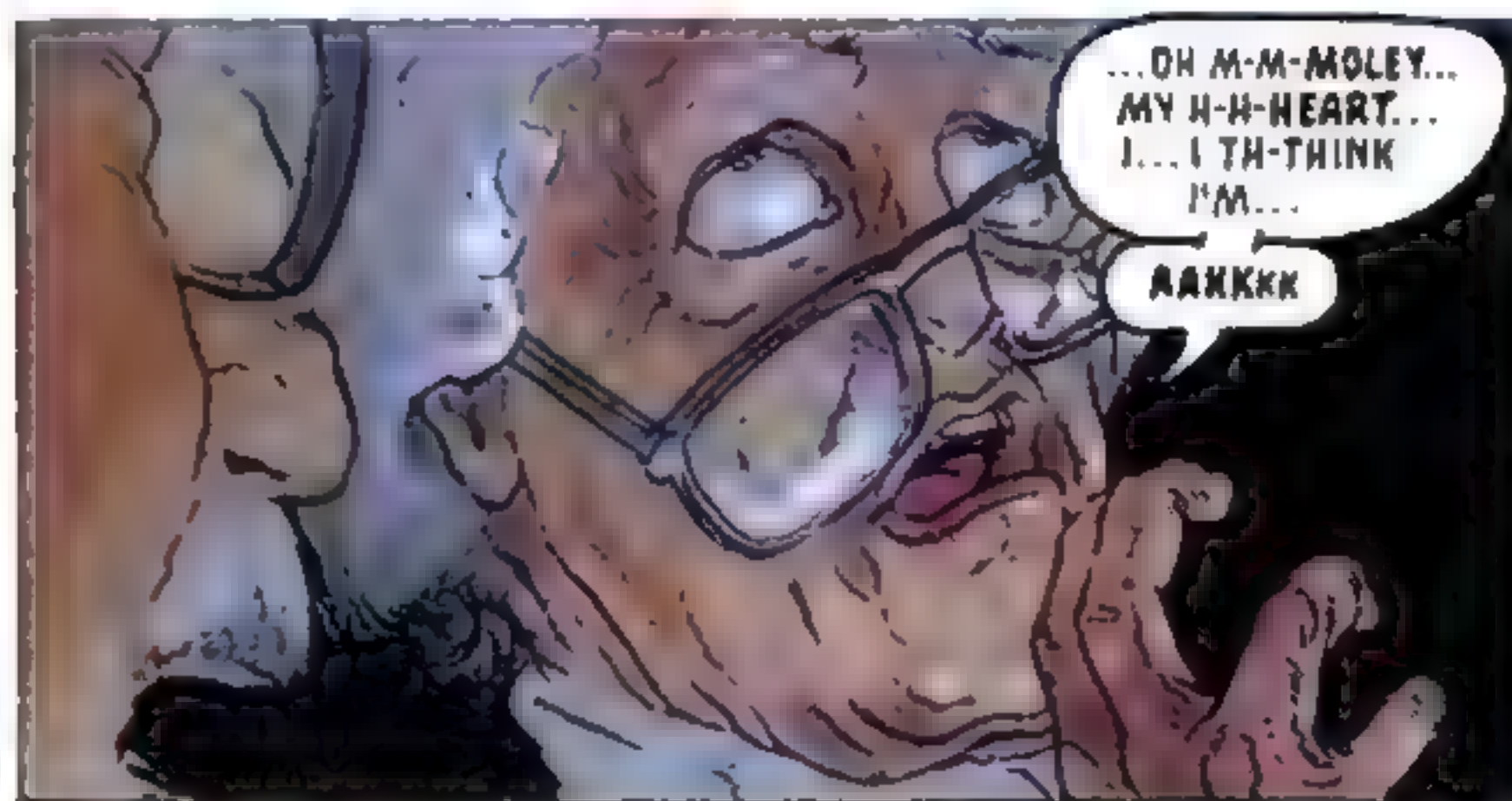
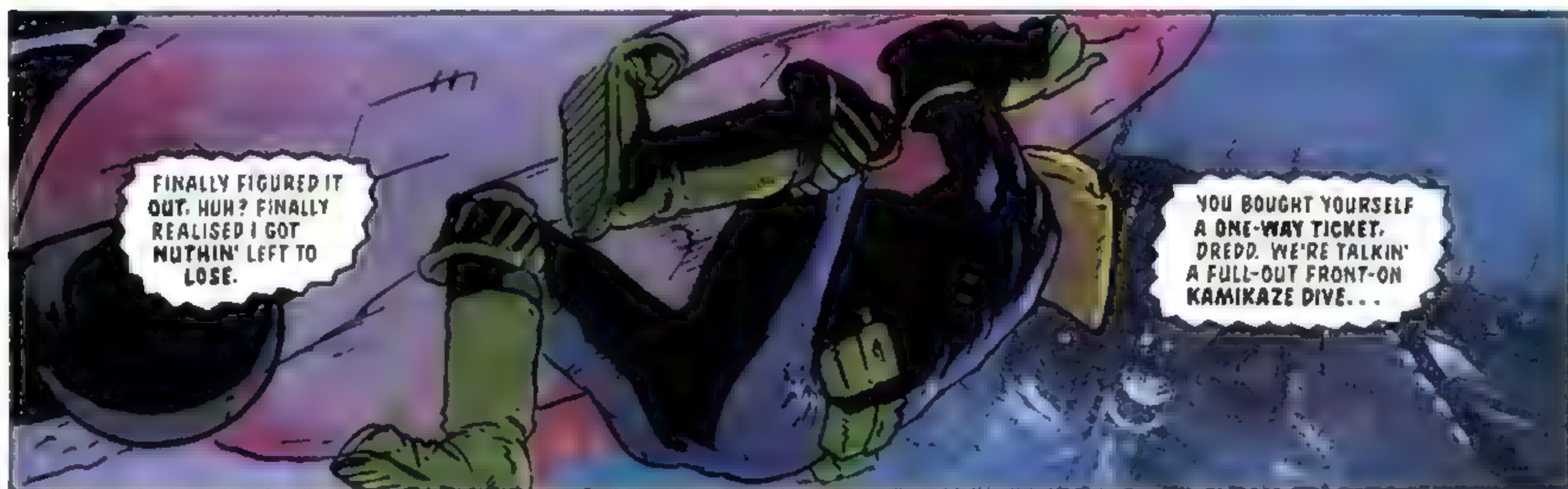
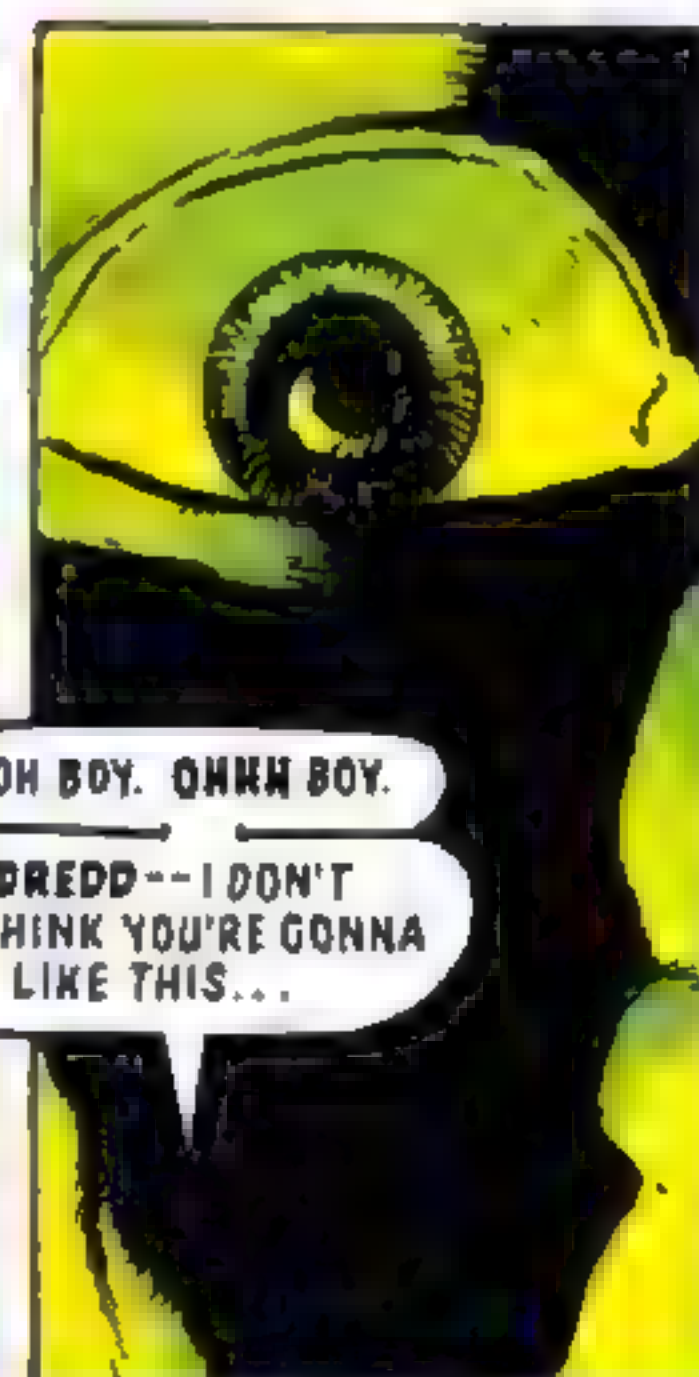
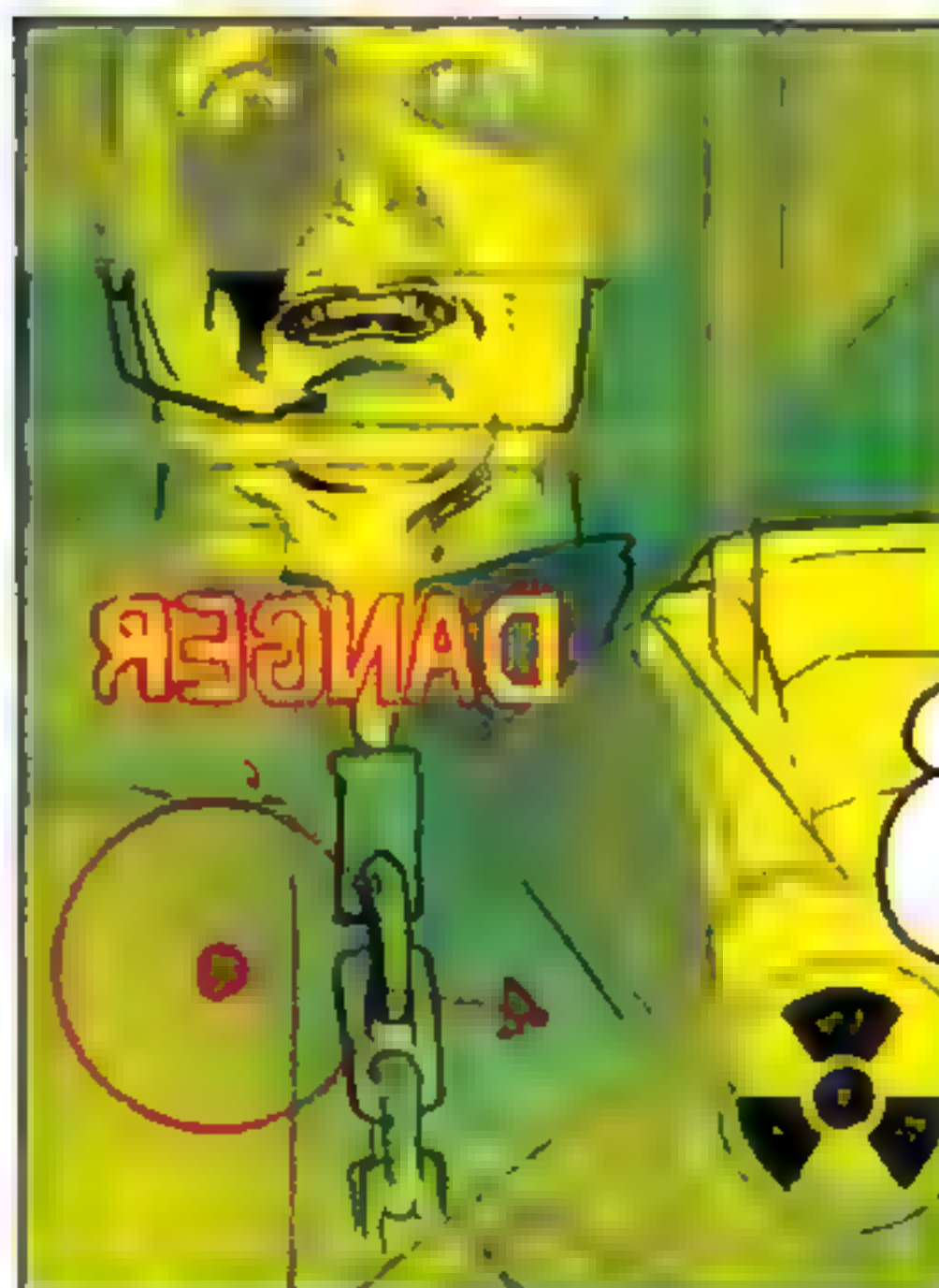
YOU'VE HAD IT, LAWBOY!  
YOU'RE HISTORY! I'M  
GONNA SCRAPE YOU OFF  
LIKE DIRT ON MY BOOTS!

SKREEEEEEEEK



G-GUESS I'M J-JUST G-G-GONNA  
HAVE TO G-GET MY HANDS D-DIRTY.



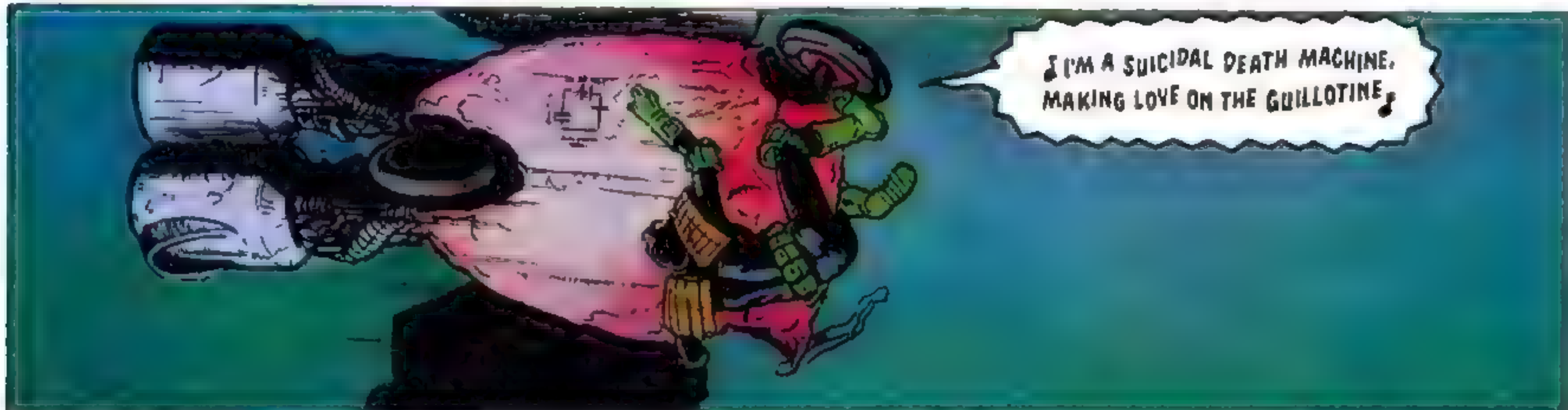




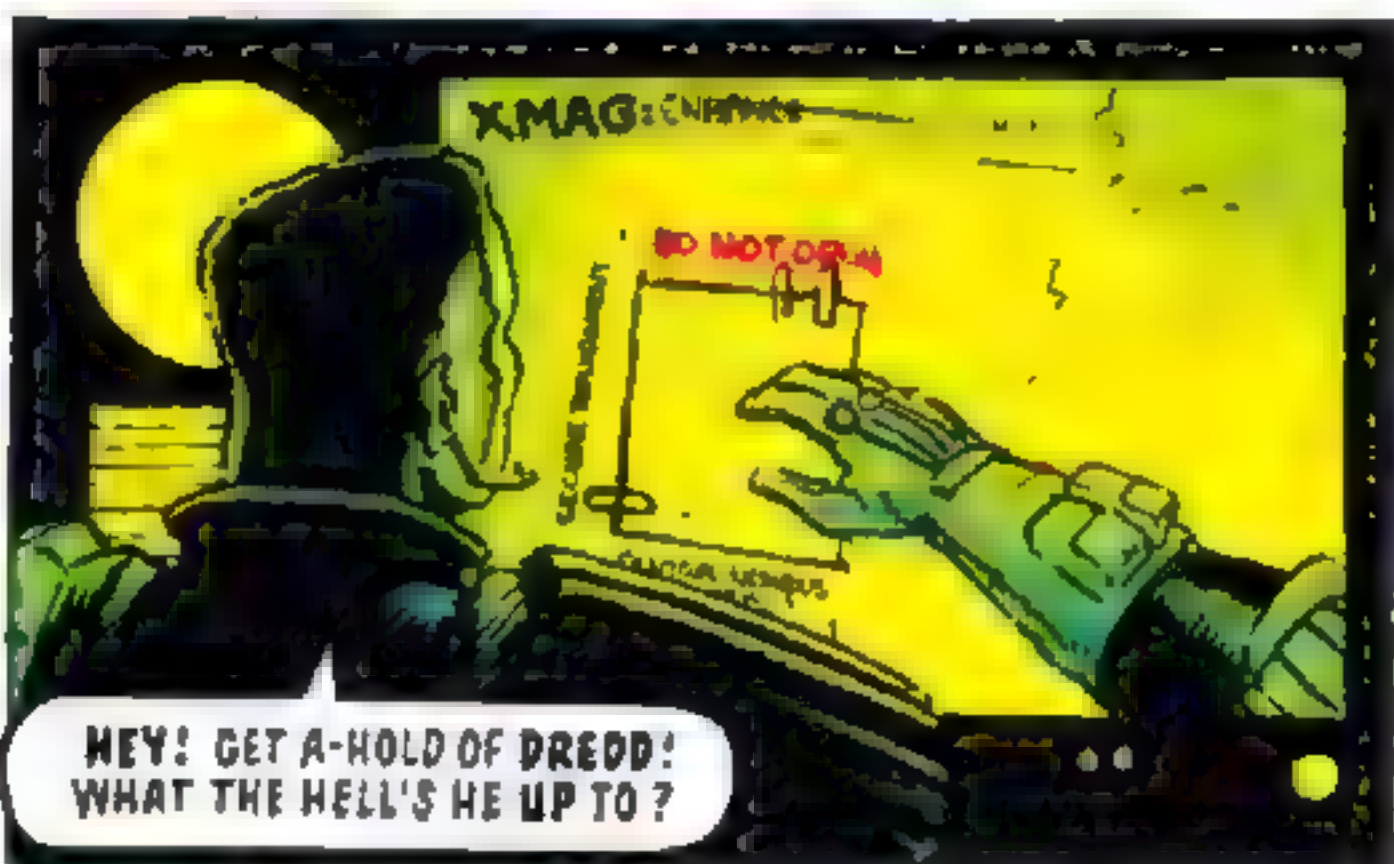


ALL RIGHT...  
OKAY... HERE'S  
WHAT WE DO...

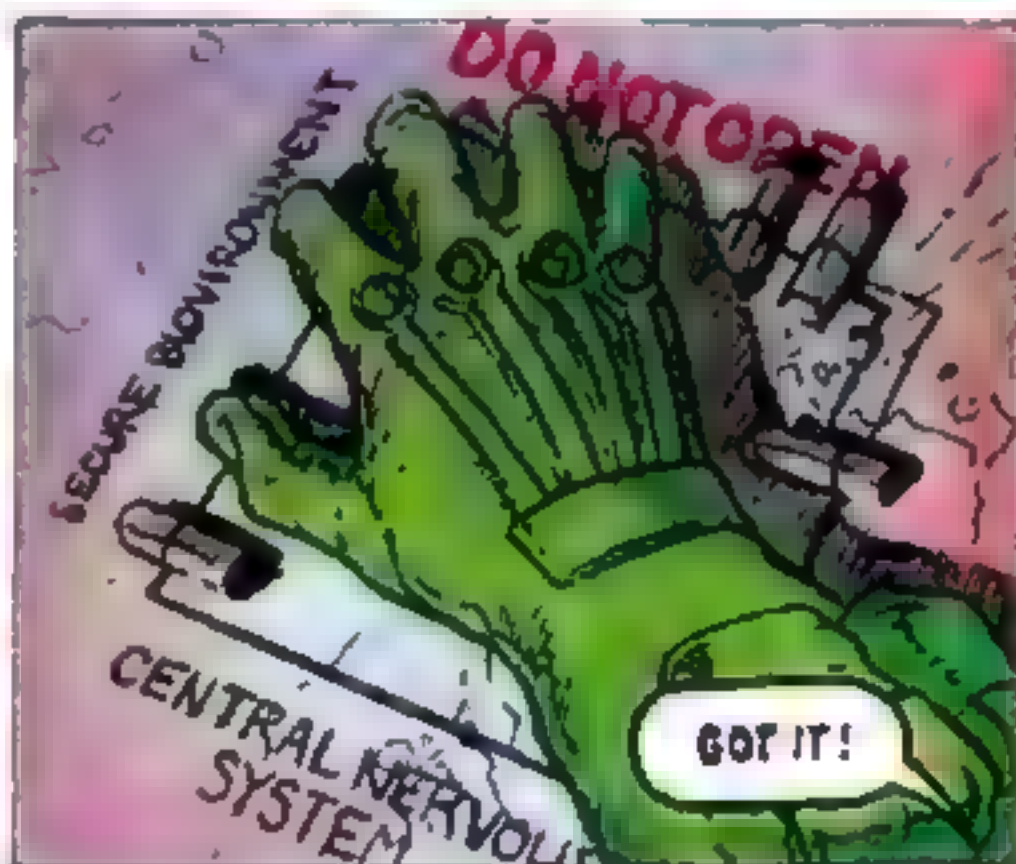
WE GO FOR AN EMP BURST.  
LOCALISED ELECTROMAGNETIC  
PULSE. IT'LL KNOCK OUT ALL THE  
POWER IN THE SECTOR. BUT  
IT'S OUR ONLY OPTION.



I'M A SUICIDAL DEATH MACHINE.  
MAKING LOVE ON THE GUILLOTINE.



HEY! GET A-HOLD OF DREDD!  
WHAT THE HELL'S HE UP TO?



GOT IT!



HEY... HEY, W-WHADDAYA DOIN'? COME ON...  
WUH-WHADDAYA THINK YOU'RE D-D-DOIN'  
DOWN THERE?

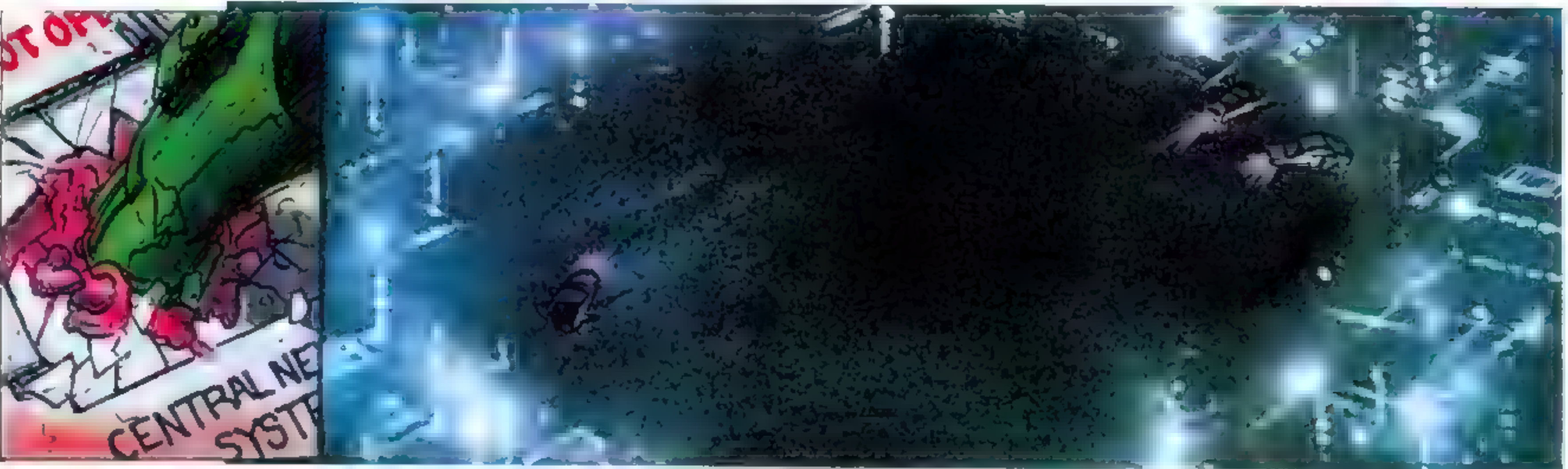
G-G-GET OFFA ME, YOU-I



CONTROL TO  
H-WAGONS!

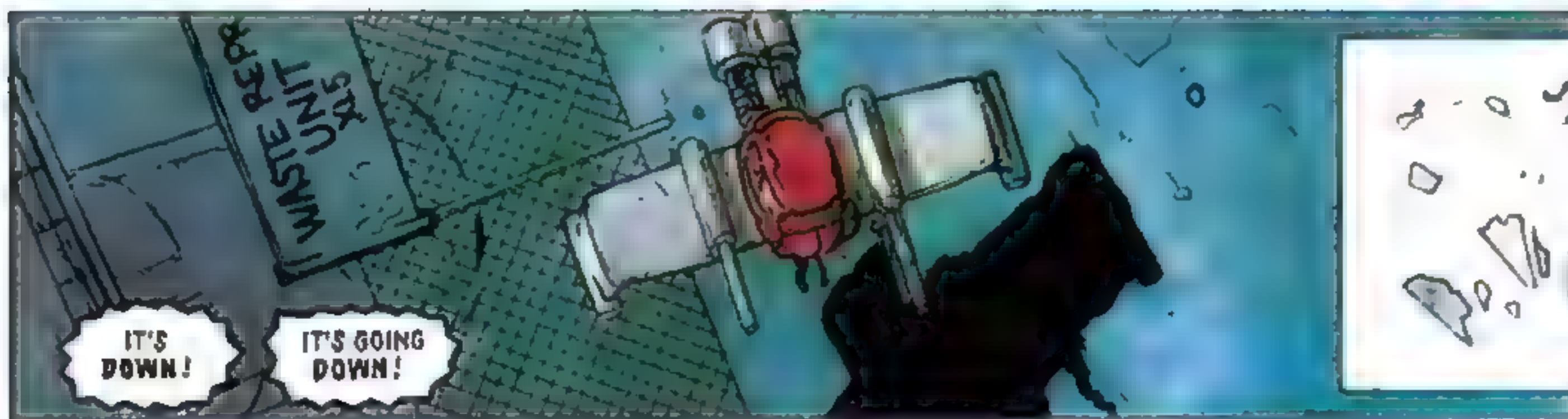
LIKE I SAID...  
TIME I GOT MY  
HANDS DIRTY.

INITIATE BURST!  
I REPEAT!  
INITIATE BURST  
NOW!



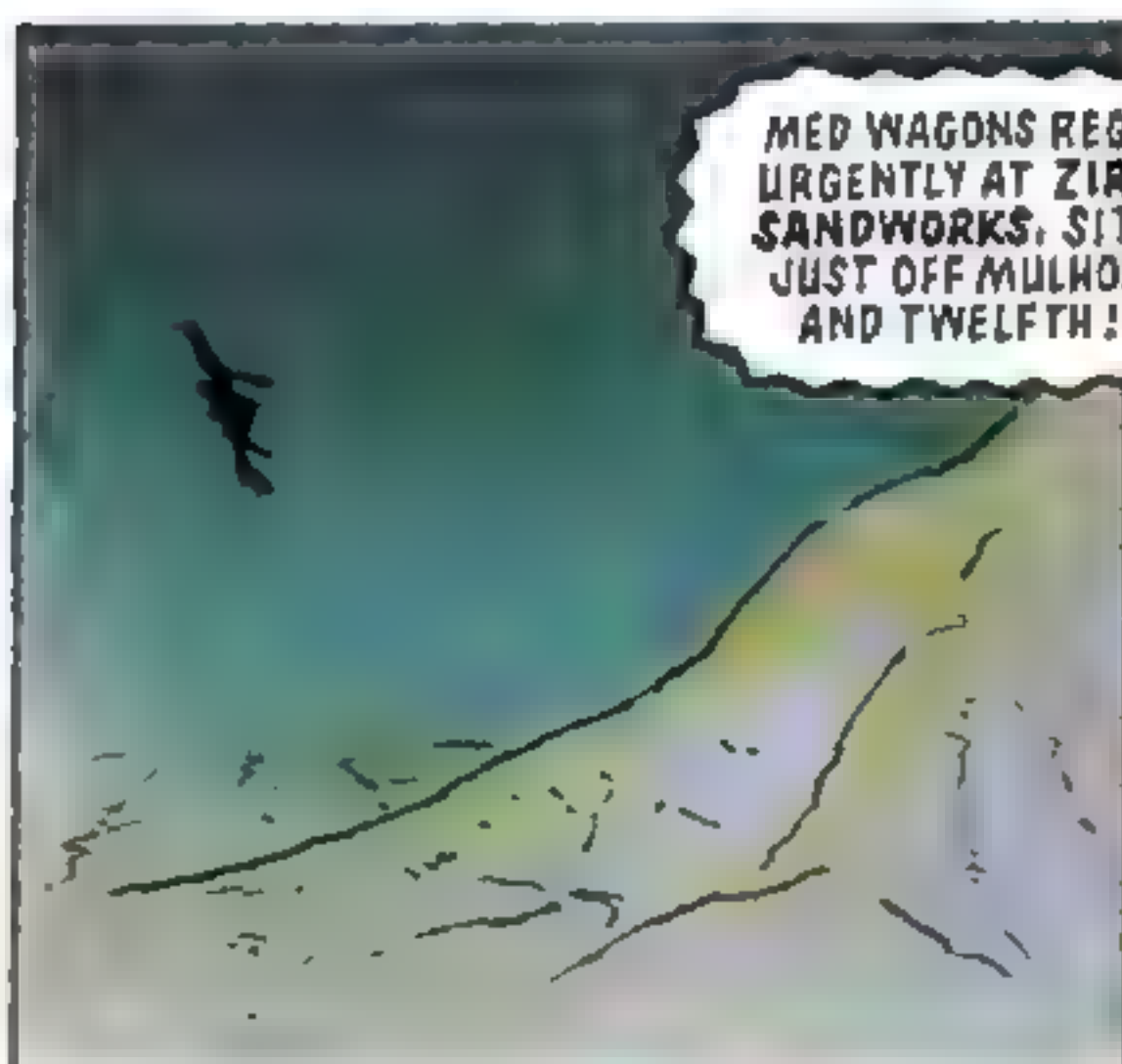
CENTRAL NE  
SYSTEM





IT'S DOWN!

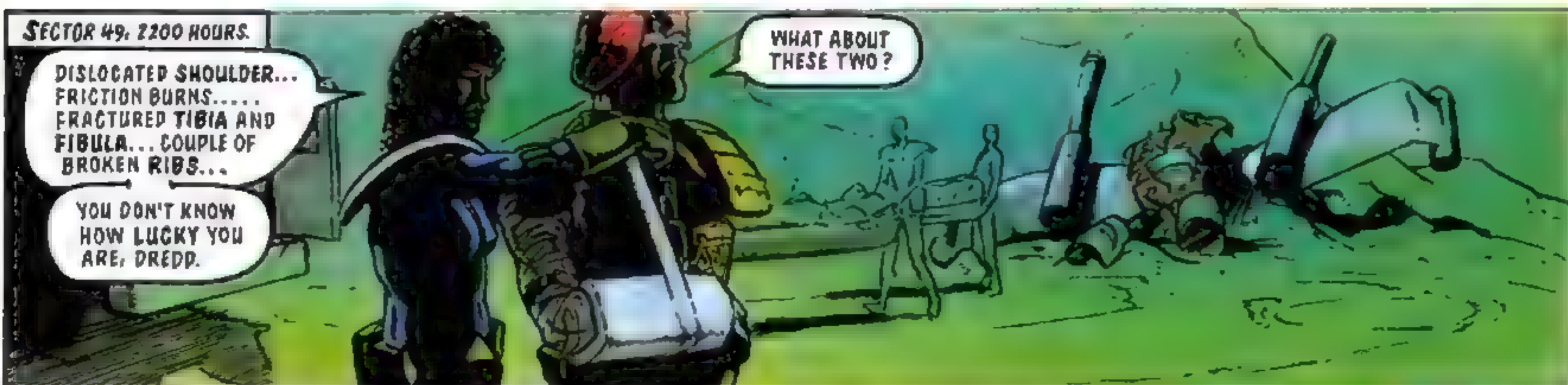
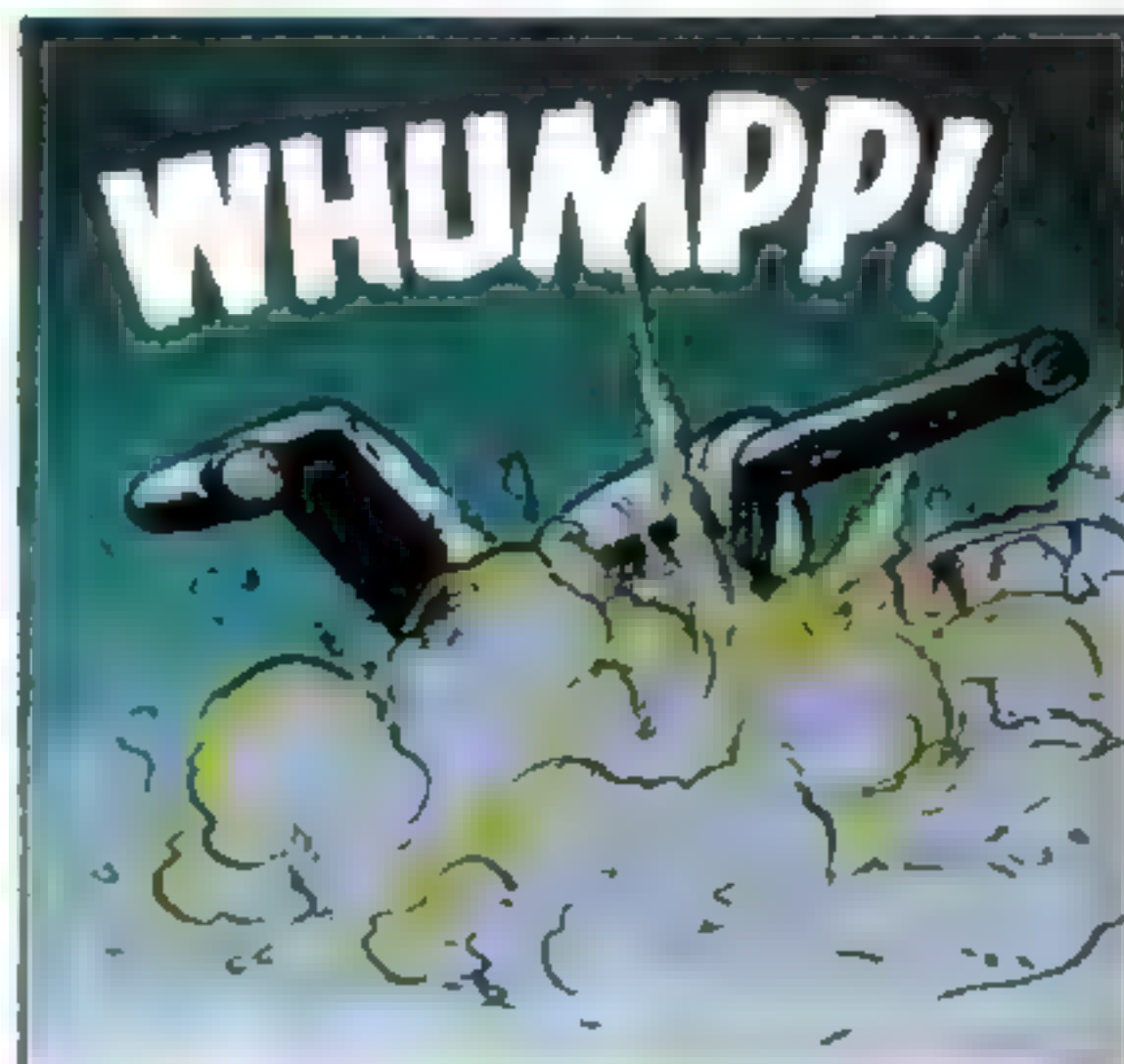
IT'S GOING DOWN!



MED WAGONS REQUIRED URGENTLY AT ZIRCON SANDWORKS, SITE Q16, JUST OFF MULHONY AND TWELFTH!



JUDGE IN NEED OF ASSISTANCE!



SECTOR 49, 2200 HOURS.

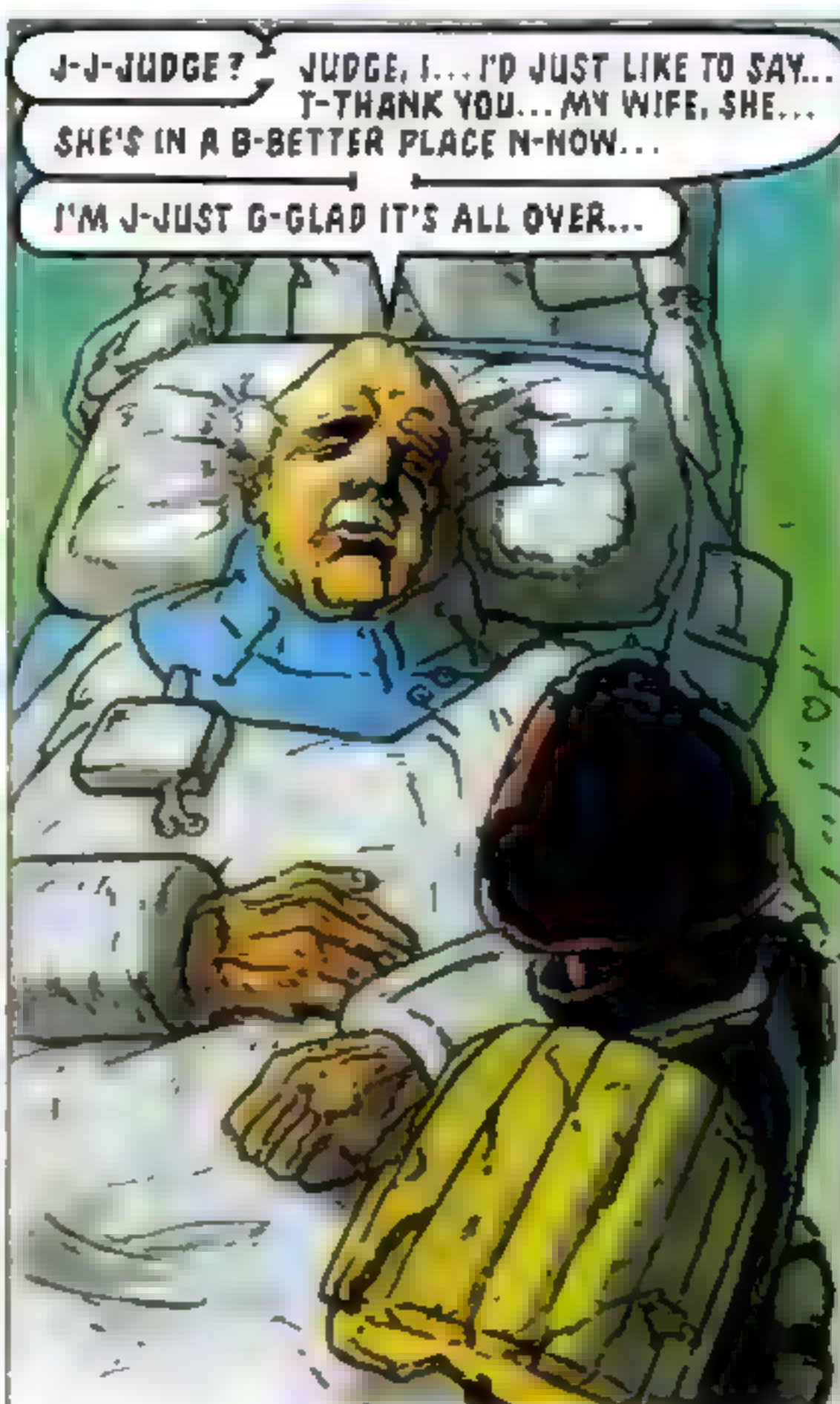
DISLOCATED SHOULDER... FRICTION BURNS..... FRACTURED TIBIA AND FIBULA... COUPLE OF BROKEN RIBS...

YOU DON'T KNOW HOW LUCKY YOU ARE, DREDD.

WHAT ABOUT THESE TWO?



THE WOMAN'S DEAD -- MASSIVE HEART FAILURE. THE OLD GUY'S ALIVE, BUT ONLY JUST. HE'S PARALYSED FROM THE NECK DOWN.



J-J-JUDGE?

JUDGE, I... I'D JUST LIKE TO SAY... T-THANK YOU... MY WIFE, SHE... SHE'S IN A B-BETTER PLACE N-NOW...

I'M J-JUST G-GLAD IT'S ALL OVER...



GRAMPS--THAT VEHICLE WAS REGISTERED IN YOUR NAME. THAT MAKES YOU AN ACCESSORY TO ABOUT 30 MAJOR VIOLATIONS.

IT WON'T BE OVER FOR YOU FOR A LONG TIME.



# JUDGE DREDD



BOOK OF THE DEAD

PART ONE

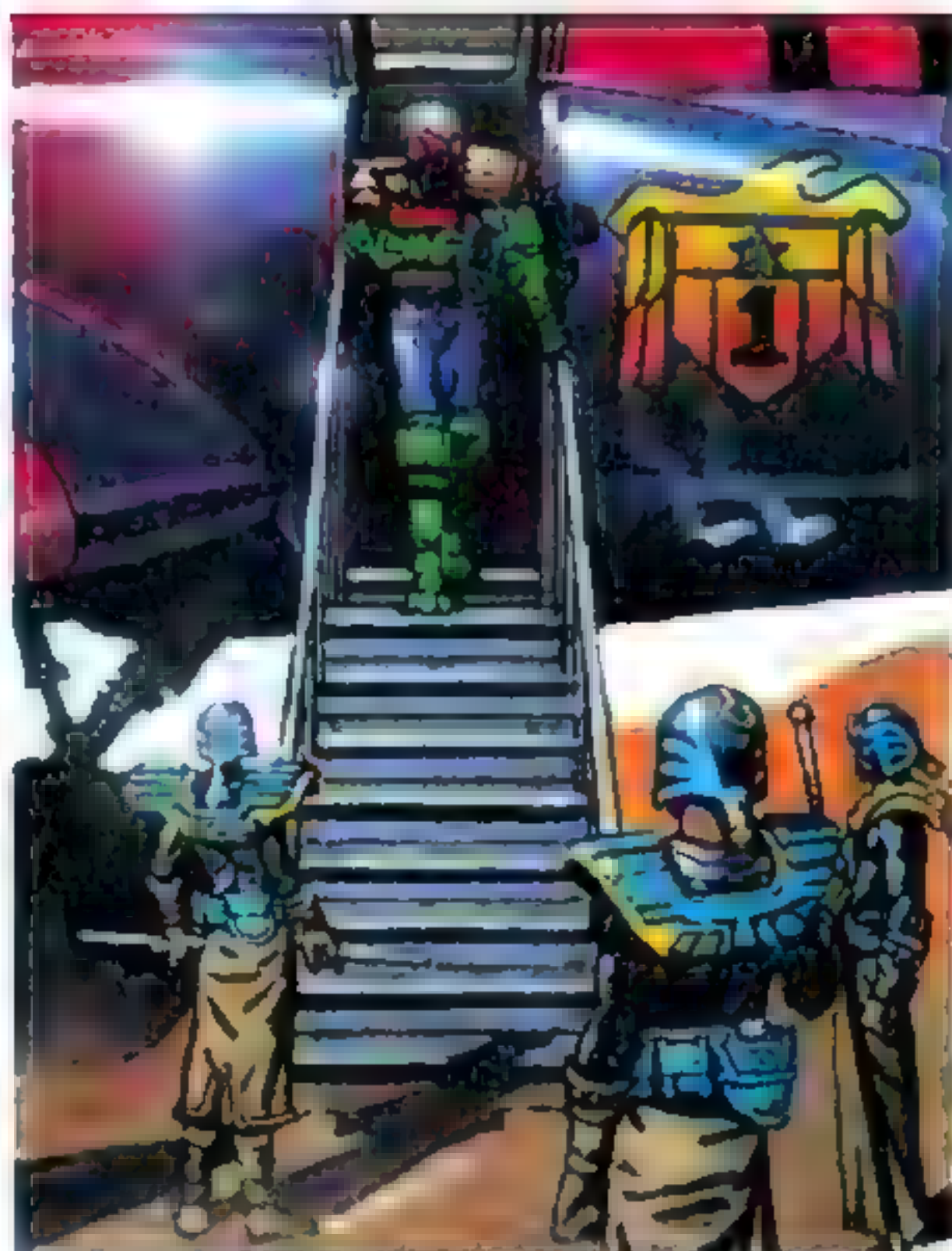




JUDGE DREDD, ON BOARD A MEGA-CITY ONE JUSTICE DEPT SHUTTLE, HAS JUST LANDED AT THE NORTH AFRICAN CITY OF LUXOR, PART OF A CULTURAL EXCHANGE PLAN INSTIGATED BY CHIEF JUDGE MCGRUDER.

I'LL BE BACK FOR YOU IN A WEEK, JUDGE DREDD. GO EASY ON THE LUXOR CITIZENS, HUH?

YEAH. RIGHT.



SO YOU ARE THE GREAT JUDGE DREDD, HAN?

I'LL WAGER ONE WEEK IN THE CITY OF LUXOR WILL BRING YOU TO YOUR KNEES.

I AM RAMEES. SCOURGE OF CRIMINALS. NEMESIS OF THE LAWLESS.

I WILL BRING TRUE ORDER TO MEGA-CITY ONE AND ECLIPSE YOUR MEMORY FOREVER!



WHAT'S HIS BEEF?

DON'T TAKE IT TO HEART, JUDGE DREDD. THAT'S RAMEES, LUXOR'S BEST JUDGE.

HAVING YOU TAKE HIS PLACE FOR ONE WEEK HAS HURT HIS PRIDE.



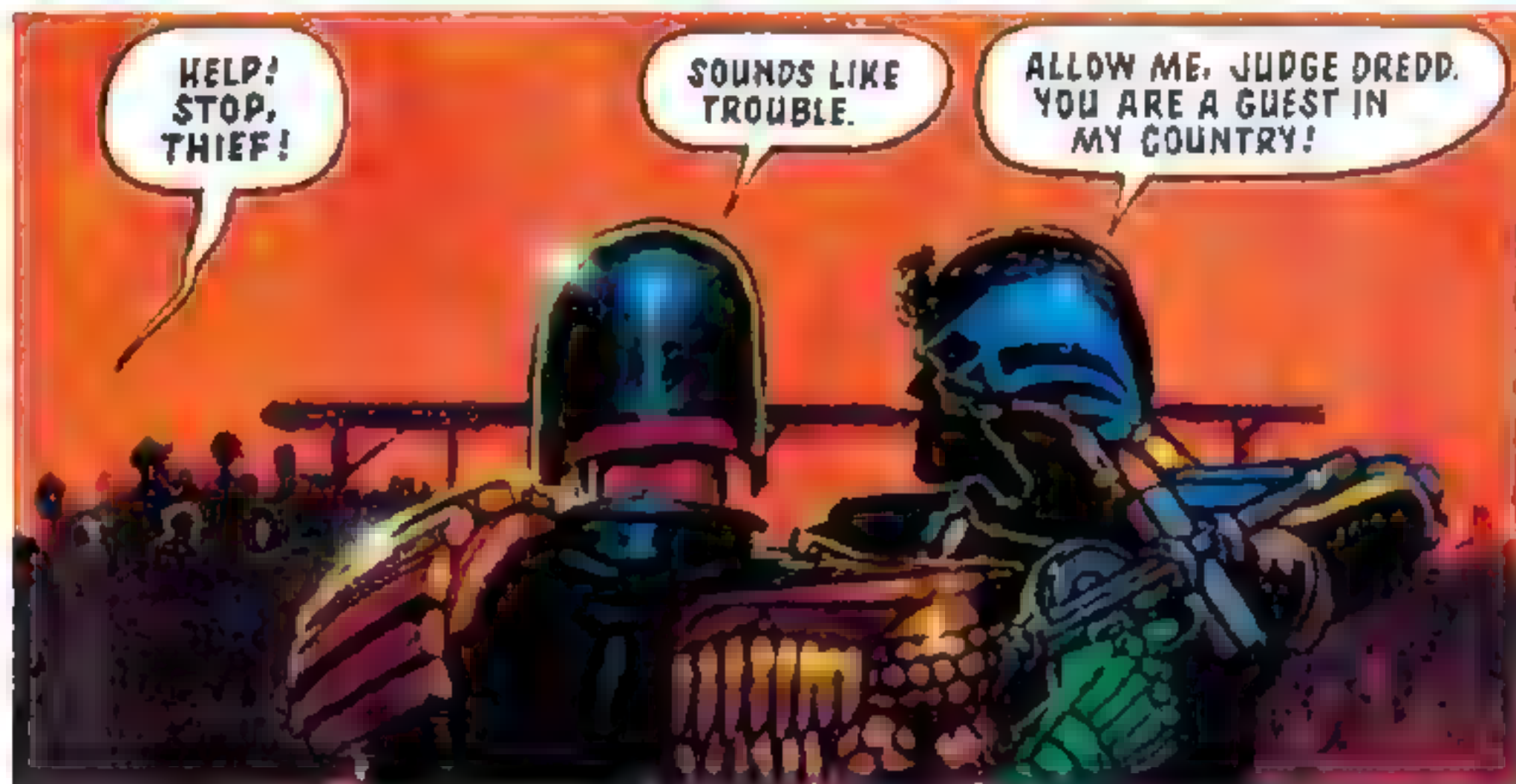
MY NAME IS JUDGE KAMUN. I WELCOME YOU TO EGYPT WITH A JOYFUL HEART.

WHAT'S IN THE BAG, MY FRIEND?

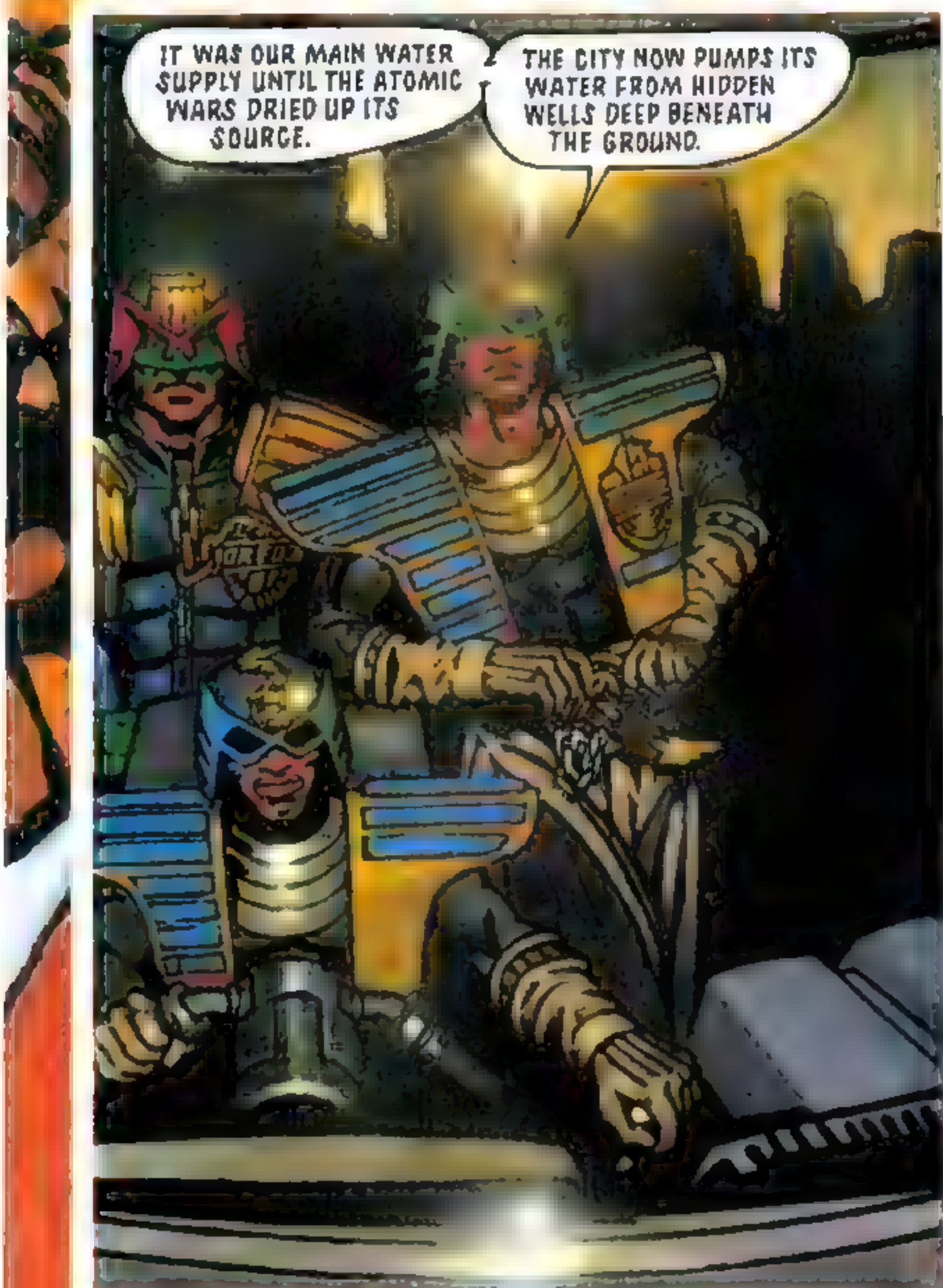
AMMO.

606 AD CREDIT CARD  
STORY: Mark Millar  
SCRIPT: Grant Morrison  
ART: Dermot Power  
COLORS: Tim Frazee





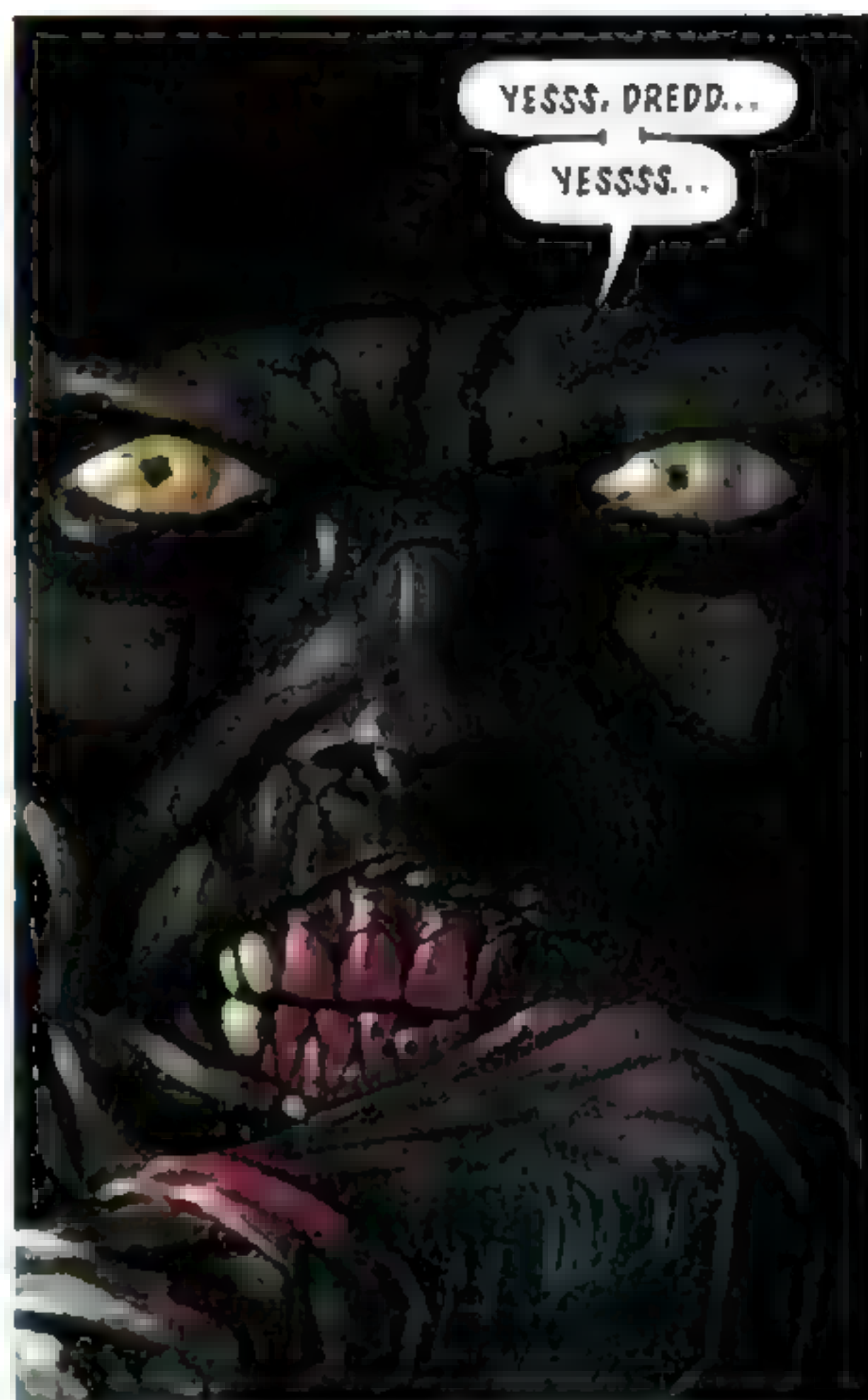
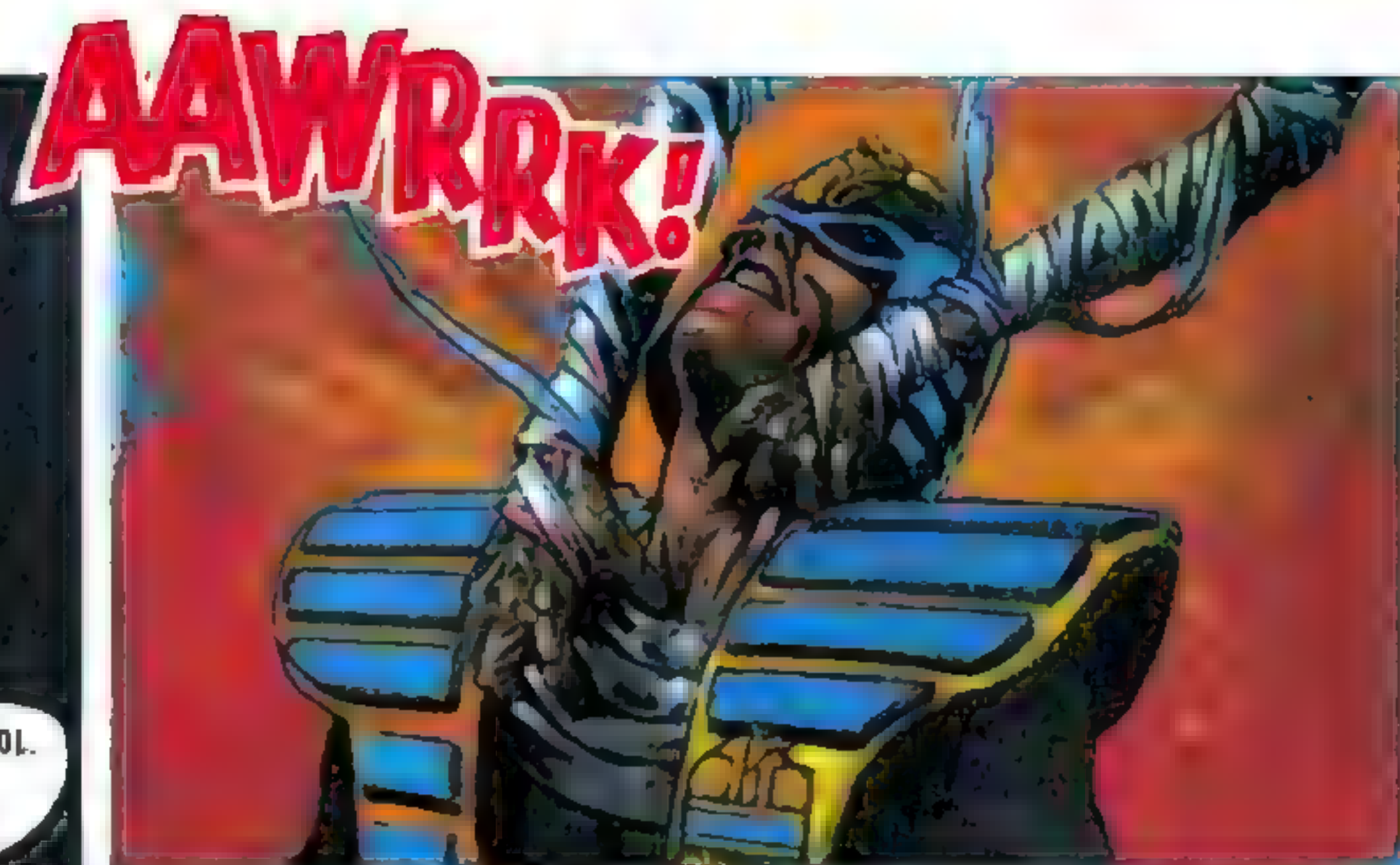














# JUDGE DREDD

## BOOK OF THE DEAD

PART TWO

LUXOR, NORTH COAST OF AFRICA.

DREDD HAS TAKEN PART IN A CULTURAL EXCHANGE WITH THE EGYPTIAN JUDGES

SCRIPT: Mark Millar  
Grant Morrison  
ART: Dermot Power  
LETTERS: Tom Frame

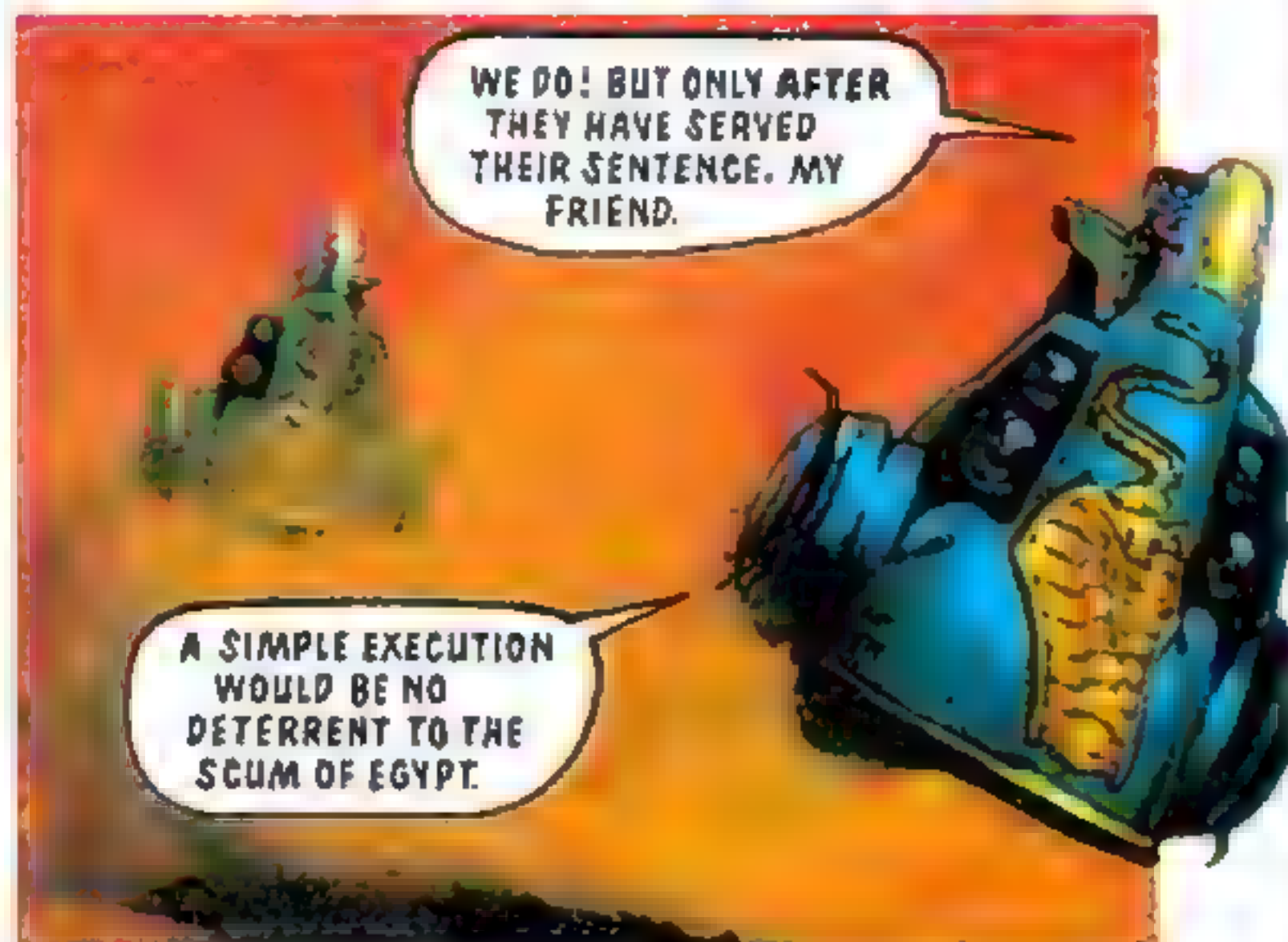


LUXOR HAS NO ISO-CUBES, JUDGE DREDD. WE DO NOT LIKE TO HAVE LAW-BREAKERS IN OUR GREAT CITY

WE PREFER TO IMPRISON THEM WITHIN THE MAZE BENEATH OUR ANCIENT SPHINX.



WHY THE FUSS? WHY DON'T YOU JUST EXECUTE THEM?



WE DO! BUT ONLY AFTER THEY HAVE SERVED THEIR SENTENCE, MY FRIEND.

A SIMPLE EXECUTION WOULD BE NO DETERRENT TO THE SCUM OF EGYPT.







CHIEF JUDGE GIZA--  
I PRESENT  
JUDGE DREDD OF  
MEGA-CITY ONE.

GREETINGS,  
JUDGE DREDD.  
YOU COME AT A  
SAD TIME FOR  
OUR CITY.

THERE HAVE BEEN  
MANY KILLINGS OF  
MY JUDGES.

MUCH BLOOD HAS  
BEEN SPILLED IN  
MY STREETS.





JUDGE KHAFRE WAS FOUND  
LAST NIGHT. BUTCHERED  
AND SUCKED DRY LIKE  
ALL THE OTHERS.

HIS MURDER BRINGS  
THE TOTAL NUMBER  
OF DEATHS TO  
THIRTEEN.



SO MUCH  
FOR YOUR  
"BLIND OBEDIENCE",  
KAMUN.



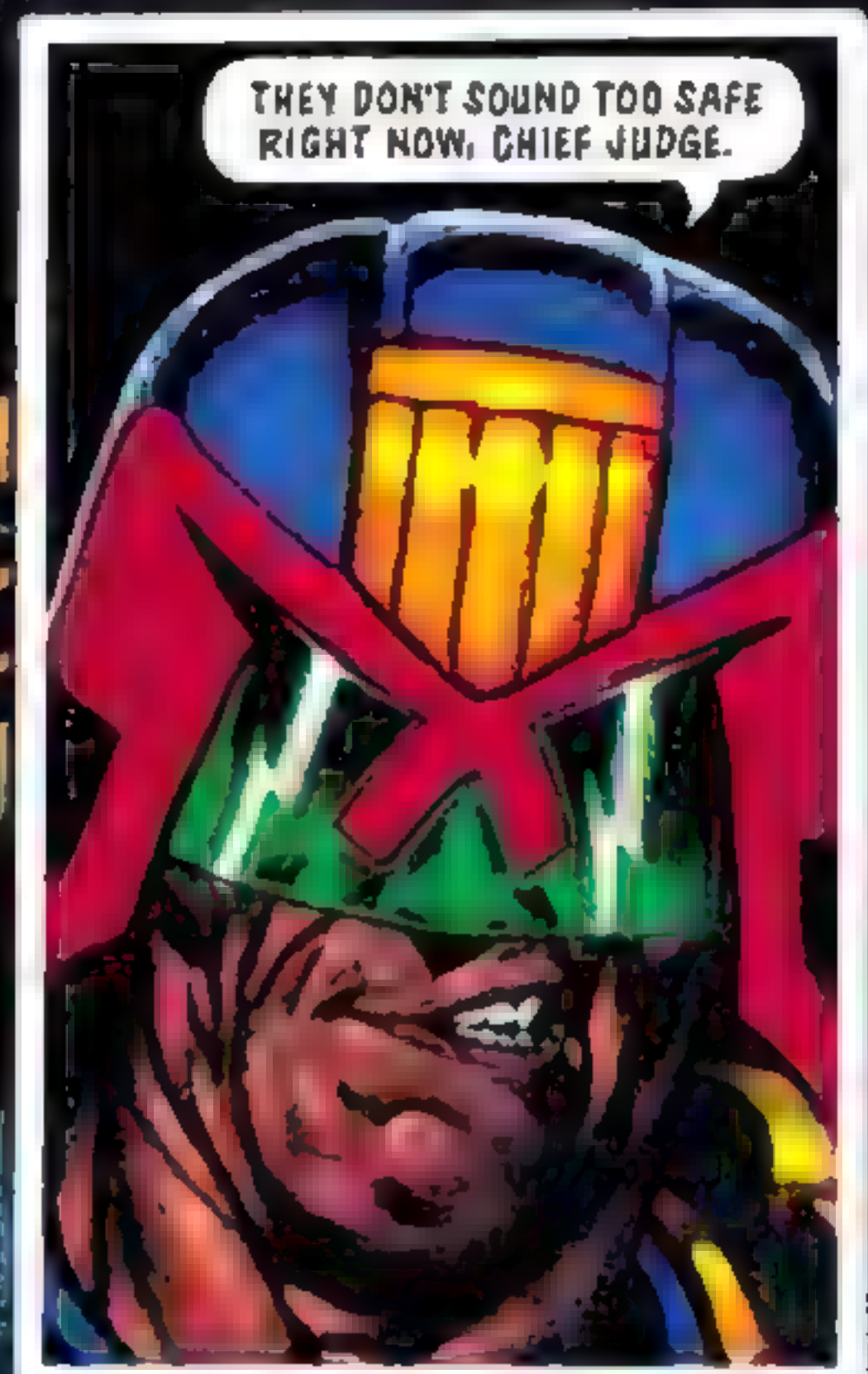
WORRY NOT,  
JUDGE DREDD.  
WE WILL FIND  
THIS KILLER.



MY JUDGES ARE THE  
GREATEST LAWMEN IN  
THE ENTIRE WORLD.

WE RULE OUR PEOPLE  
WITH A FIRM HAND AND  
THE STRICTEST  
OF LAWS.

OUR STREETS ARE  
SAFER THAN ANY  
OTHER MEGA-CITY.



THEY DON'T SOUND TOO SAFE  
RIGHT NOW, CHIEF JUDGE.









IT WON'T DIE!  
SWEET YAD!  
THE BEAST  
WON'T DIE!

BRZZ-CHTAKK!



AHHH!  
MY FACE!



SKRRUNK!



JUICEZZZ!  
NEED YOUR  
JUICEZZZ!  
NEEEED TO  
DRINK THEMM...



AND MMAKE ME  
SSSTRONNG!



# JUDGE DREDD

## BOOK OF THE DEAD

ISSUE THREE

LUXOR.

ANOTHER TWO JUDGES MURDERED.

NOT EXACTLY THE SIGHTS OF EGYPT YOU EXPECT TO SEE ON A CULTURAL EXCHANGE.

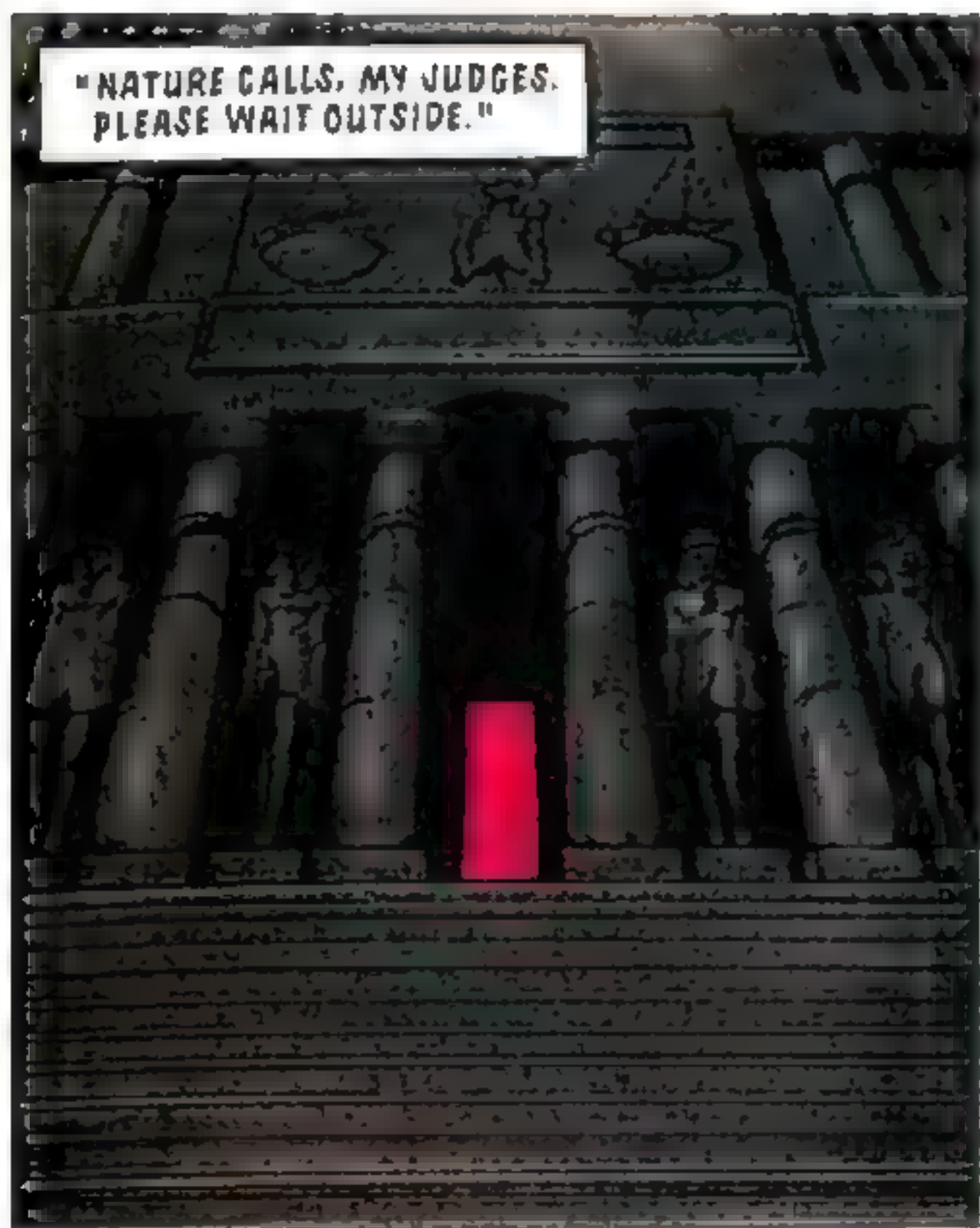
I'VE SEEN WORSE.

Mark Millar  
Grant Morrison  
Dermot Power  
Tom Frame

I KNEW FAHEED WHEN WE WERE CADETS. HE USED TO CRY FOR HIS MOTHER EVERY NIGHT.

WHAT? THOUGHT YOU BOYS WERE SUPPOSED TO BE TOUGH?







WHAT IS THIS?  
THIS IS NOT SOFT  
TOILET TISSUE!  
THESE ARE RAGS--  
BANDAGES...!

**GRRRAAH!**

NO! FOR THE LOVE OF  
YAD! SOMEBODY HELP!

**S  
CH  
CH  
CH  
H!**

**EYAAAAA-X!**







**SPATOOCH!**

**HNNK!**

DREDD! NO!  
WAIT!

WAIT NOTHING!  
THIS CREEP IS  
GONNA BURN!

**BLAMM!**

IT WON'T DIE,  
JUDGE DREDD!  
IT'S STILL  
COMING!

LAUGH  
THIS OFF,  
MEATBALL!

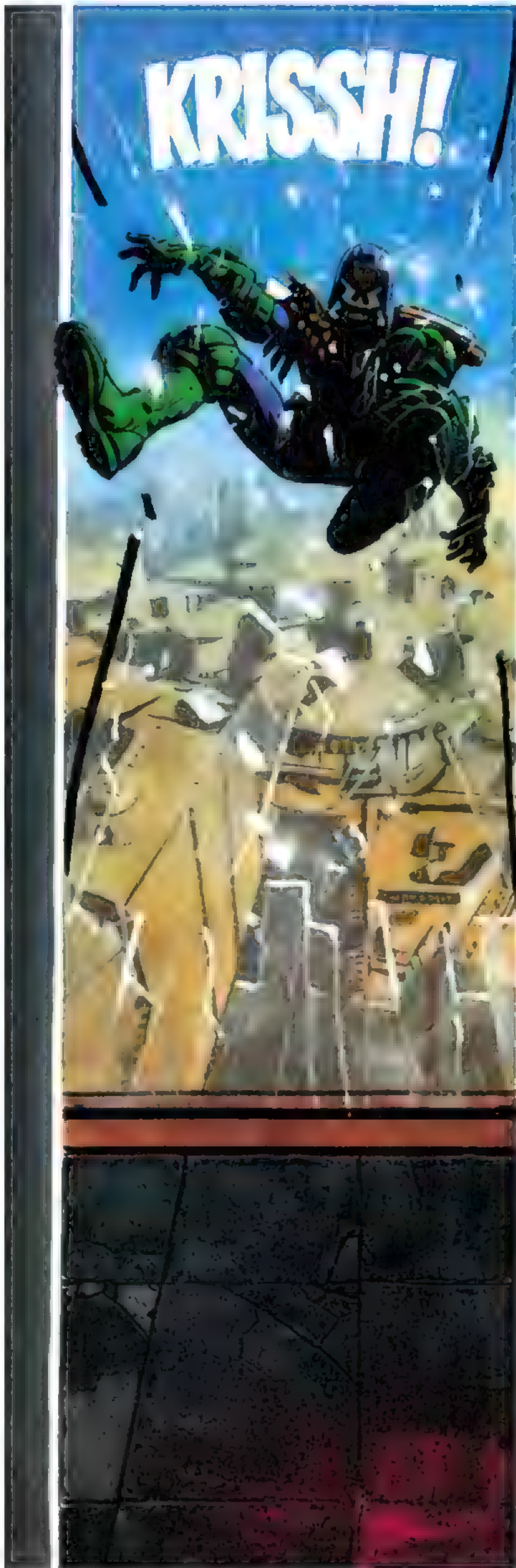
HI-EX!

**NNOOOO!**

**UNGH!**

**WAKKI!**







# BOOK OF THE DEAD

PART FOUR

THE CITY OF LUXOR...

KINDA SURPRISED  
YOU'VE GOT A RESYK  
COMPLEX, JUDGE  
KAMUN.

ALWAYS FIGURED  
THE EGYPTIANS WOULD  
WRAP THEIR STIFFS  
IN BANDAGES...



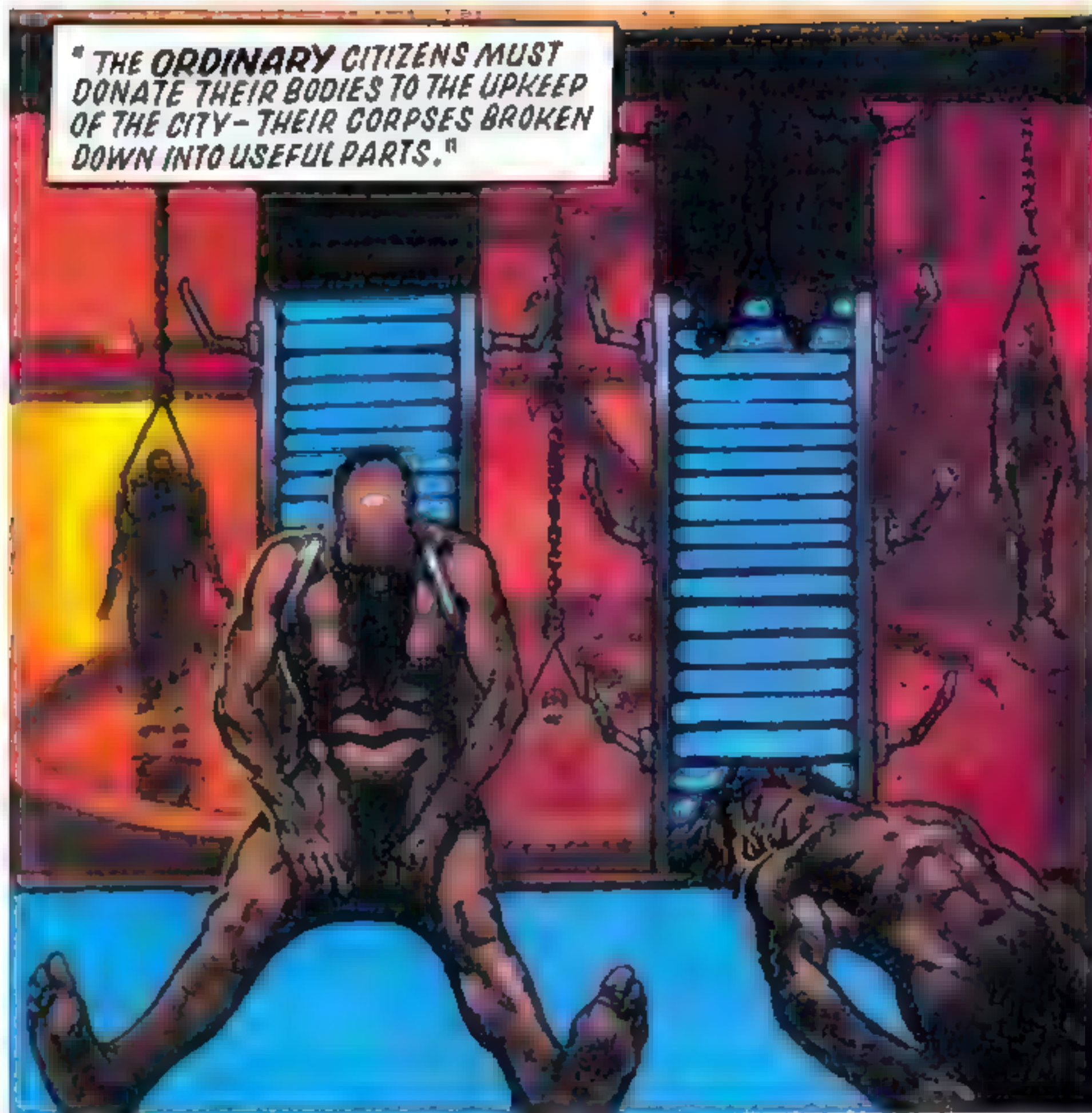
Mark Millar  
Grant Morrison  
Dermot Power  
John Aldrich

# JUDGE DREDD

ONLY THE RICH  
ARE ALLOWED TO  
BE MUMMIFIED,  
JUDGE DREDD—

THE RICH AND THE  
SENIOR JUDGES... AS  
YOU WILL SEE IN A  
MOMENT.





"THE **ORDINARY** CITIZENS MUST DONATE THEIR BODIES TO THE UPKEEP OF THE CITY - THEIR CORPSES BROKEN DOWN INTO USEFUL PARTS."



RESOURCES ARE FEW. NOTHING CAN BE WASTED.

I BELIEVE THE WORKERS HERE HAVE SOME KIND OF MOTTO...



"EVERYTHING BUT THE SCREAM".

BUT OUR CHIEF JUDGE WILL BE SENT TO THE AFTERLIFE WITH ALL THE CEREMONY HIS RANK DEMANDS.

IN ANCIENT TIMES, THE MUMMIFICATION PROCESS TOOK SEVENTY DAYS, JUDGE DREDD.

NOW THE WHOLE CEREMONY IS OVER IN A MATTER OF MINUTES.

GUESS THERE ISN'T MUCH LEFT TO MUMMIFY, HUH?



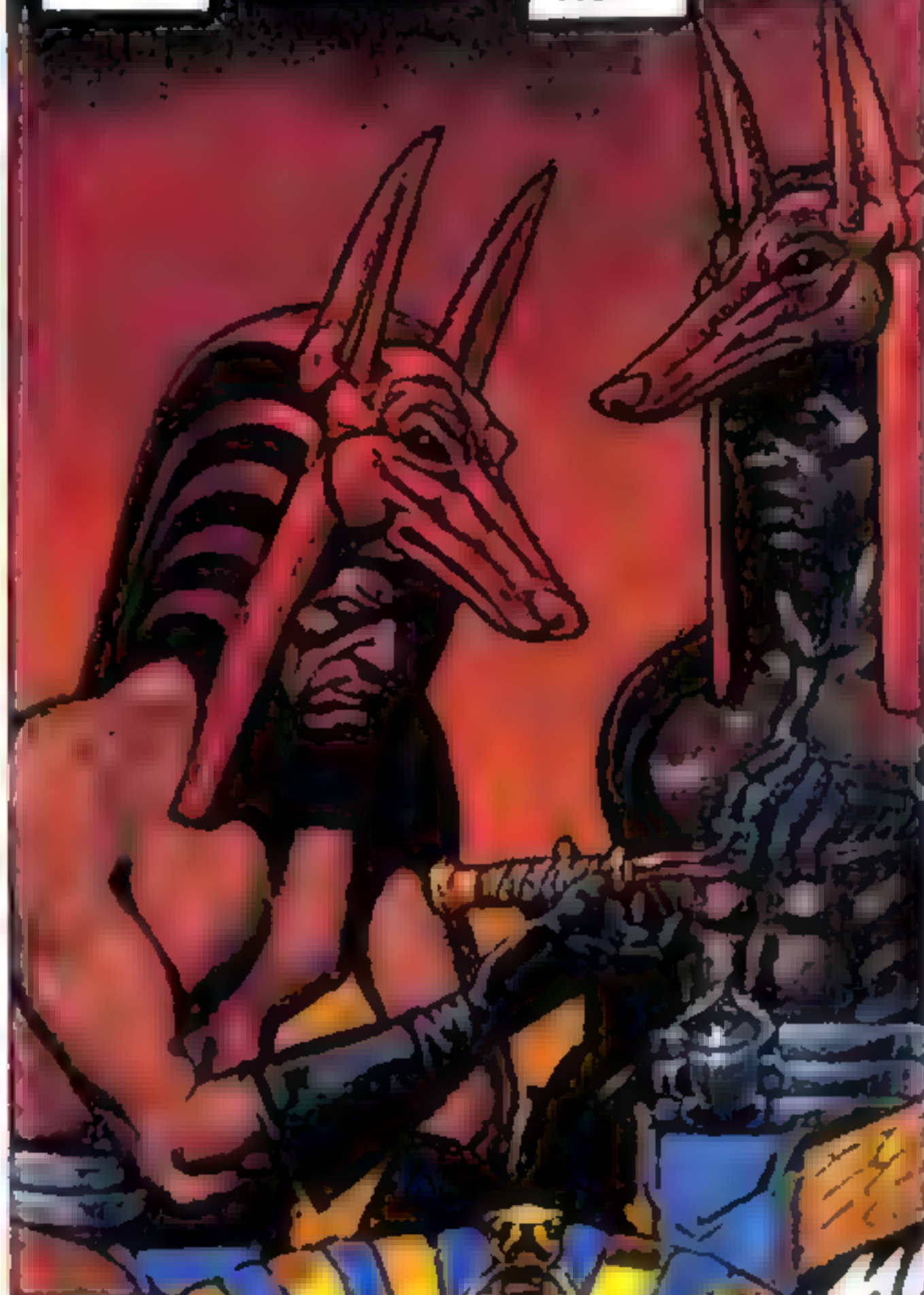


"THE FIRST STAGE IS THE TRICKIEST. IT INVOLVES REMOVING THE SUBJECT'S BRAIN."

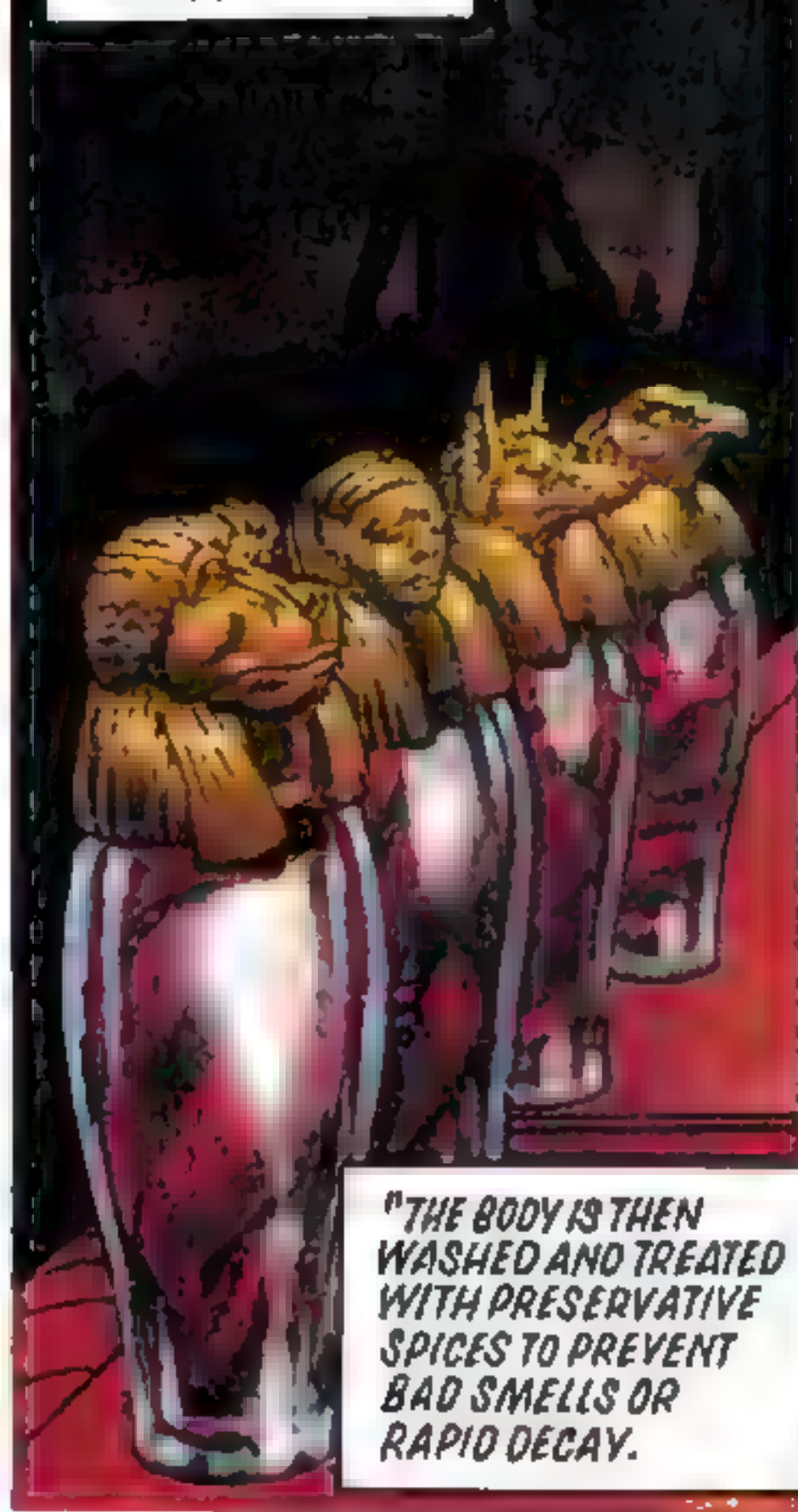
"THE HEAD MUST REMAIN INTACT, SO WE EXTRACT THE SEGMENTS THROUGH HIS NOSE."

"THE TEK-JUDGES THEN MAKE AN INCISION ONTO THE LEFT-SIDE OF THE BODY—"

"JUST ABOUT THE SIZE OF A HUMAN FIST."



"THIS ALLOWS THEM TO REMOVE ALL THE INTERNAL ORGANS, PLACING THEM NEATLY IN JARS."



"THE BODY IS THEN WASHED AND TREATED WITH PRESERVATIVE SPICES TO PREVENT BAD SMELLS OR RAPID DECAY."

"FINALLY, THE CHIEF JUDGE IS WRAPPED IN LINEN AND PLACED IN A SARCOPHAGUS WHERE IT IS BELIEVED HE WILL REST FOR THREE THOUSAND YEARS."







"THIS HONOUR GUARD  
IS VERY IMPRESSIVE..."

"THE TEK-JUDGES OF  
ANUBUS WILL BE  
**BURIED** IN THE TCMB  
WITH THE SARCOPHAGUS."

THE CHIEF JUDGE WILL  
NEED SERVANTS WHEN HE  
AWAKENS IN HIS NEXT  
LIFE.

YOU DON'T  
BELIEVE ALL  
THIS SUPER-  
STITIOUS  
STUFF, DO  
YOU?



WE ARE AN  
ANCIENT CULTURE,  
DREDD.

THIS "SUPERSTITIOUS  
STUFF" WAS GOOD ENOUGH  
FOR OUR ANCESTORS.





WE MUST BE SILENT WITHIN THE CHAMBER. IT IS A SIGN OF RESPECT.



THE TEK-JUDGES OF ANUBIS HAVE EATEN A POISON-WEED AND THEY SHALL DIE SOON.

WE MUST PRAY THAT THEY ARE GUIDED SAFELY INTO THE NEXT WORLD.



FEEL KINDA OUT OF PLACE HERE, KAMUN.

PLEASE, DO NOT FEEL UNCOMFORTABLE, JUDGE DREDD. YOU ARE OUR GUEST OF HONOUR!



YOU ARE AN AMBASSADOR FROM THE FIRST OF THE MEGA-CITIES. IT WOULD BE DISCOURTEOUS IF YOU DO NOT ATTEND THE CEREMONY.

YEAH, RIGHT. I GET THE IDEA.



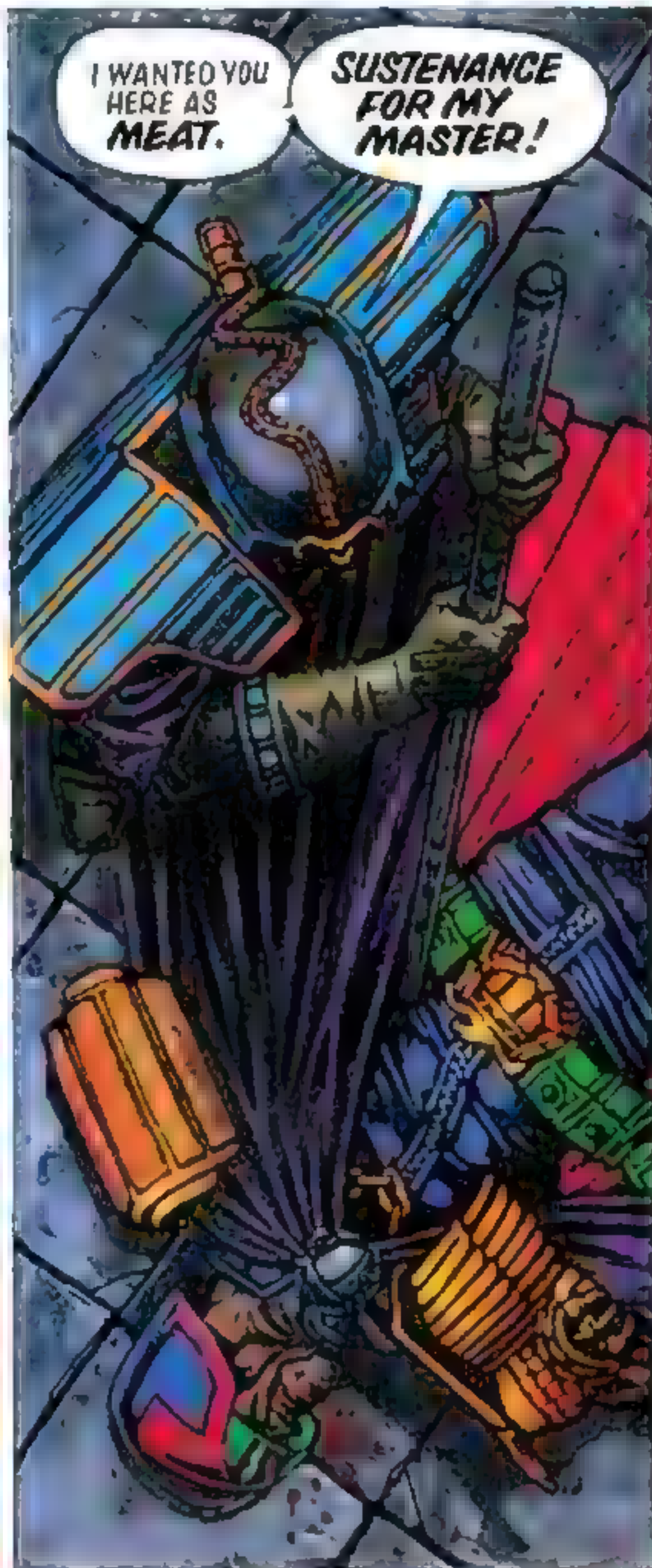
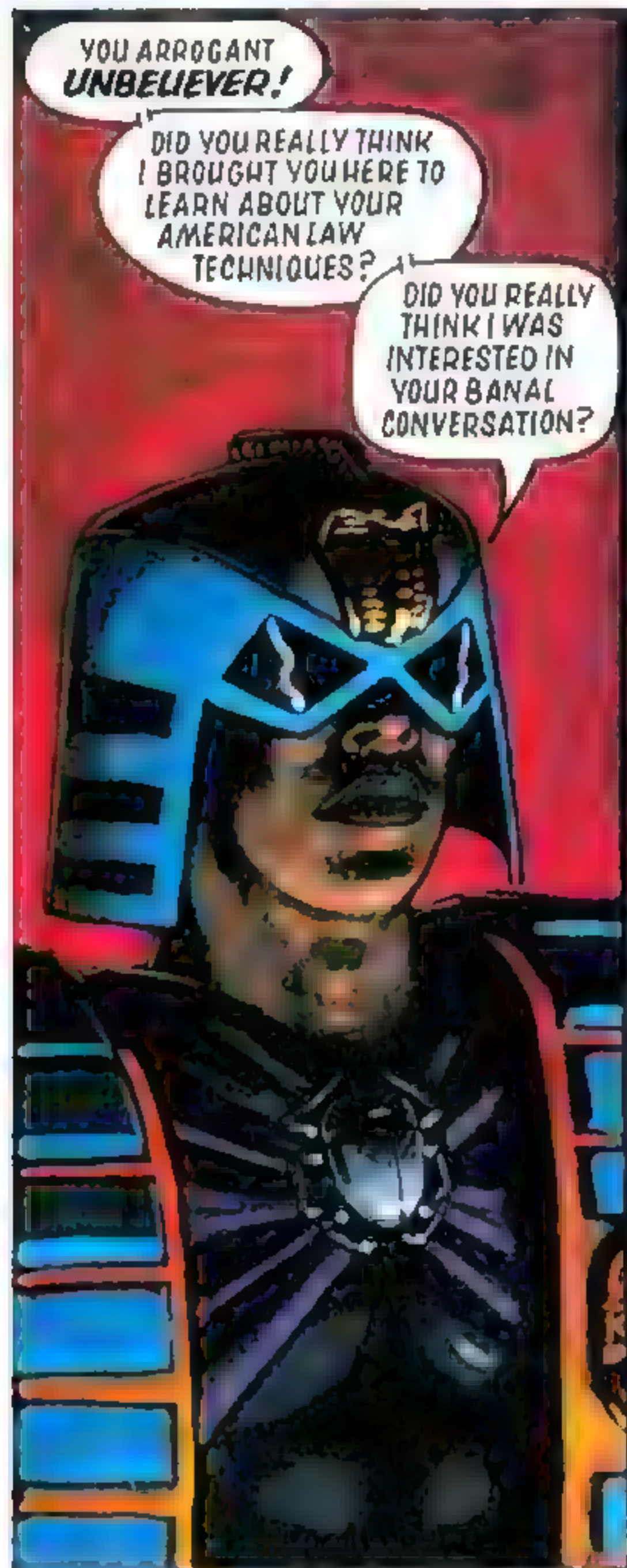
FOOL!

BRRZZ!

CHTAACK!

AARGHH!







DREDD'S IN TROUBLE IN LUXOR, EGYPT...

AH, YOU'RE AWAKE. SORRY I HAD TO BETRAY YOU IN THIS FASHION BUT I DOUBT IF YOU WOULD HAVE COME OTHERWISE

I HOPE YOU CAN FORGIVE ME



Grant Morrison  
Mark Millar  
Dermot Power  
Tom Frame

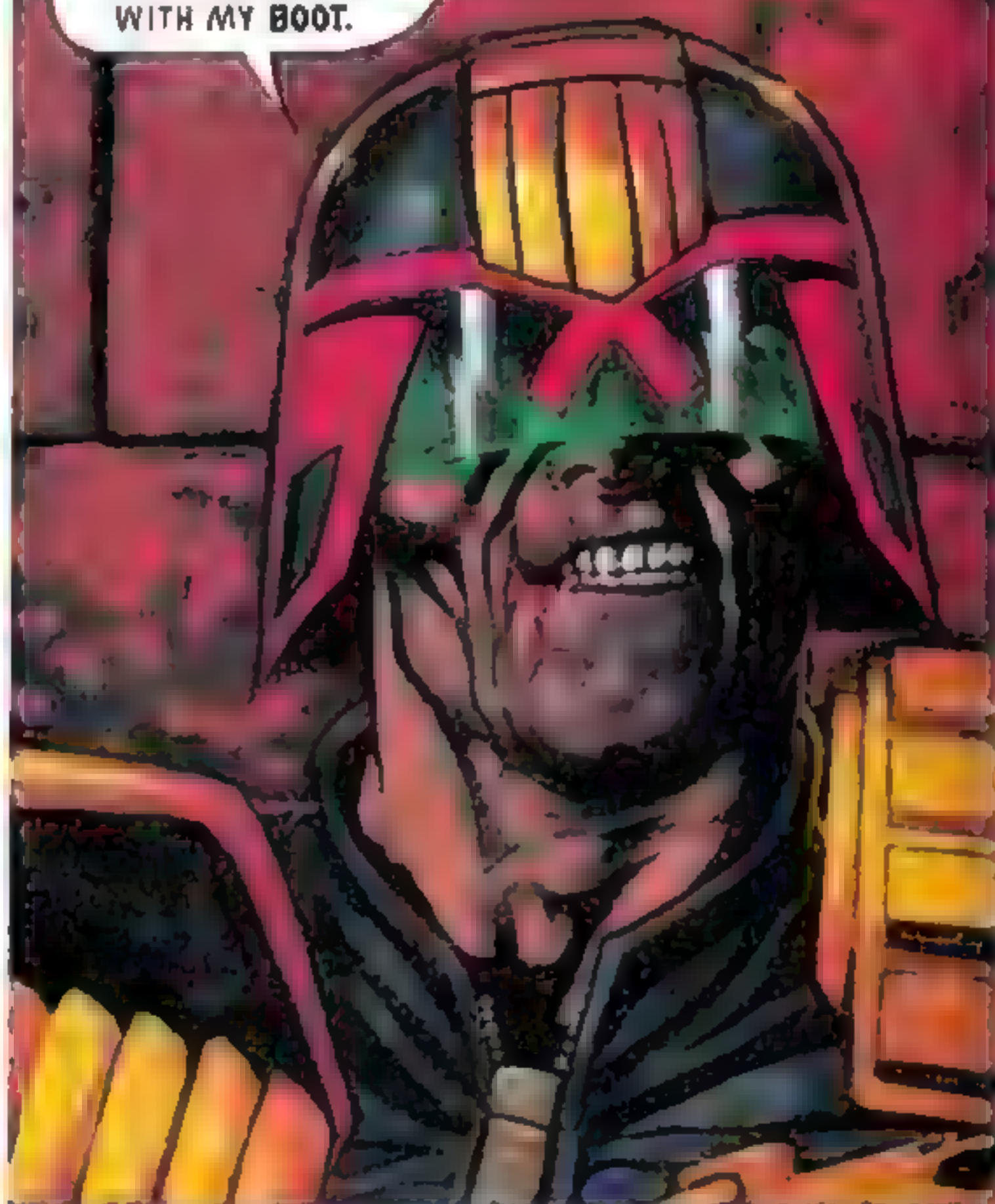
# JUDGE DREDD



## BOOK OF THE DEAD

PART FIVE

COME A LITTLE CLOSER, KAMUN, AND I'LL FORGIVE YOU WITH MY BOOT.



I PREFER TO REMAIN WHERE I AM

WHILE MANY IN THE GREAT CITY CLEAVE TO THE ONE GOD, YAD, THERE ARE SOME OF US WHO STILL VENERATE THE OLD GODS...

I DON'T CARE IF YOU GOT ONE GOD OR TEN THOUSAND, CREEP! NONE OF THEM ARE GONNA SAVE YOU WHEN I GET LOOSE.





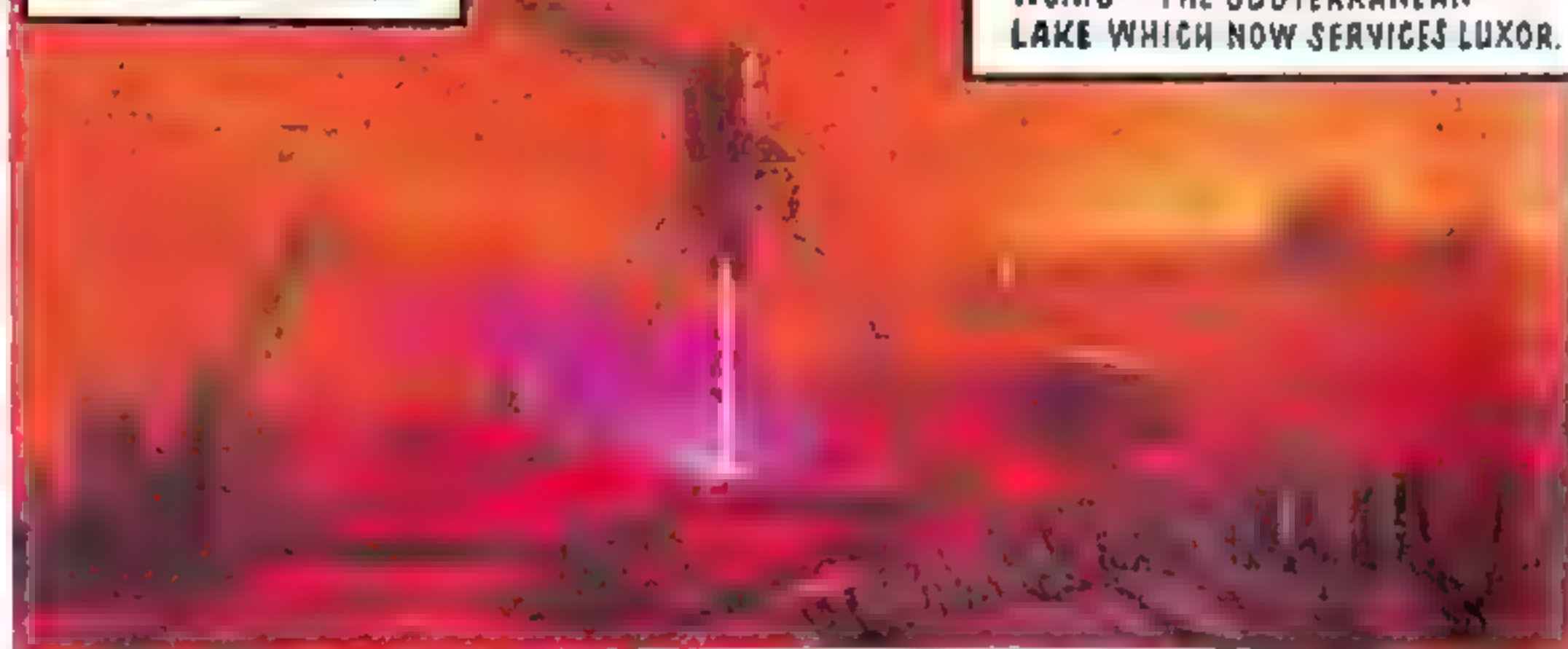
... SOME OF US NEVER LOST OUR FAITH IN THOSE ANCIENT BEAST-FACED GODS. A STRONG CADRE OF THE FAITHFUL WITHIN THE JUDGE SYSTEM HELD TO THE LEGENDS WHICH PROPHESED THE RETURN OF A DREADFUL REDEEMER.

HIS NAME IS ANKHOR, THE DEAD-IN-LIFE, WHO FOUND A METHOD WHEREBY HIS PHYSICAL BODY COULD SURVIVE BEYOND DEATH.



"THE STORIES TOLD OF ANKHOR'S LONG SLEEP IN 'THE WATERY WOMB OF THE DARK MOTHER.'"

"NATURALLY, I WAS NOT SURPRISED WHEN DRILLING OPERATIONS UNCOVERED JUST SUCH A DARK WOMB--THE SUBTERRANEAN LAKE WHICH NOW SERVICES LUXOR."



"I MADE SURE I WAS PART OF THE TEAM OF JUDGES SENT DOWN TO INVESTIGATE."



"YOU CANNOT IMAGINE WHAT IT WAS LIKE FOR ME, JUDGE DREDD; TO VENTURE DOWN INTO THAT ANCIENT DARKNESS WAS LIKE STEPPING BACK INTO MYTHOLOGY."

"AND THEN WE FOUND IT."

"AND I KNEW MY FAITH WAS JUSTIFIED."



"FOR THREE THOUSAND YEARS, ANKHOR HAD RESTED, DREAMING BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH AND THE MANY WORLDS. NOW THE TIME HAD COME FOR HIM TO BE REBORN IN NEW FLESH."



"WHEN I SAW HIM I WAS AFRAID, OF COURSE. WHO WOULD NOT BE?"



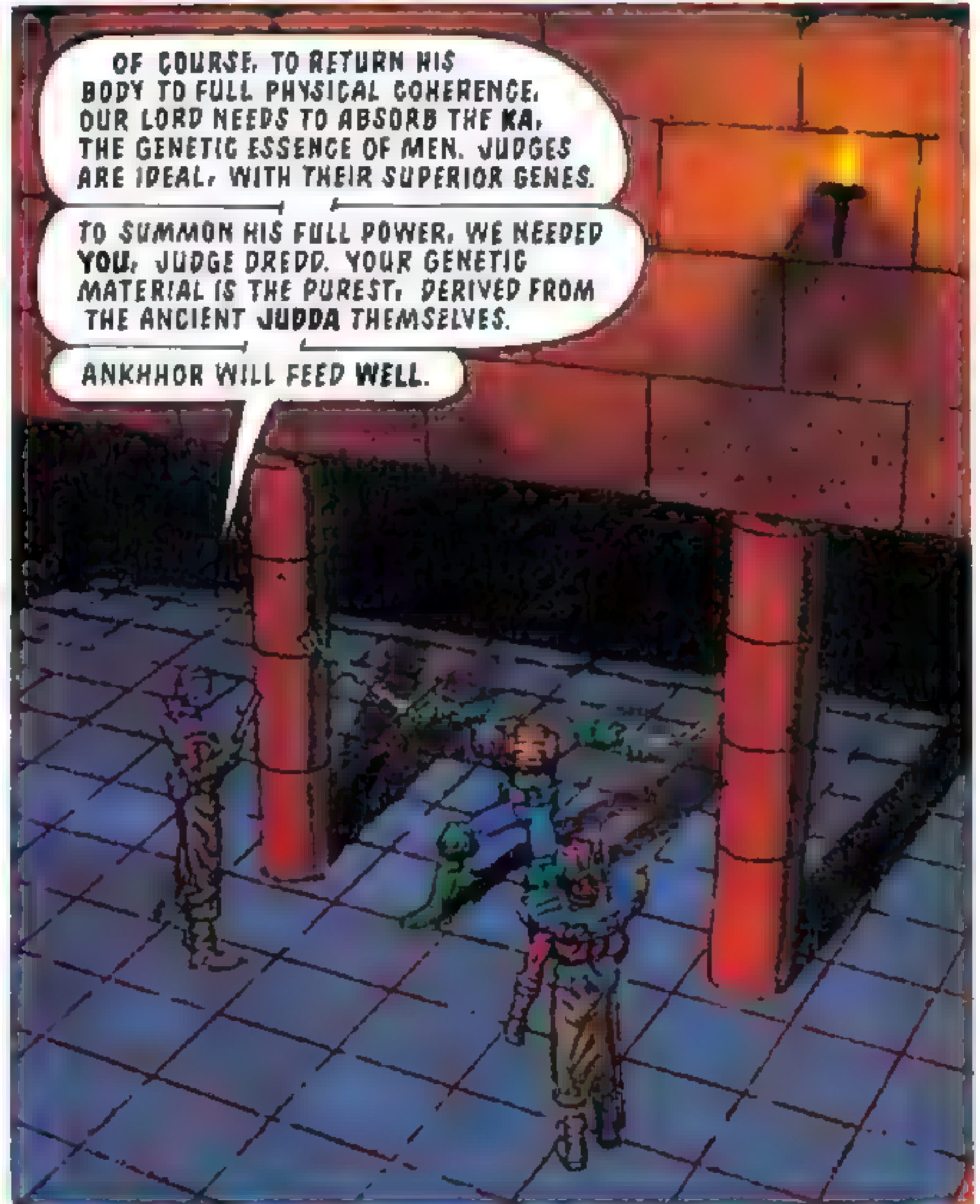


ANYONE  
WITH ANY GUTS,  
MEATHEAD.



"BUT WHEN I MADE OBEISANCE TO HIM  
AND WELCOMED HIM WITH 'THE BOOK OF  
THE COMING FORTH BY DAY', I KNEW  
NO MORE FEAR.

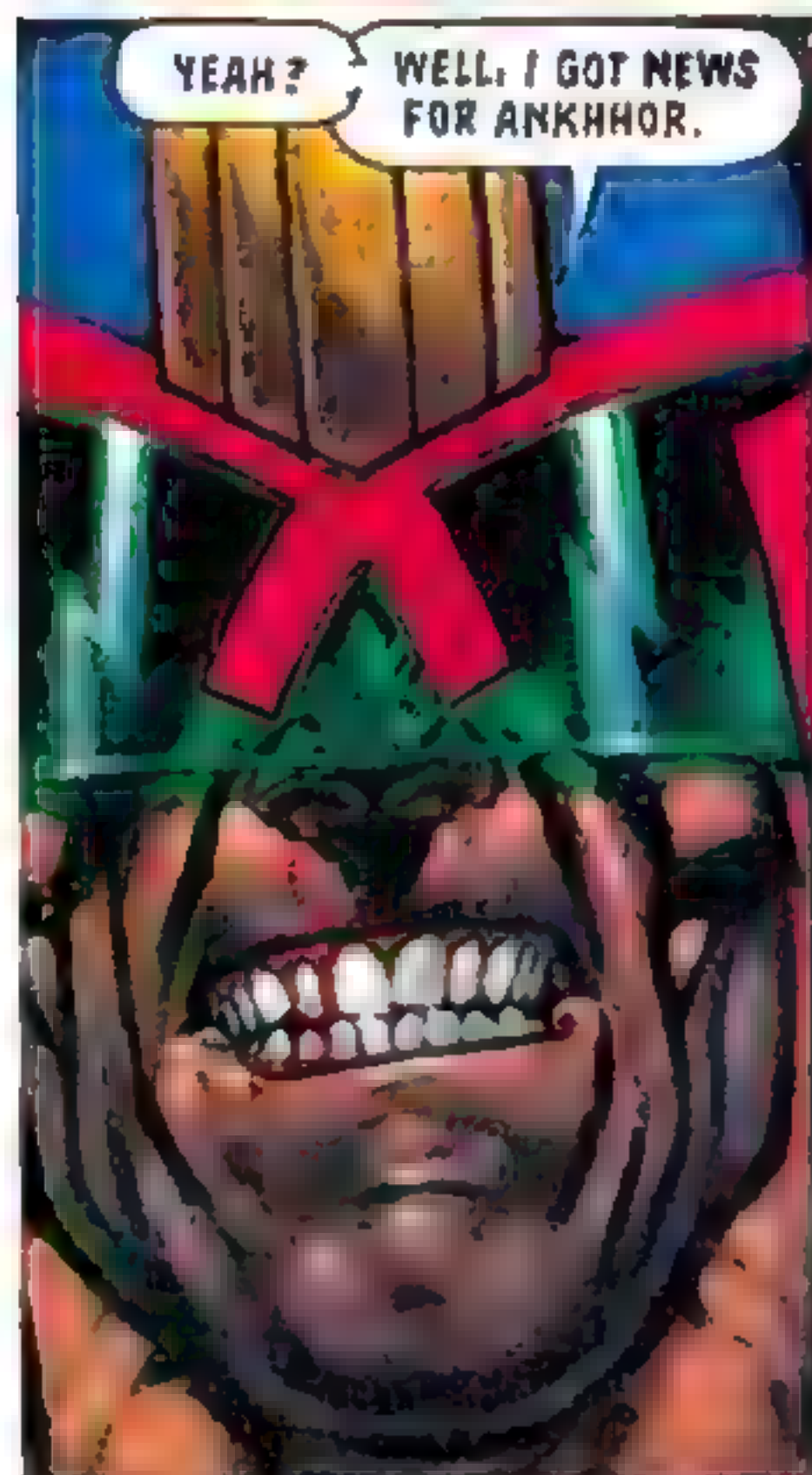
"I WAS IN THE PRESENCE  
OF THE COMING LORD,  
THE PHAROAH OF ALL THE  
WORLD, THE GOD-KING  
OF A NEW DYNASTY."



OF COURSE. TO RETURN HIS  
BODY TO FULL PHYSICAL COHERENCE,  
OUR LORD NEEDS TO ABSORB THE KA,  
THE GENETIC ESSENCE OF MEN. JUDGES  
ARE IDEAL, WITH THEIR SUPERIOR GENES.

TO SUMMON HIS FULL POWER, WE NEEDED  
YOU, JUDGE DREDD. YOUR GENETIC  
MATERIAL IS THE PUREST, DERIVED FROM  
THE ANCIENT JUDDA THEMSELVES.

ANKHHOR WILL FEED WELL.



YEAH?

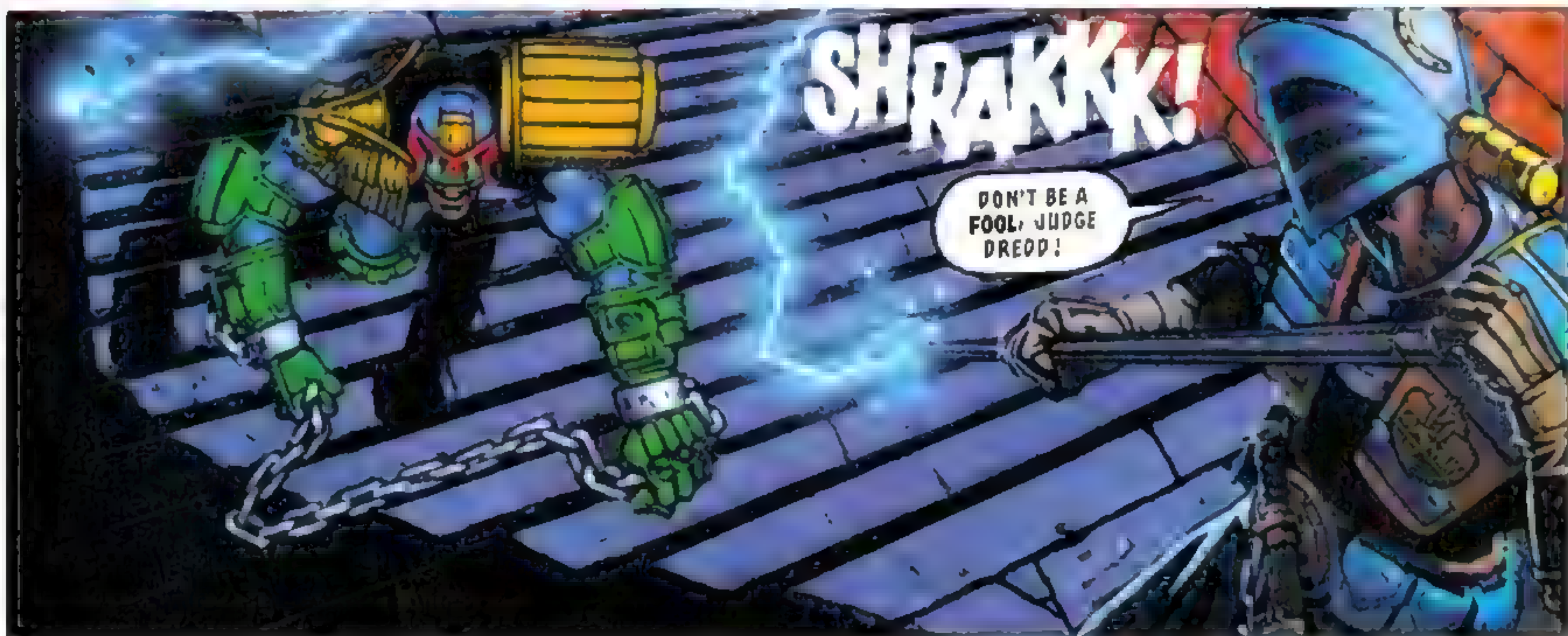
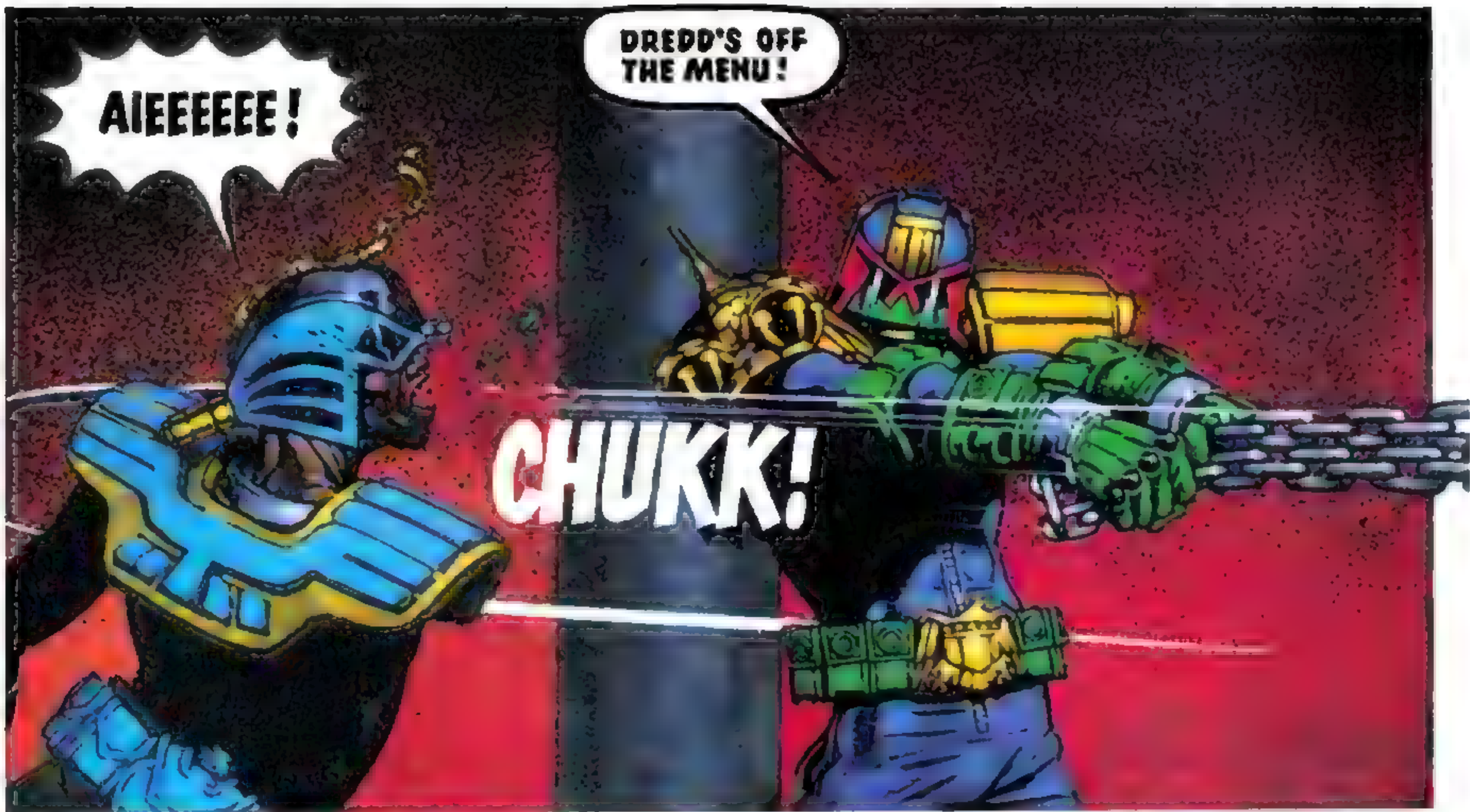
WELL, I GOT NEWS  
FOR ANKHHOR.



SHRAAK!

RRRAAAA









JUDGE DREDD--  
WAIT--I--



CAN'T  
HEAR YOU,  
KAMUN.

WANNA SAY  
IT A LITTLE  
LOUDER?

**SHOUTS!**

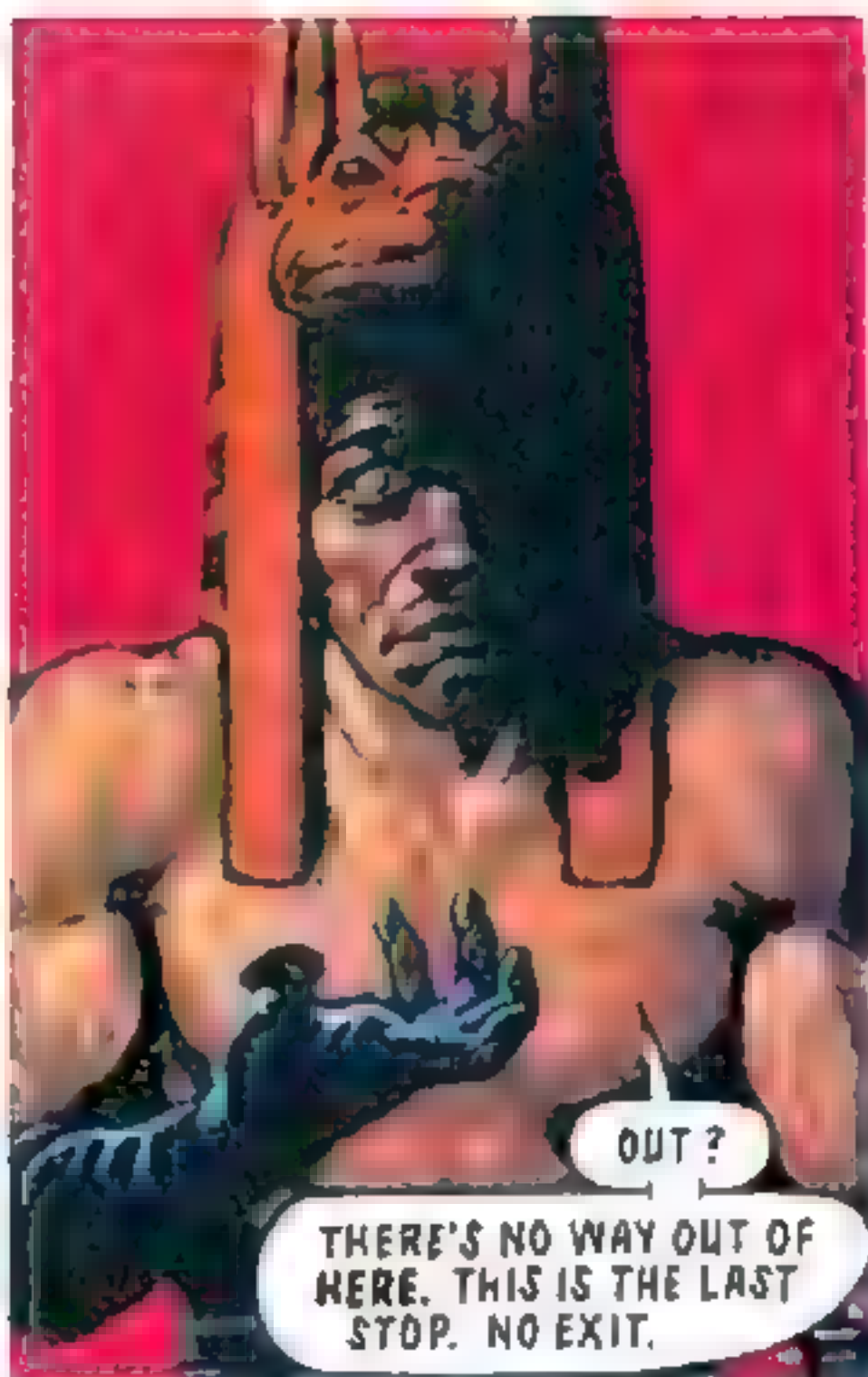


DIDN'T  
THINK SO.



YOU TWO!  
HOW DO I GET  
OUT OF HERE?





OUT?  
THERE'S NO WAY OUT OF  
HERE. THIS IS THE LAST  
STOP. NO EXIT.



WHAT?  
ARE YOU  
PEOPLE  
CRAZY?

NO, WE'RE SMART. WE'VE  
TAKEN POISON-WEED.  
MAYBE YOU SHOULD  
TAKE THE POISON TOO.



I'D HATE TO BE STILL ALIVE WHEN THE  
CHAMBER STARTS TO SEAL. BETTER A  
QUICK, PAINLESS DEATH. THAT'S THE  
WAY WE LOOK AT IT, ANYWAY.  
SEE YOU  
IN THE FIELDS OF AARRU. IF YOUR SOUL  
DOESN'T GET DEVoured



WHAT?  
WHAT D'YOU  
MEAN WHEN THE  
CHAMBER  
STARTS TO ...



...SEAL ...  
**DROKK!**



# JUDGE DREDD

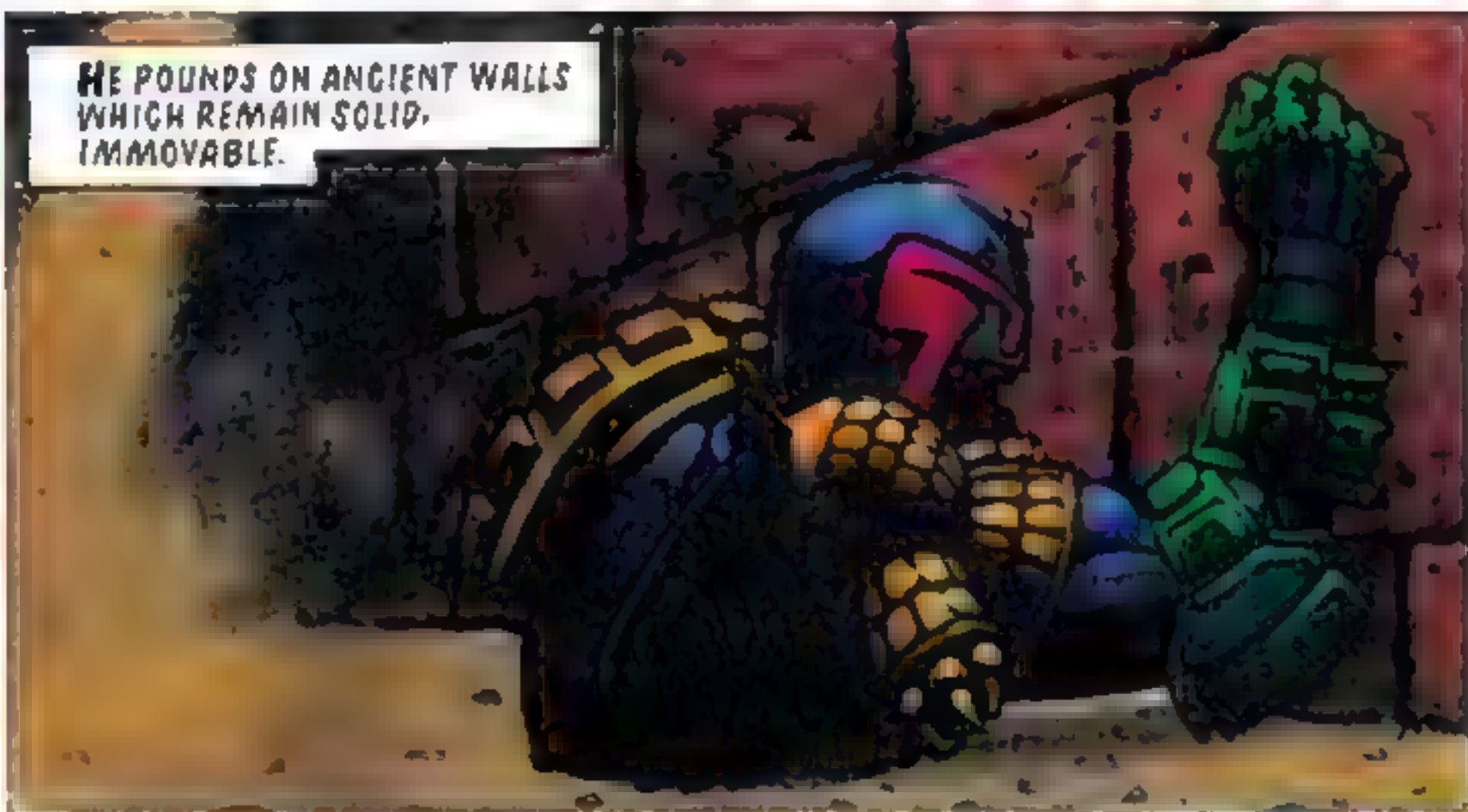
BOOK OF THE DEAD

PART SIX

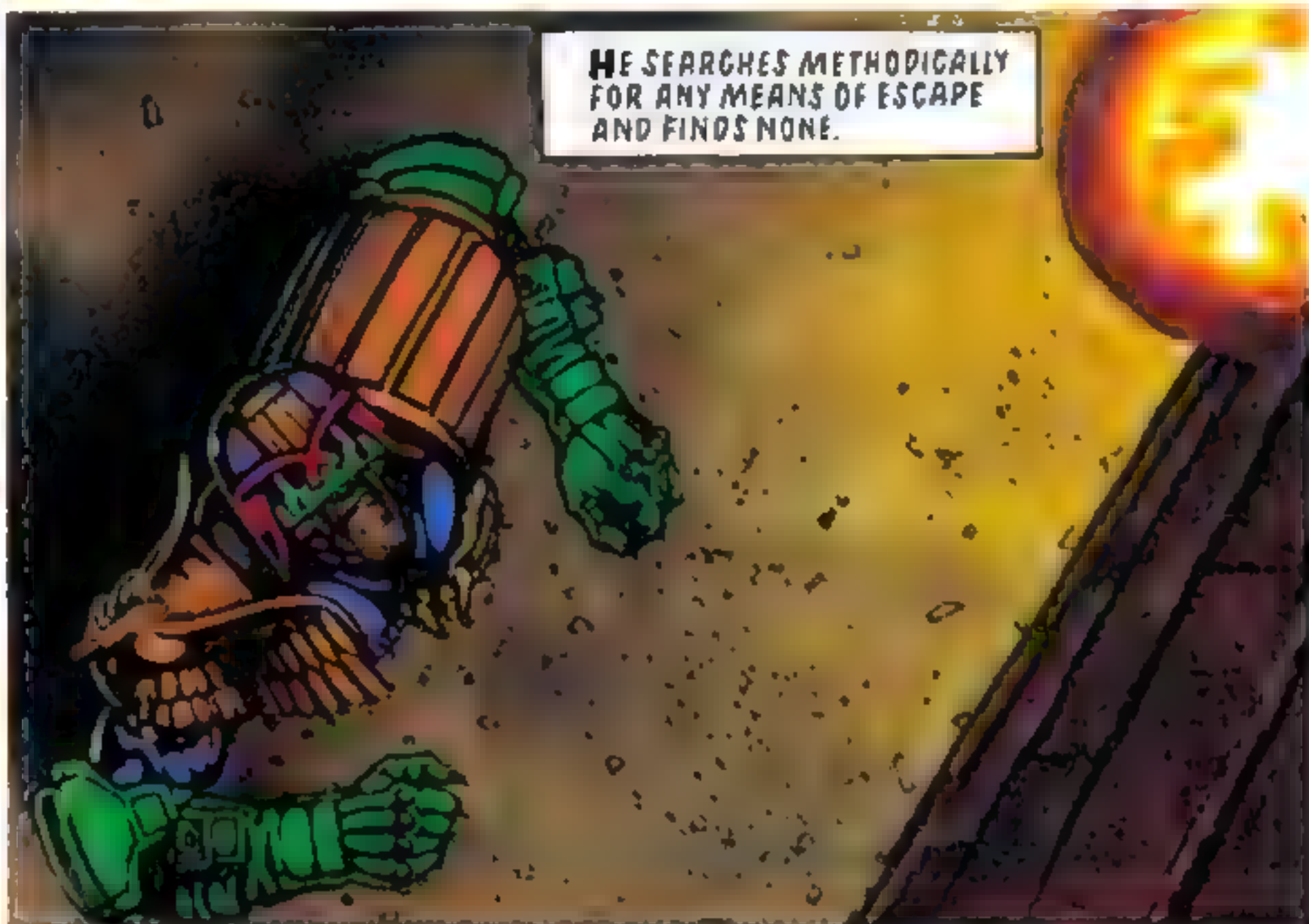
DEEP BENEATH THE GREAT PYRAMID OF EGYPT, DREDD STRUGGLES FOR HIS LIFE, CLAWING VAINLY AT THE SHIFTING TIDE OF SAND WHICH RISES BY THE SECOND.



HE POUNDS ON ANCIENT WALLS WHICH REMAIN SOLID, IMMOVABLE.



HE SEARCHES METHODICALLY FOR ANY MEANS OF ESCAPE AND FINDS NONE.



AND FINALLY, HE PREPARES TO DIE.

LIKE A JUDGE.



2000 AD CREDIT CARD  
SCRIPT Grant Morrison  
Mark Millar  
ART Dermot Power  
LAYOUT Tom Frame





**THOOM!**



GRUD!



ANKHHOR!

YESSS... I AM ANKHHOR.  
UNDYING ANKHHOR, BORN  
AGAIN TO NEW FLESSZZH,  
NEW VITALITY.

YOUR PEAK  
GENETIC MATERIAL  
WILL RESSTORE  
ME TO ~



THINK AGAIN,  
CREEP!

**GDNNCH!**



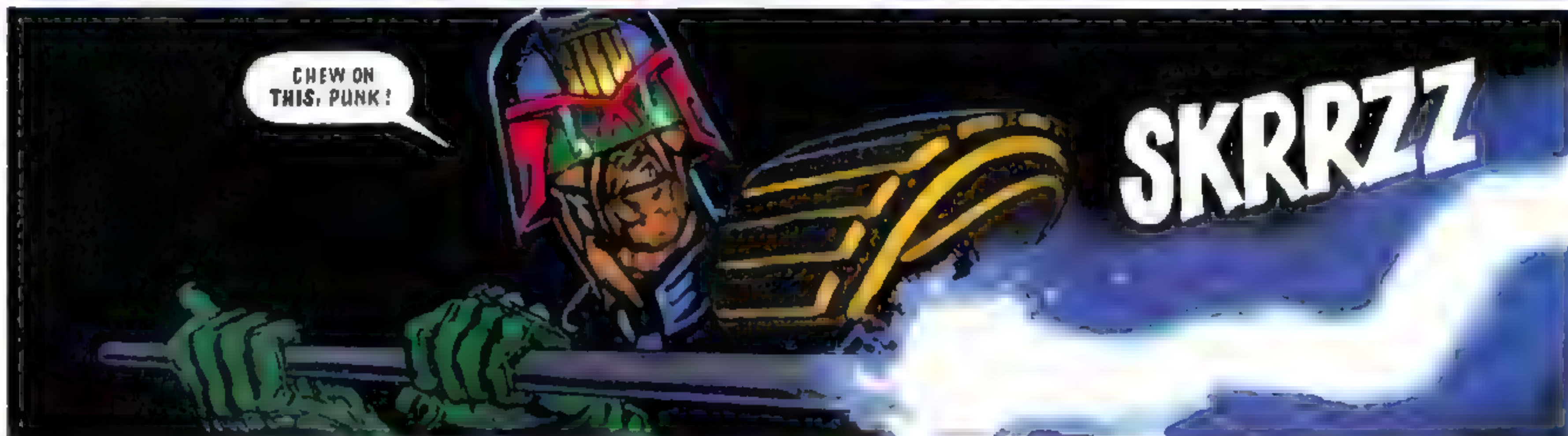






I HAVE WAITED THREE THOUSSSAND  
YEARS TO BE REBORN AS THE LORD  
OF ALL THE EARTH.

GIVE ME YOUR  
FLESHHH!



CHEW ON  
THIS, PUNK!

SKRRZZ



DON'T YOU UNDERSSSTAND?  
I CANNOT DIE. I HAVE MADE  
MY BODY IMMORTAL.

NOW I MUST FEED ON  
THE ESSSENCE OF  
OTHERSSS, SUCH AS...

UH...







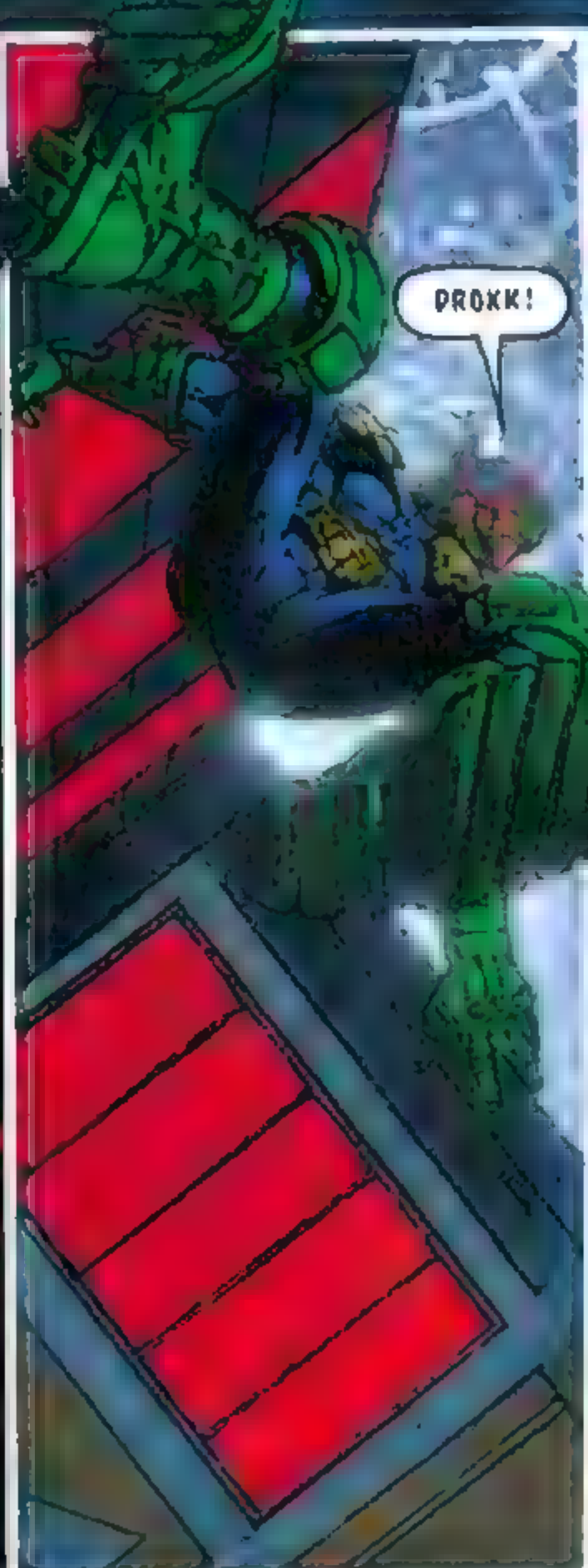


SSSTOP SSSTRUGGLING!  
YOU CANNOT PREVAIL  
AGAINST ONE WHO  
CANNOT DIE!



JUST  
WATCH ME,  
CREEP!

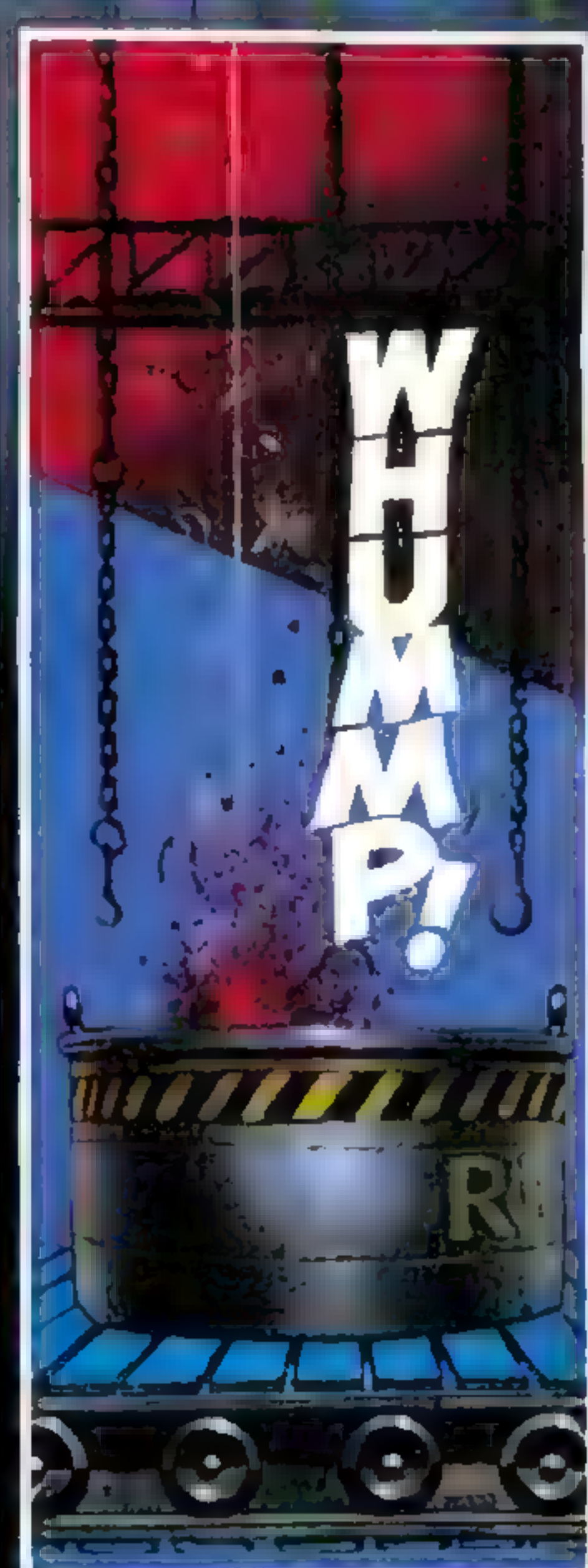
YAAAA—



PROKK!



SKRAASH!



WHUMP!



# JUDGE DREDD

IN THE EGYPTIAN CITY OF LUXOR, DREDD'S BATTLE WITH THE IMMORTAL ANKHOR HAS BROUGHT HIM TO RESUK.

GRUD!

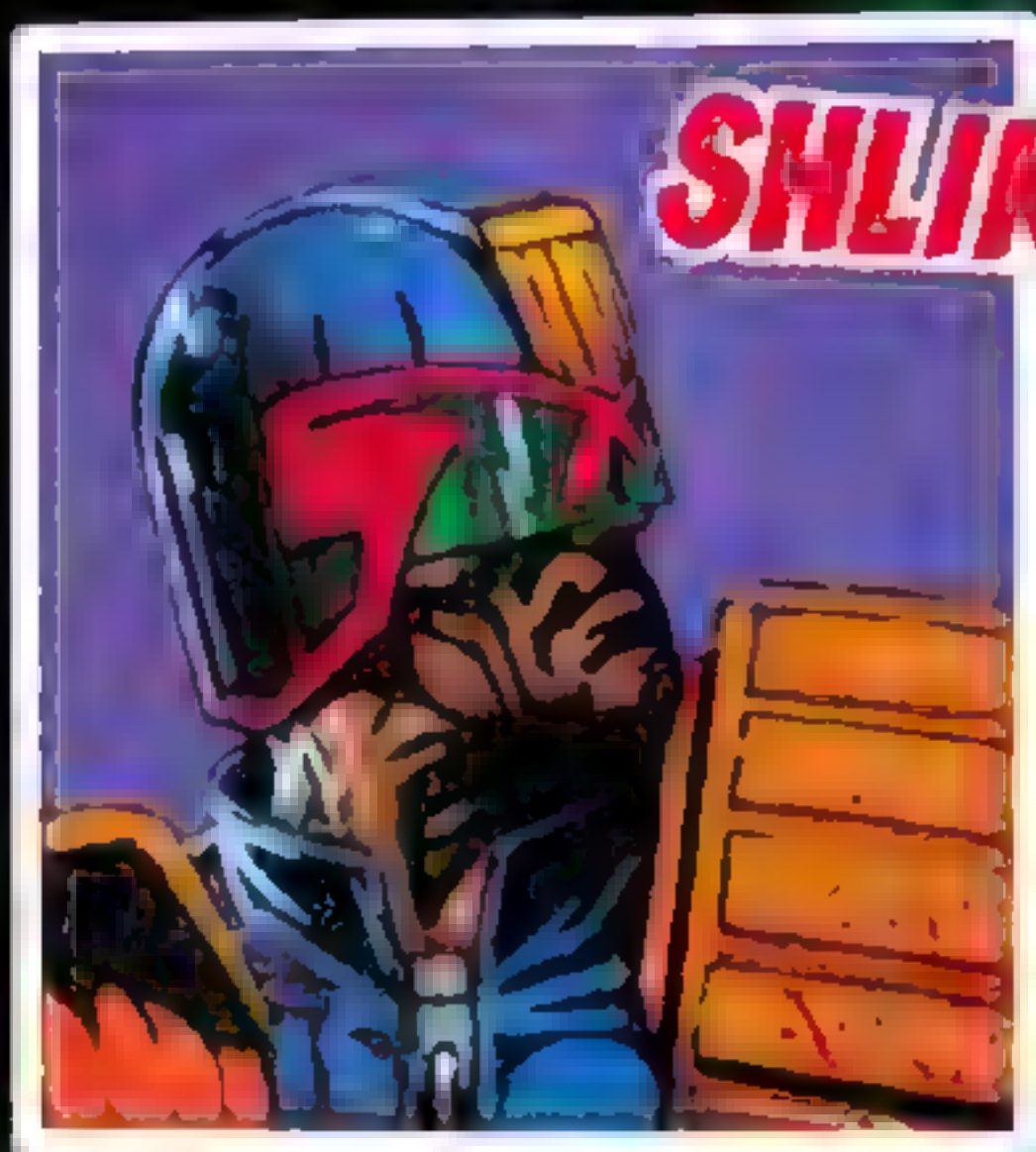
GUESS I OUGHTTA  
BE GRATEFUL FOR  
THE SOFT  
LANDING...

BOOK OF THE DEAD

PART SEVEN

|          |                |
|----------|----------------|
| WRITER   | Grant Morrison |
| ARTIST   | Mark Millar    |
| COLORIST | Dermot Power   |
| LETTERER | Tom Frame      |





**SHLIK!**



**SHLUFFF**



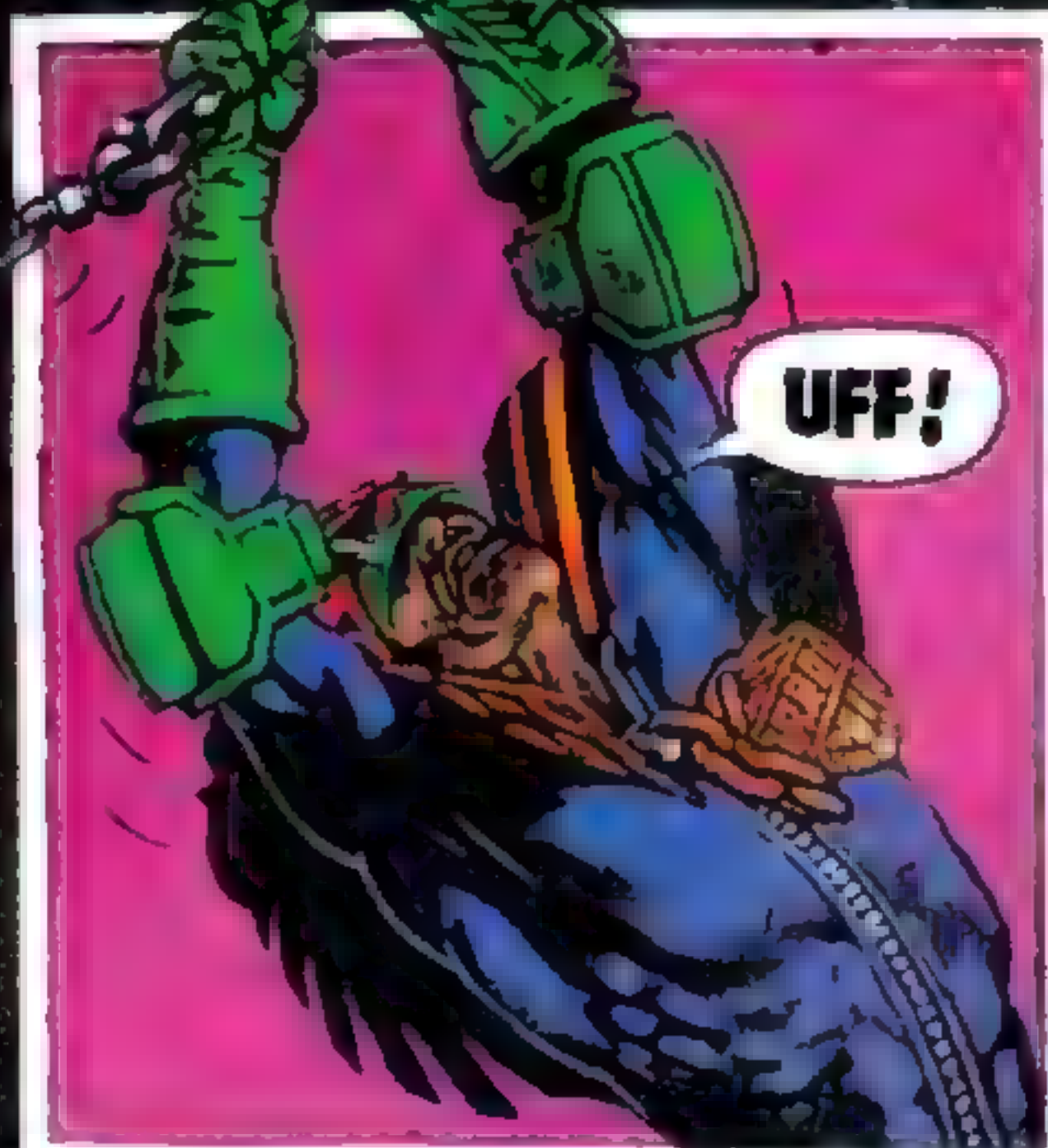
SHOULDA STAYED  
WHERE YOU WERE.  
CREEP!

**CHUNT!**

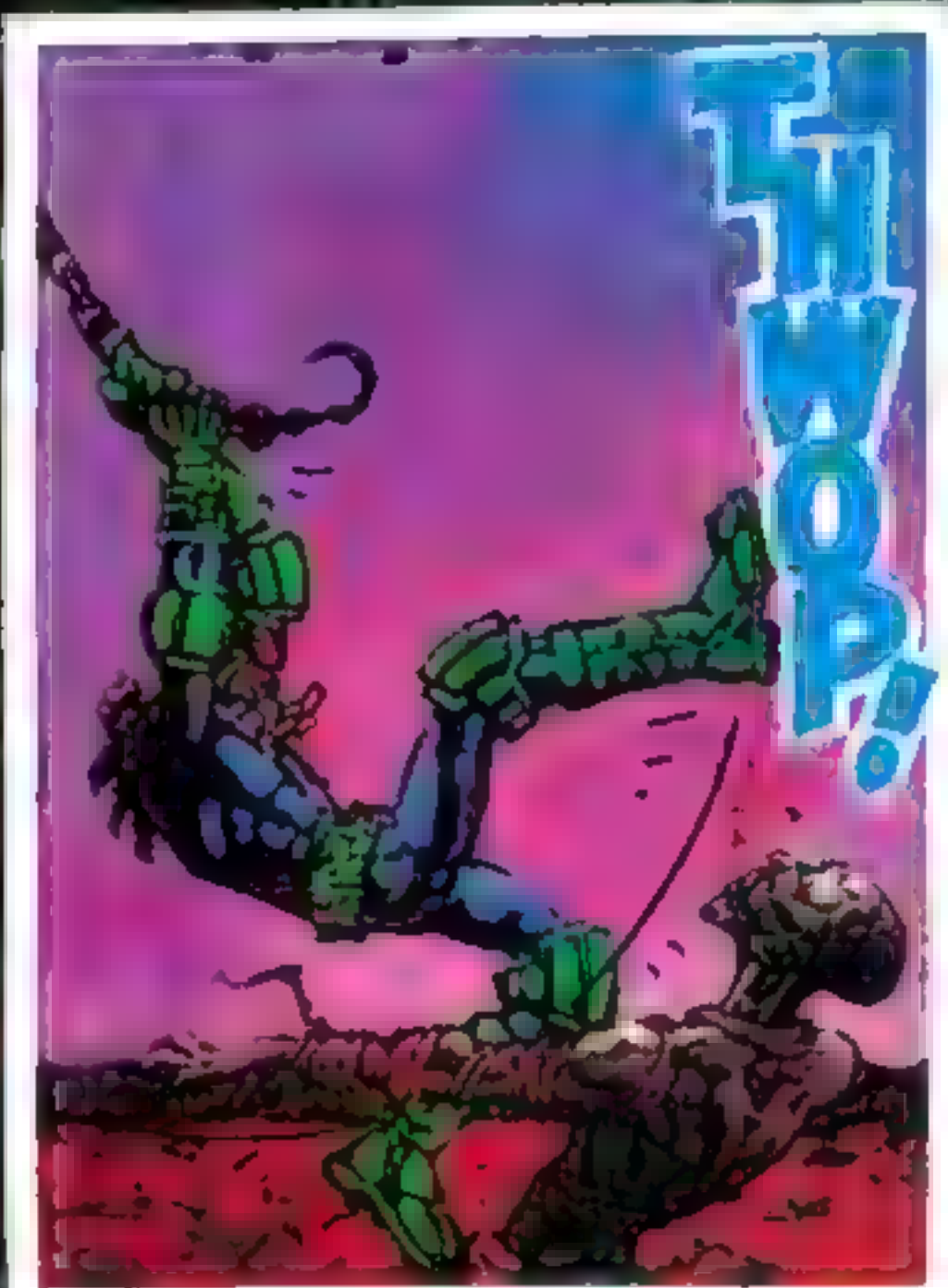


**KRAK!**





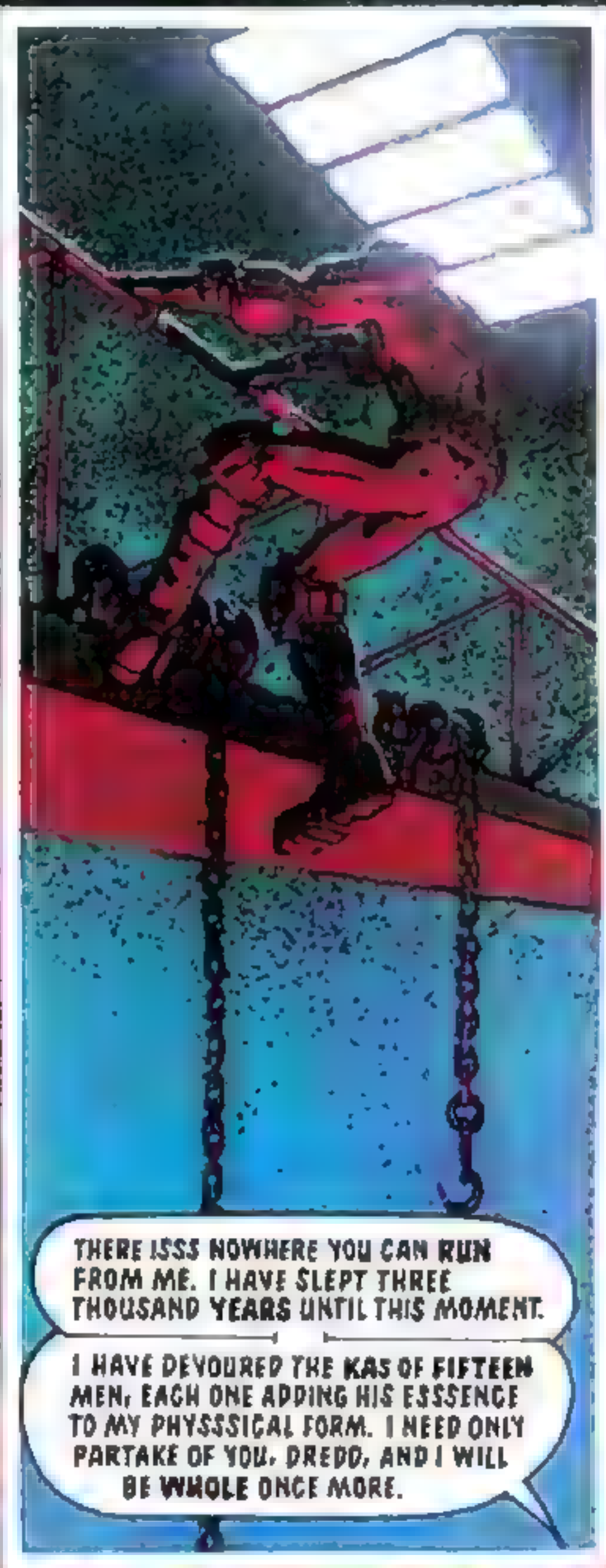
UFF!



FWOP!



THISSS ISSS  
JUSST A  
GAME!



THERE ISSS NOWHERE YOU CAN RUN  
FROM ME. I HAVE SLEPT THREE  
THOUSAND YEARS UNTIL THIS MOMENT.  
I HAVE DEVoured THE KAS OF FIFTEEN  
MEN, EACH ONE ADDING HIS ESSSENCE  
TO MY PHYSSSICAL FORM. I NEED ONLY  
PARTAKE OF YOU, DREDD, AND I WILL  
BE WHOLE ONCE MORE.

KRRRINK



IN DEFIANCE OF  
DEATH AND ALL THE  
ANCIENT GODSSS OF  
JUDGEMENT, I WILL  
LIVE AGAIN AND  
RULE!  
YOU ARE  
SSSIMPLY  
FOOD!

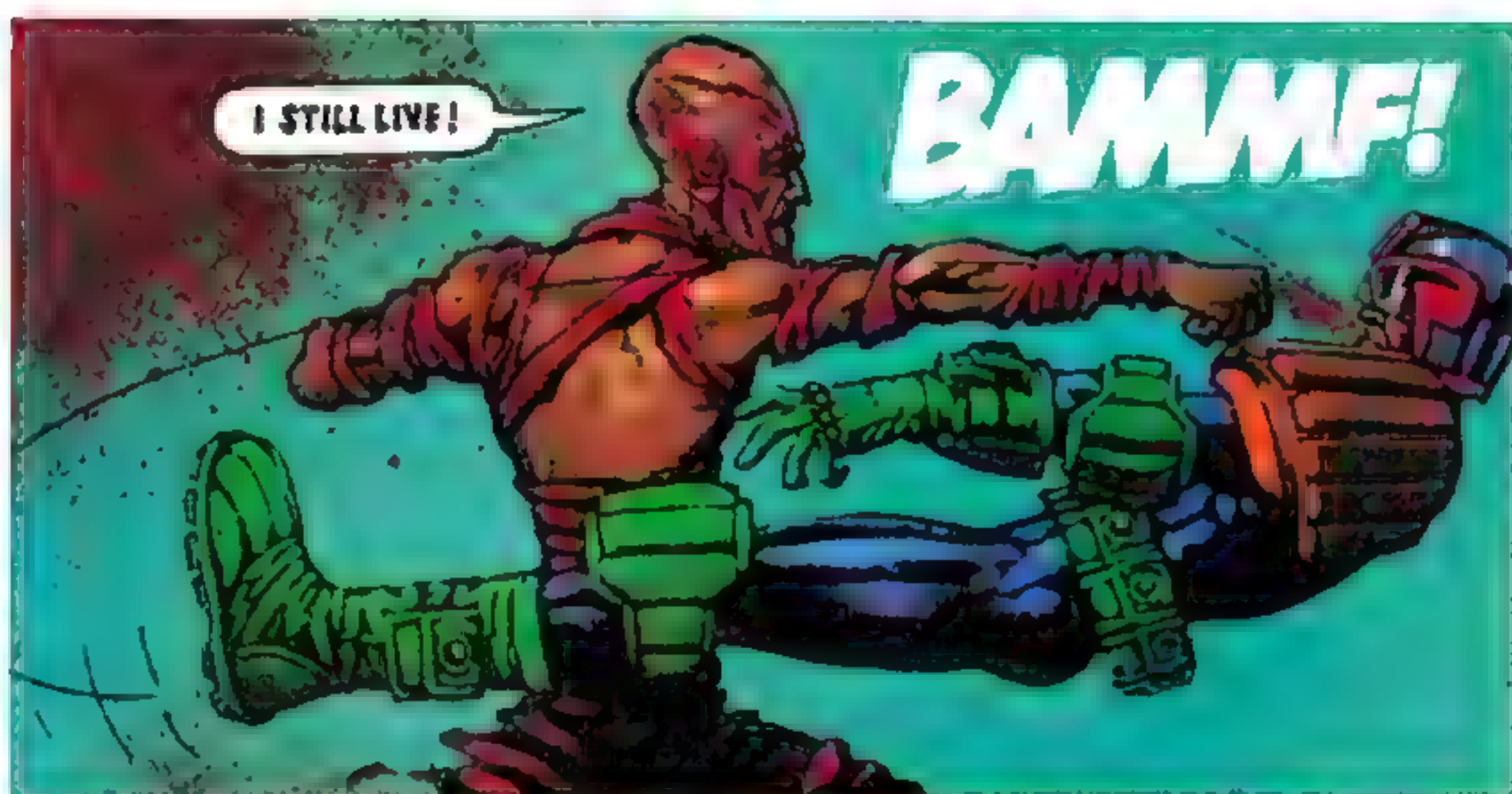














# JUDGE DREDD

RESYK, LUXOR. JUDGE DREDD IS AT THE MERCY OF THE IMMORTAL ANKHOR, WHO NEEDS HIS D.N.A. TO ACHIEVE TOTAL POWER...

CEASE YOUR SSSSTRUGGLING, DREDD. WHY PROLONG THISS PAIN?



# BOOK OF THE DEAD

PART EIGHT



OR IS IT THAT MY APPEARANCE HORRIFIES YOU?

I HAD TO UNDERGO CERTAIN PHYSICAL MODIFICATIONS, IN ORDER TO ENSURE THAT I WOULD BE EQUIPPED FOR SURVIVAL WHEN I AWAKE.



URRF!

YEAH?

WELL, I GOT A NEW MODIFICATION FOR YOU, MEATHEAD!



RRRRRP!  
AUUGHH!

TRY THIS!

Grant Morrison  
Mark Millar  
Dermot Power  
Tom Frame





**THUK!**

AND DON'T  
WORRY.  
I AIN'T GONNA  
STOP THERE.



**SNIK**

**WHHRRR**

**THRITT!**

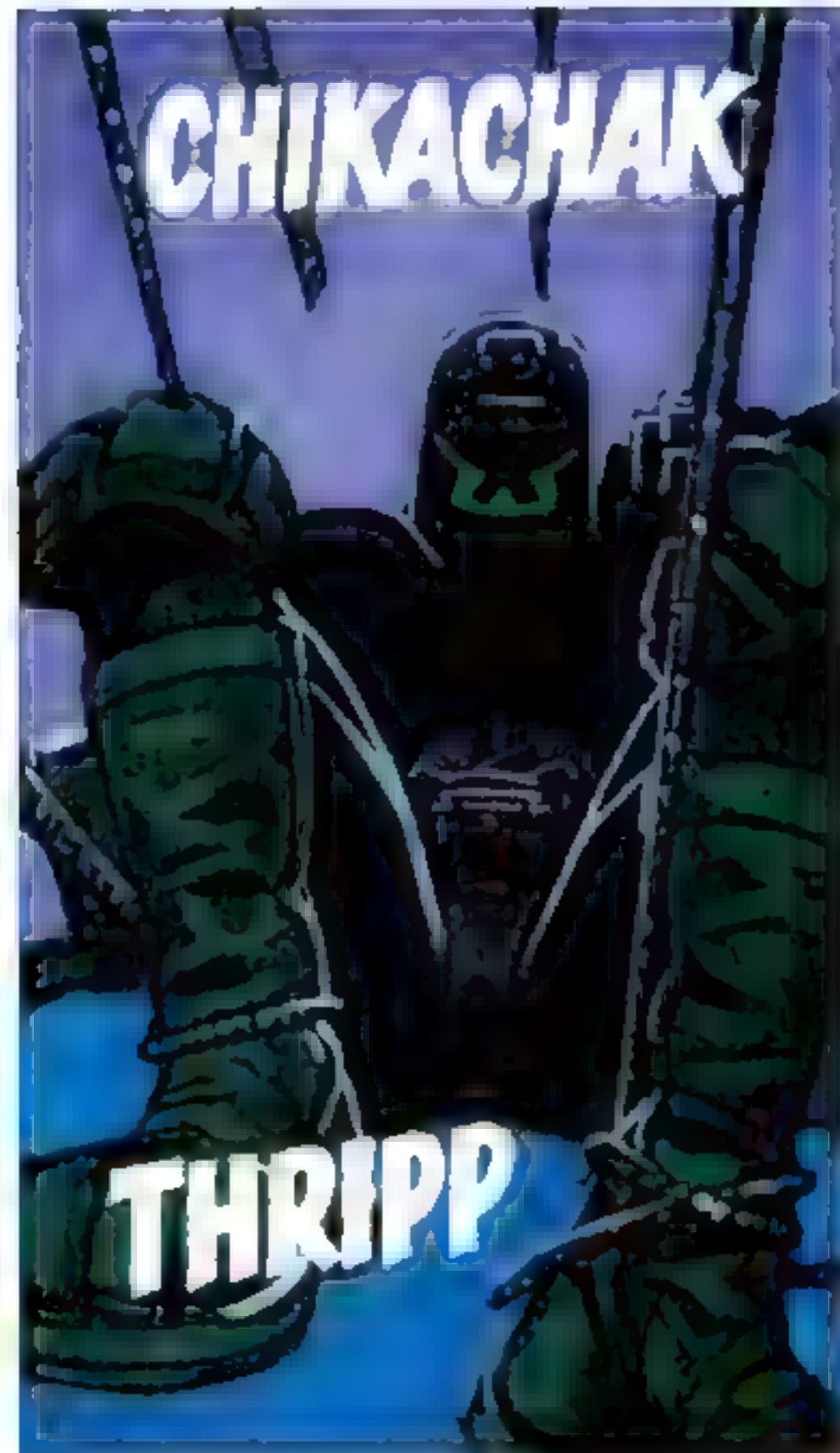
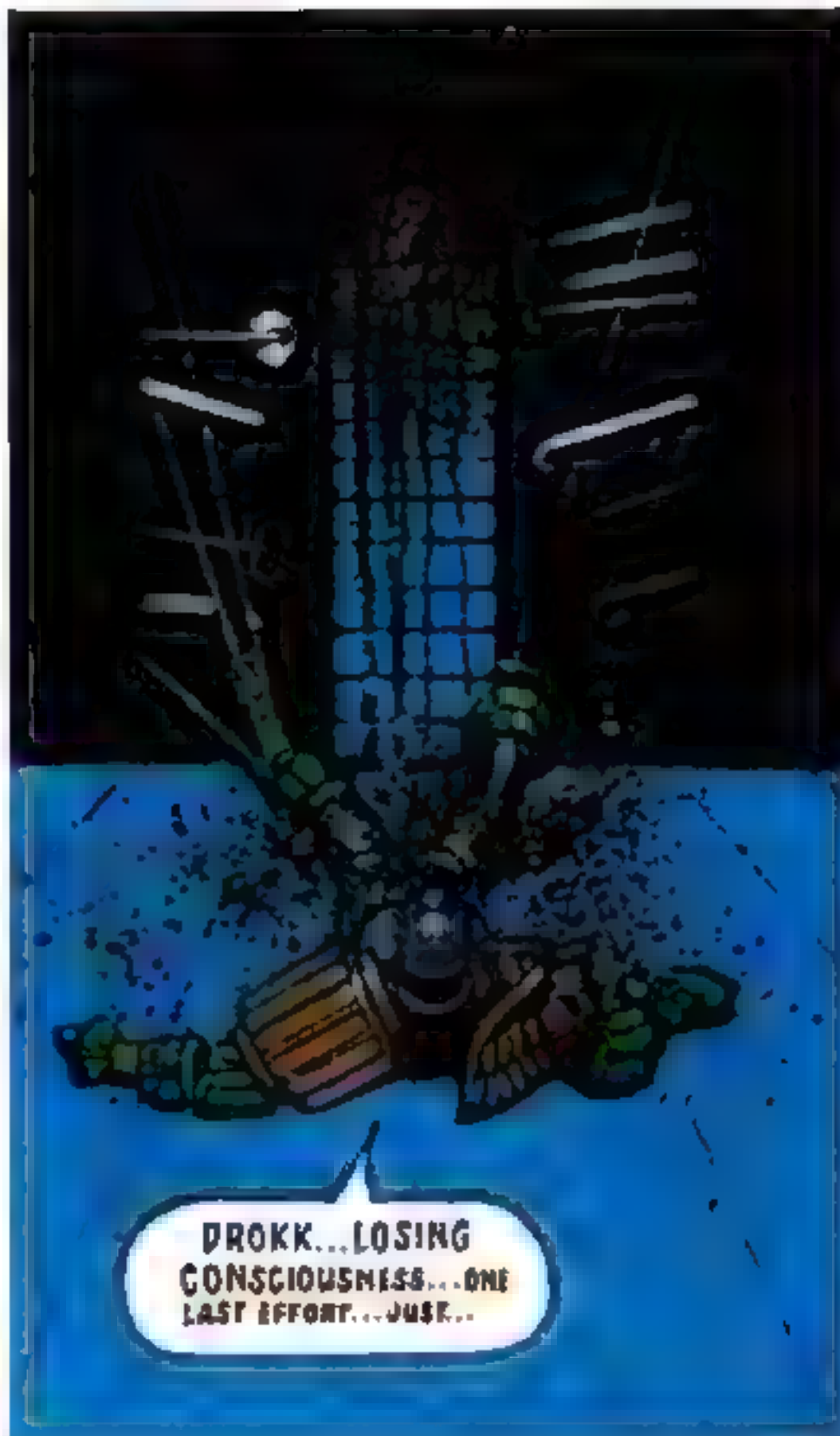


SEE, I FIGURE THERE'S  
ONLY ONE WAY TO STOP  
SOMEONE WHO CAN'T  
DIE.

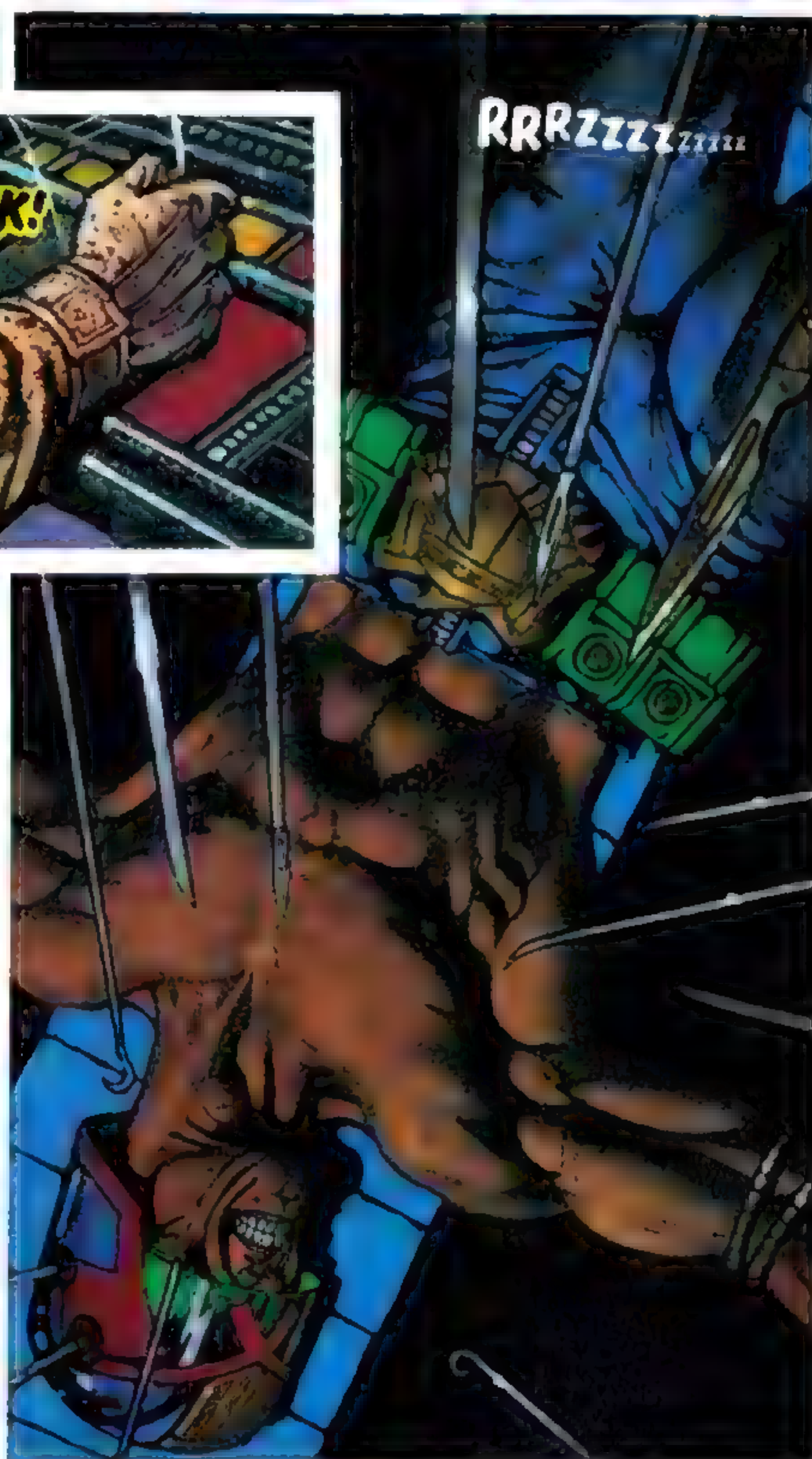
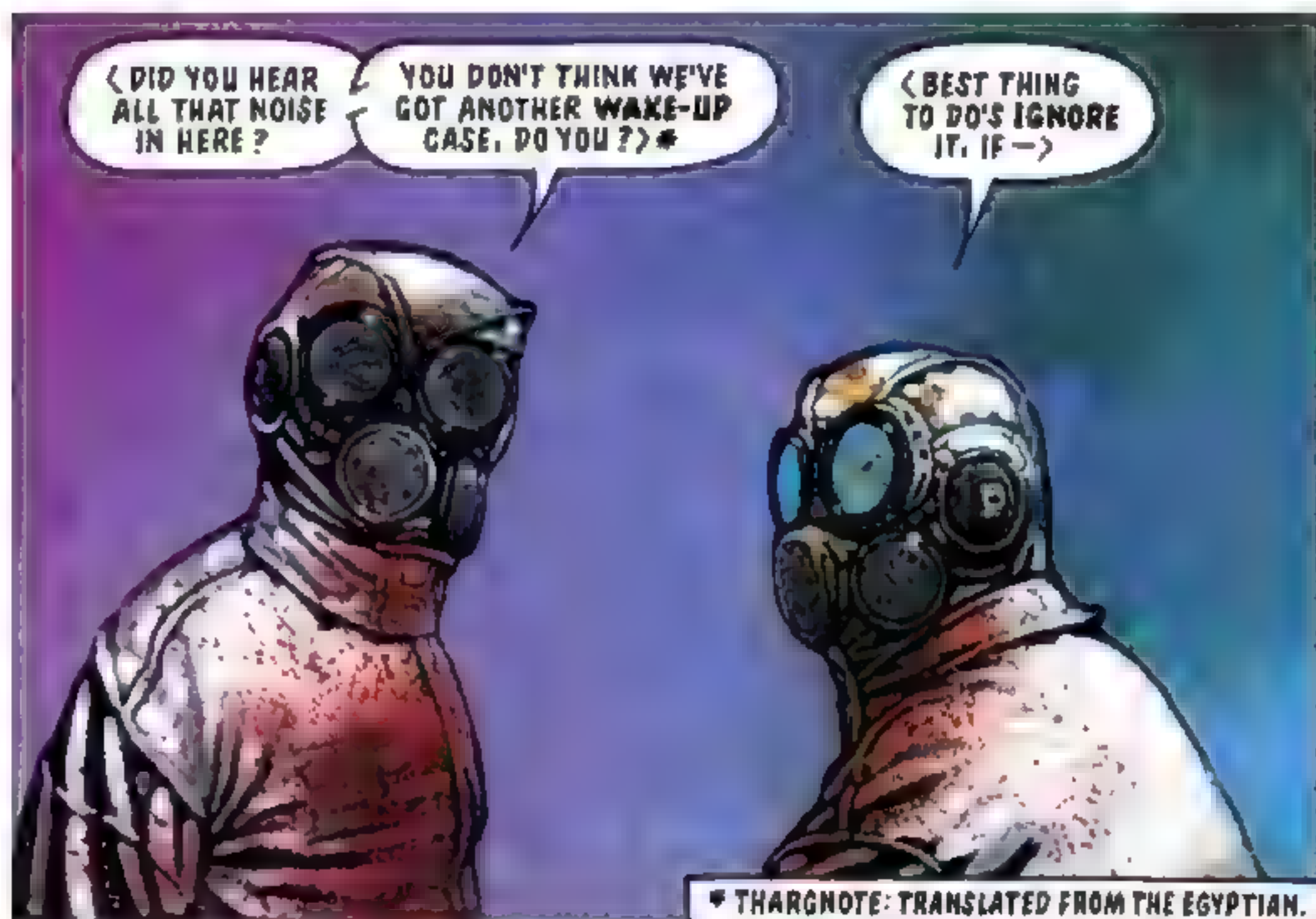
THE RESYK  
WAY.

**HRRRN!**











TWO DAYS LATER.  
MEGA-CITY ONE.



IS EVERYTHING  
OKAY, DREDD?

WE HEARD YOU  
HAD A FEW  
PROBLEMS  
OVER THERE.



NO  
PROBLEM.



I DON'T THINK YOUR COUNTERPART FELT  
QUITE SO COMFORTABLE, JOE.

EGYPTIAN  
JUDGE RAMESES HAD A PRETTY ROUGH TIME.  
FIRST NIGHT ON PATROL, HE SPENT THE  
WHOLE TIME TELLING EVERYBODY HOW  
TOUGH HE WAS, THEN WALKED INTO A  
GANG OF STRAY MUTIES.







POWER  
93

**THE  
end**



# JUDGE DREDD

'T WAS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS IN THE BIG MEG...

SCRIPT: Mark Millar  
ART: Carlos Esquerro  
COLORS: Tom Frame

...AND WARDOUR OF ACCOUNTS WAS IN UNCHARACTERISTICALLY FESTIVE MOOD.

JUDGE DREDD!  
WE GOT A HUGE  
PILE OF CHRISTMAS  
CARDS FOR YOU  
THIS YEAR!

RECYCLE 'EM!

THIS ONE'S SUPPOSED TO BE  
FROM THE FOUR DARK  
JUDGES. YOU WANT  
TO HEAR IT?

NOT  
REALLY.

"SSSEASSONSS GREETINGSSS.  
JOE! FROM JUDGE DEATHHH  
AND THE LADSSS!"

## I HATE CHRISTMAS

REAL  
FUNNY.

MAGNIFY THE CARD FOR  
FINGER-PRINTS AND  
MAIL THOSE JOKERS  
FOR IMPERSONATING  
A DARK JUDGE!

STOMM!  
YOU DON'T LIKE  
CHRISTMAS MUCH,  
DO YOU?

NOT  
MUCH.





CONTROL TO DREDD.  
INCIDENT AT GRISSOM  
SPACE-PORT.

DREDD  
RESPONDING!

GUS GRISSOM SPACE-PORT,  
MEGA-CITY ONE.

POOR GUY! I  
HOPE THE JUDGES  
HURRY UP WITH  
THAT MED-TEAM!

JUDGE  
DREDD!

WHAT'S  
GOING ON  
HERE?

STOW-AWAY  
FROM  
SIMBA-CITY,  
JUDGE!

POOR SAP  
STRAPPED HIMSELF  
TO THE WING OF  
THE SHUTTLE AND  
HELD ON FOR TEN  
THOUSAND KAYS!

DROKK!  
H-HELP ME!



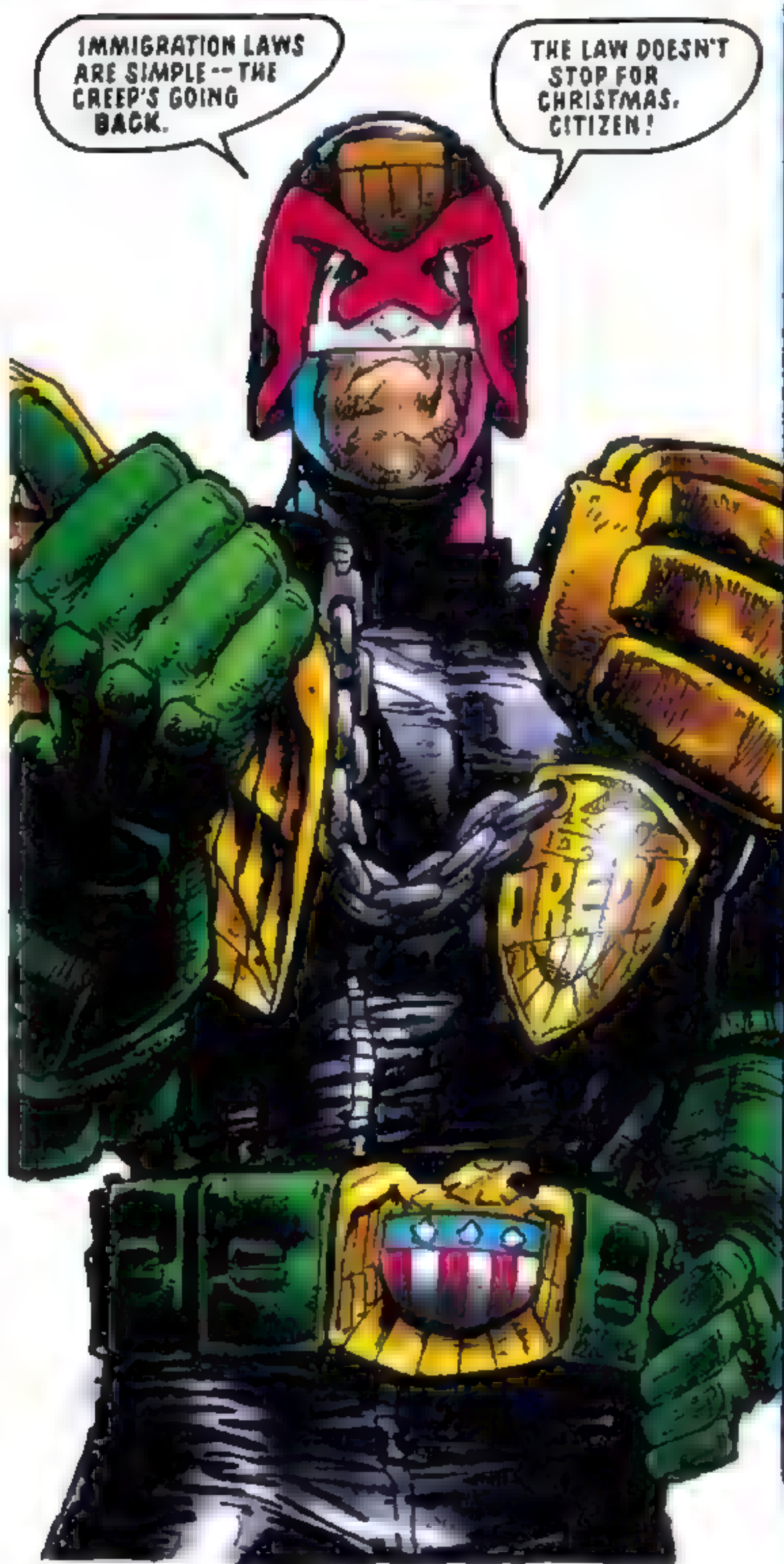


M-MY PEOPLE ARE  
STARVING I-IN THE  
AFRICAN DUSTBOWL,  
JUDGE!  
I C-COME TO  
MEGA-CITY ONE F-FOR  
A BETTER LIFE!



HE'S FREEZING TO  
DEATH! BETTER  
GET HIM A  
THERMO-BLANKET!

DON'T  
BOTHR.



IMMIGRATION LAWS  
ARE SIMPLE -- THE  
CREEP'S GOING  
BACK.

THE LAW DOESN'T  
STOP FOR  
CHRISTMAS.  
CITIZEN!



COME ON, PAL!  
WE'RE REAL  
SORRY ABOUT  
THIS...

CHRISTMAS BRINGS OUT  
THE WORST IN PEOPLE --  
MAKES 'EM EVEN CRAZIER  
THAN USUAL.



DREDD,  
WE'VE GOT A  
SITUATION!  
JUDGE GROFT HAS  
GONE FUTSIE \*!  
BRANSON'S  
MEGA-MALL!

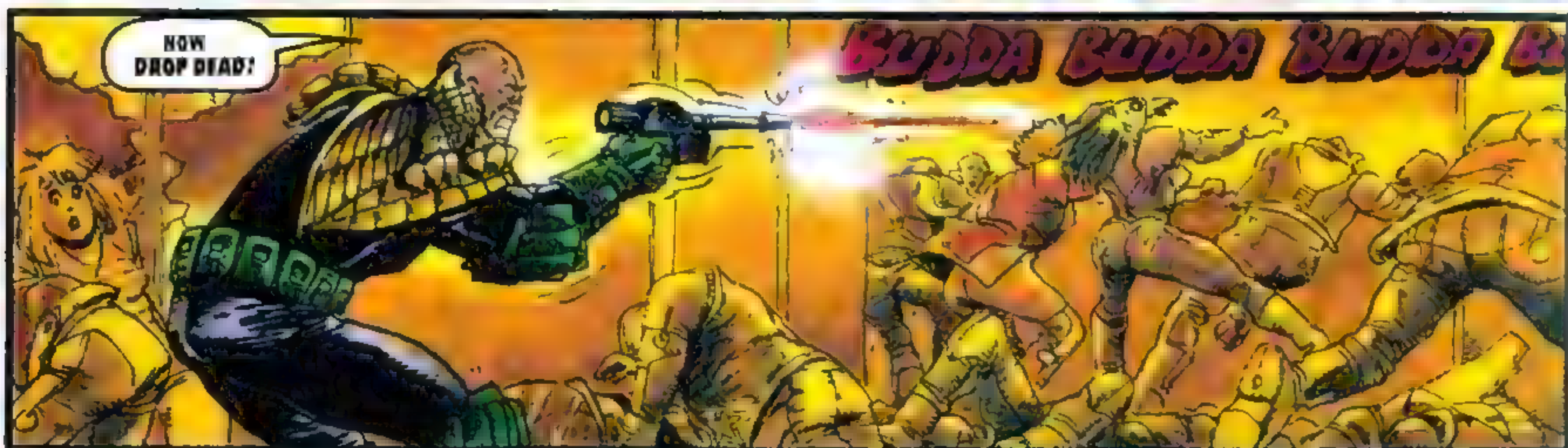
WILCO.  
ON MY WAY.

\* THARGNOTE: FUTSIE (III "FUTURE SHOCK"):  
DEBILITATING NERVOUS DISORDER CAUSED BY  
INABILITY TO COPE WITH LIFE IN THE FUTURE.





HAPPY  
CHRISTMAS,  
MEATHEADS!



NOW  
DROP DEAD!

BUDDA BUDDA BUDDA BU



LOSE  
THE GUN.

JUDGE  
DREDD!



YOU'RE NOT WELL,  
CROFT--NOW,  
PUT UP YOUR  
WEAPON...

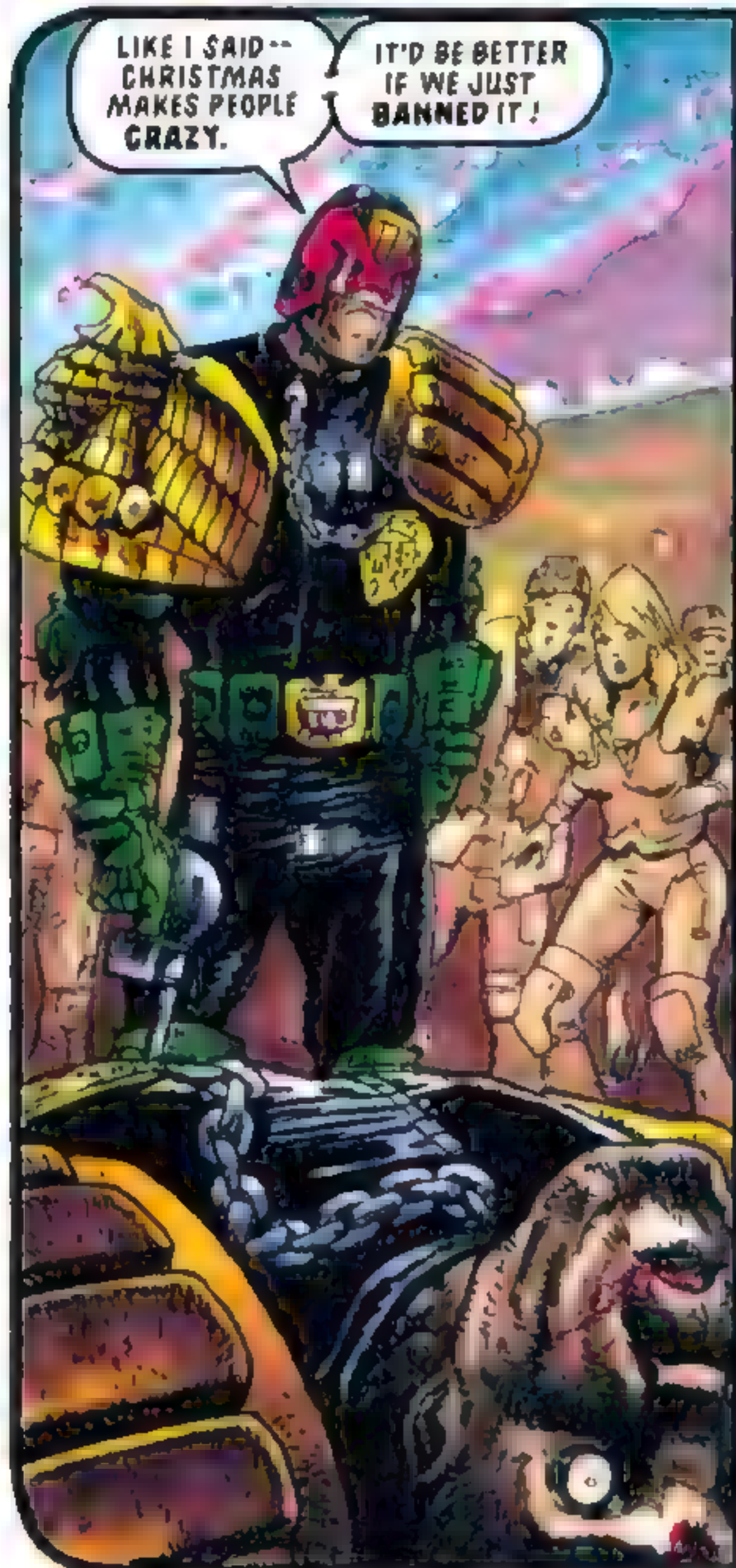
OR YOU KNOW  
WHAT COMES  
NEXT!



LOOK AT THEM, DREDD! THEY'VE GOT  
FAMILIES! CHRISTMAS MEANS  
SOMETHING TO THEM.

IT'S NOT FAIR.  
AREN'T JUDGES ENTITLED TO A LIFE  
TOO?











# JUDGE DREDD

THE SIBERIAN WASTES, NORTH OF EAST-MEG TWO.

<WE'RE TOO LATE,  
COMRADES>.

<THE MONSTER  
HAS ESCAPED>.\*

## FRANKENSTEIN DIVISION

\*THARGNOTE: TRANSLATED FROM THE RUSSIAN.



<POOR DEVILS.  
THEY NEVER STOOD  
A CHANCE>.

<I DO NOT UNDERSTAND--  
THE WALLS OF THE BUNKER  
ARE FIVE FEET THICK>!

<THIS CREATURE IS THE  
GREATEST JUDGE THE  
WORLD WILL EVER KNOW.  
COMRADE. IF IT IS FREE...  
WELL, NOTHING WILL  
STOP IT>.

<NOTHING  
CAN STOP IT>.

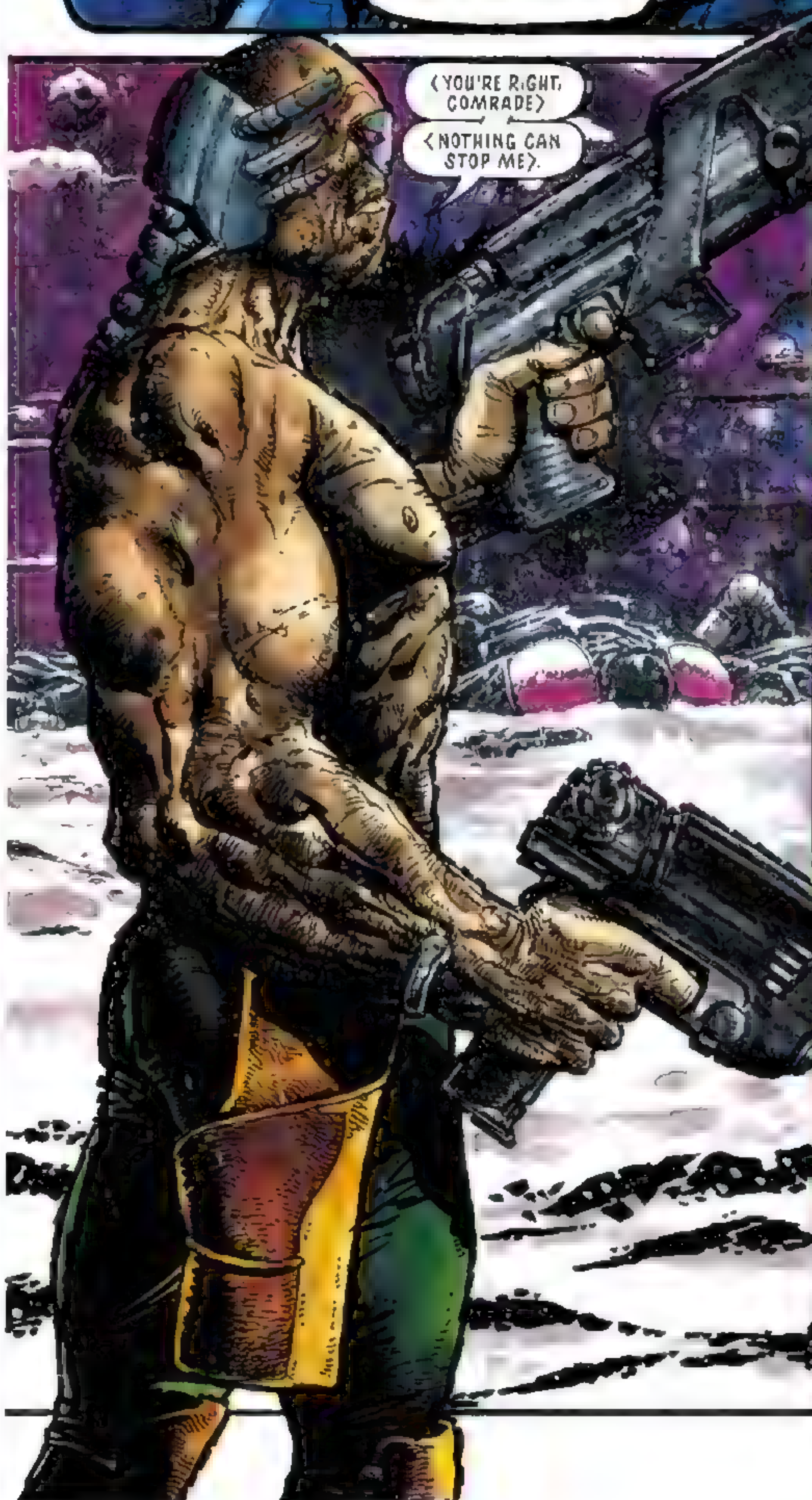
<THERE'LL BE  
HELL TO PAY>...





AAARGH!

EEEEGH!



<YOU'RE RIGHT,  
COMRADE>

<NOTHING CAN  
STOP ME>

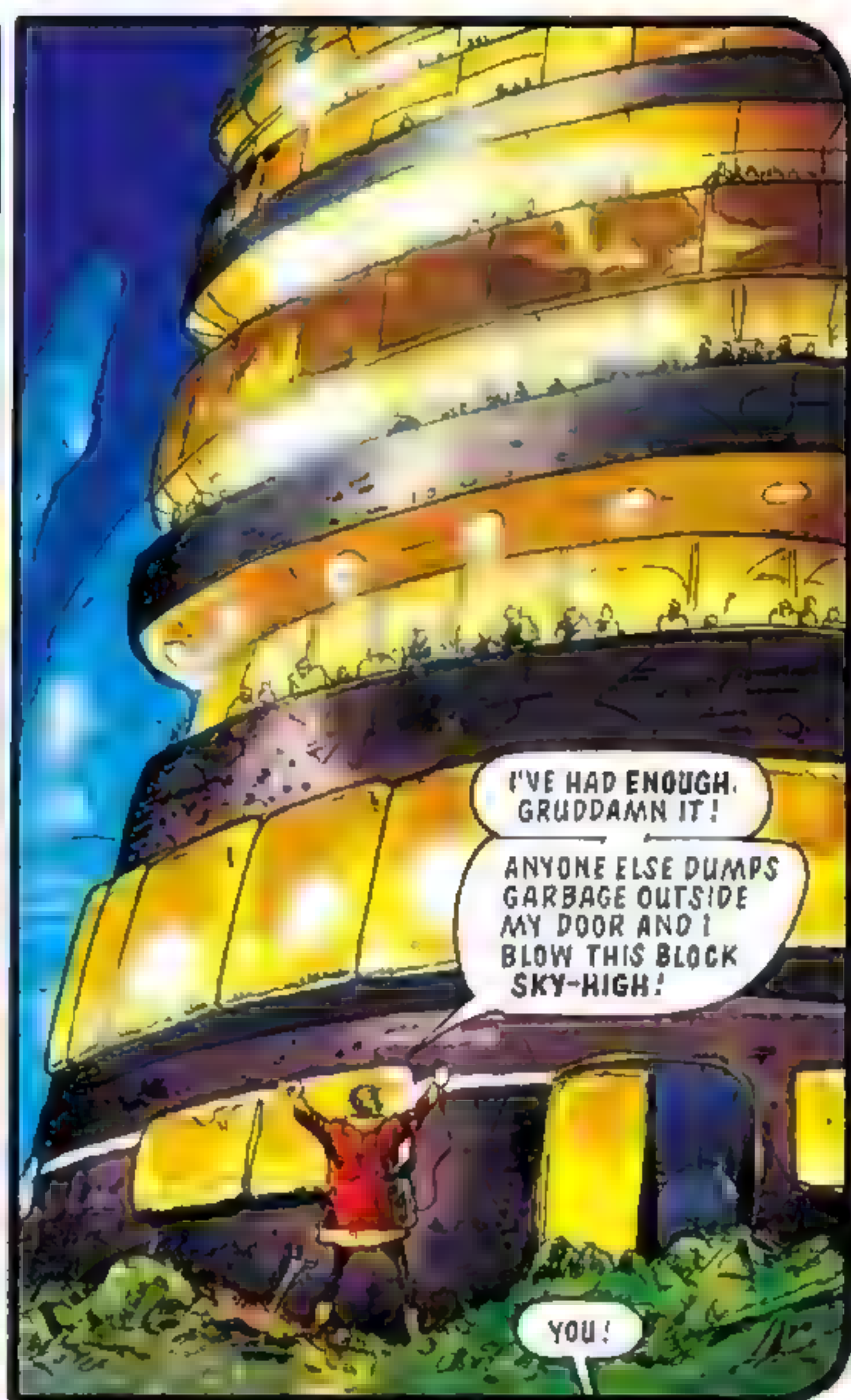


<AND THERE'LL  
BE HELL TO  
PAY>...

POOM!

<HELL ON EARTH>!







A NUCLEAR STRIKE  
IS NOT THE ANSWER,  
CITIZEN.



WOW!  
NICE PUNCH,  
JUDGE!

SAVE IT, MEATHEAD!

EVERYONE IN THIS  
BLOCK GETS TEN  
YEARS FOR  
ILLEGAL DUMPING!



TEN YEARS?  
ARE YOU CRAZY?  
MOST OF US  
HAVEN'T DUMPED  
A THING!



ANOTHER  
YEAR APIECE FOR  
RESISTING  
ARREST.

ANY MORE  
COMPLAINTS,  
CITIZEN?

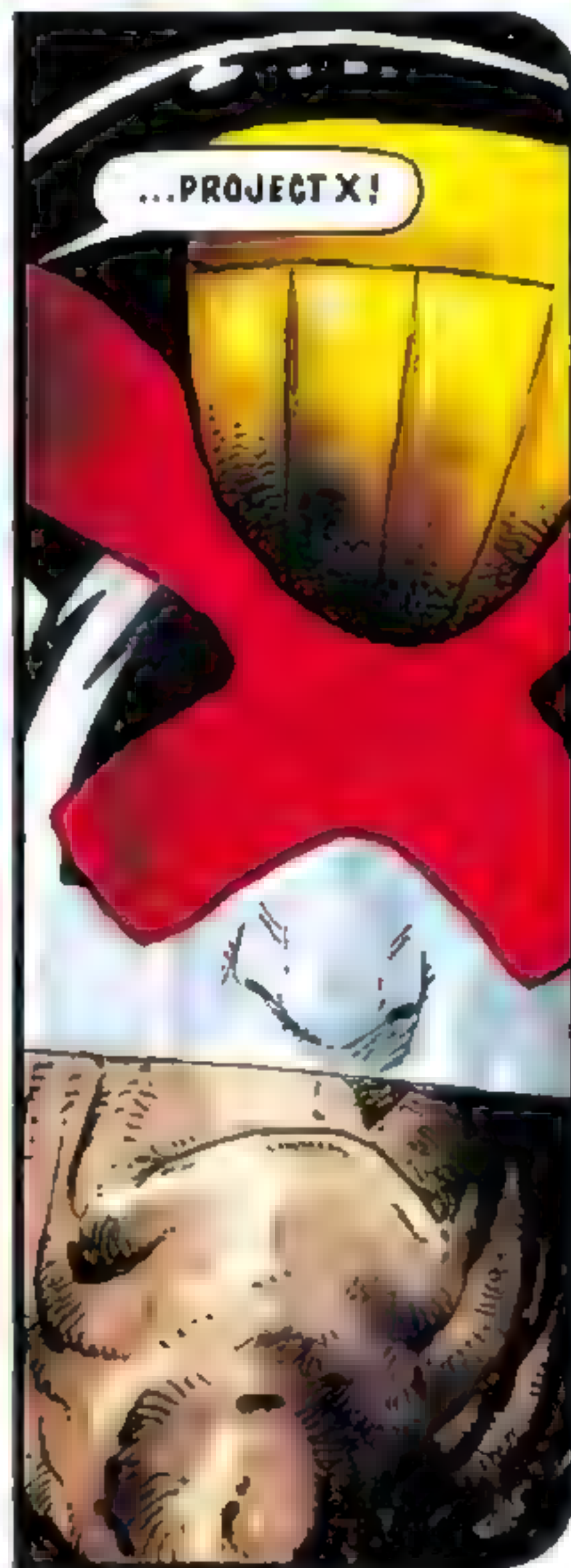
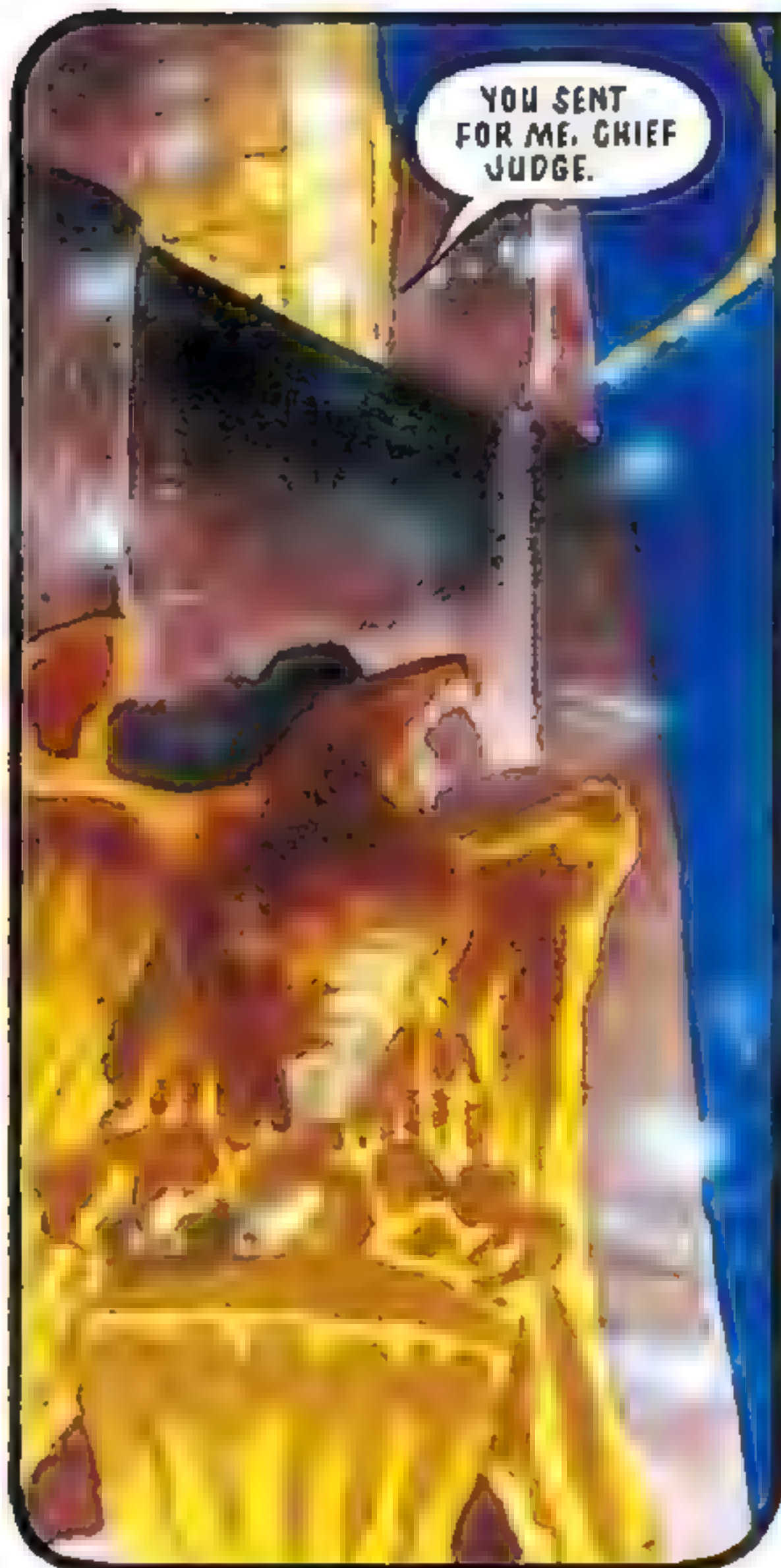


CONTROL TO DREDD.  
REPORT TO GRAND  
HALL OF JUSTICE--  
ORDERS OF THE  
CHIEF JUDGE.

I'M ON MY  
WAY!









**THUNDER RUMBLES THROUGH  
THE CURSED EARTH.**

**MUTIES SCUTTLE FOR COVER,  
AVERTING THEIR EYES FROM  
THE TRUE FACE OF THE LAW.**

**SOVIET JUSTICE  
IS COMING TO  
MEGA-CITY ONE!**





# FRANKENSTEIN DIVISION

|                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  |                                                                               |                                                                  |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <br><br><br> | <b>DOES THE CREDIT COME</b><br><b>SCRIPT</b><br><b>EDIT</b><br><b>EDITORS</b> | <b>Mark Millar</b><br><b>Carlos Enriquez</b><br><b>Tom Frame</b> |
|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------|





THE GRAND HALL OF JUSTICE.

A SOVIET SUPER-JUDGE?

THIS HAD BETTER  
BE A JOKE.

IT'S NO JOKE, JOE.  
YELTSIN AND ANDROPOV  
HERE INITIATED THE  
WHOLE PROGRAM.

CHIEF JUDGE McGRUDER IS  
CORRECT, JUDGE DREDD.  
PROJECT X WAS OUR PLAN  
FOR THE FUTURE OF LAW  
ENFORCEMENT.



THE CREATURE IS THE BEST  
IN EVERY SKILL CATEGORY--  
INFALLIBLE IN EVERY WAY.

NO-ONE  
CAN MATCH ITS  
MIGHT.



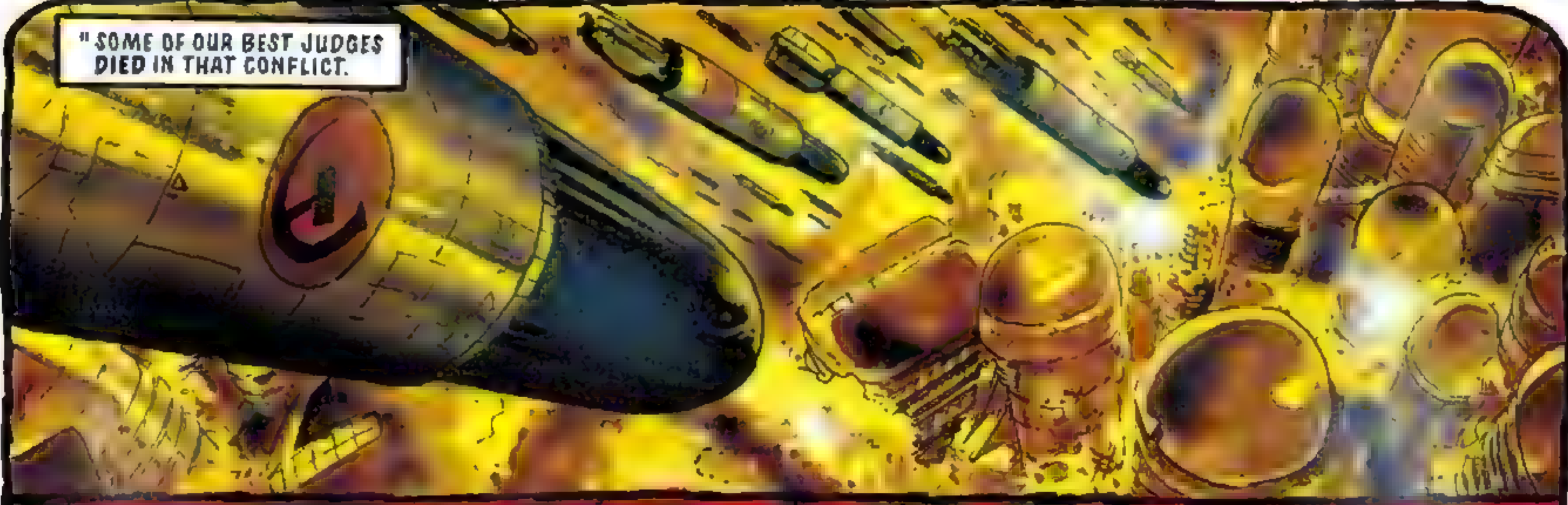
SO WHAT'RE WE DEALING  
WITH, YELTSIN? SOME  
KIND OF ROBOT?

IN A  
MANNER  
OF  
SPEAKING.

PROJECT X WAS CONSTRUCTED  
FROM THE CORPSES OF THE  
APOCALYPSE WAR.







"SOME OF OUR BEST JUDGES  
DIED IN THAT CONFLICT.



"THOUSANDS OF OUR BEST MEN  
AND WOMEN, BLOWN TO  
PIECES ON THE BATTLEFIELD.



"IT SEEMED A SHAME TO WASTE ALL  
THOSE TOP-CLASS SPARE PARTS.

HMM.  
NICE LEGS...  
SHAME  
ABOUT THE  
FACE.



"THE BEST PIECES OF OUR  
DEAD JUDGES—SEWN  
INTO ONE MASSIVE BODY.  
THE ULTIMATE JUDGE.

"THE ONLY THING WE GOT WRONG  
WAS THE SYNTHI-BRAIN."





THE CREATURE IS WARPED...  
TWISTED...ITS ONLY INTEREST  
IS REVENGE FOR ITS MANY  
DEATHS.

OUR SCIENTISTS  
WERE TRYING TO OVERCOME  
THIS DEFECT WHEN IT  
BROKE FREE!

CHIEF JUDGE!  
WE'RE UNDER  
ATTACK!



SOMETHING BROKE IN FROM CURSED  
EARTH! IT'S ON THE WALL AND IT'S  
MAKING MUNCIE OF OUR SECURITY!

SOUNDS LIKE  
OUR BOY, JOE!



WE FEEL GREAT RESPONSIBILITY  
FOR THIS, JUDGE DREDD. PLEASE  
ALLOW US TO HELP!

YOU'VE CAUSED  
ENOUGH TROUBLE, ANDROPOV.

I'LL HANDLE THIS ALONE.



I FEAR JUDGE  
DREDD WILL  
NEVER RETURN.  
CHIEF JUDGE.

DREDD CAN TAKE  
CARE OF HIMSELF.  
SONNY!

YOU DO NOT  
UNDERSTAND--PROJECT X  
IS DRIVEN BY REVENGE!

THE DEAD SOV JUDGES  
SEWN INTO ITS BODY--  
THEY WERE ALL  
KILLED BY  
JUDGE DREDD!

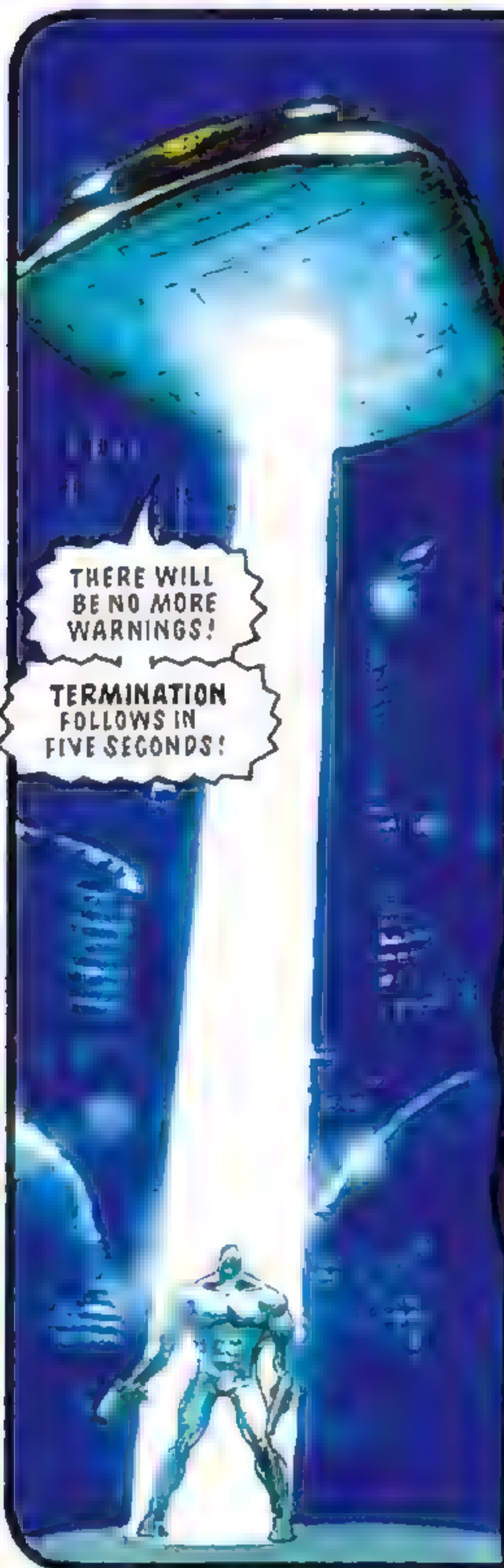






DEATH TO THE  
CAPITALIST JUDGES  
OF MEGA-CITY ONE!

ATTENTION, CURSED EARTH MUTANT!  
LEAVE MEGA-CITY ONE, IMMEDIATELY.



THERE WILL  
BE NO MORE  
WARNINGS!

TERMINATION  
FOLLOWS IN  
FIVE SECONDS!

SOONER,  
CRETINS!

**BOOM!**







RUN!  
WE'RE UNDER  
ATTACK!

GRUD ON A  
GREENIE!



ERM... SORRY  
ABOUT ALL THE  
BLOODSHED,  
CHIEF JUDGE...

SAVE YER  
APOLOGIES,  
ANDROPOV...

"IF WE LIVE THROUGH  
THIS... YOUR GOOSE  
IS COOKED!"

BRING ME THE CRIMINAL  
KNOWN AS JUDGE DREDD,  
INSECTS. DO YOU HEAR ME?

**BDAMM!**

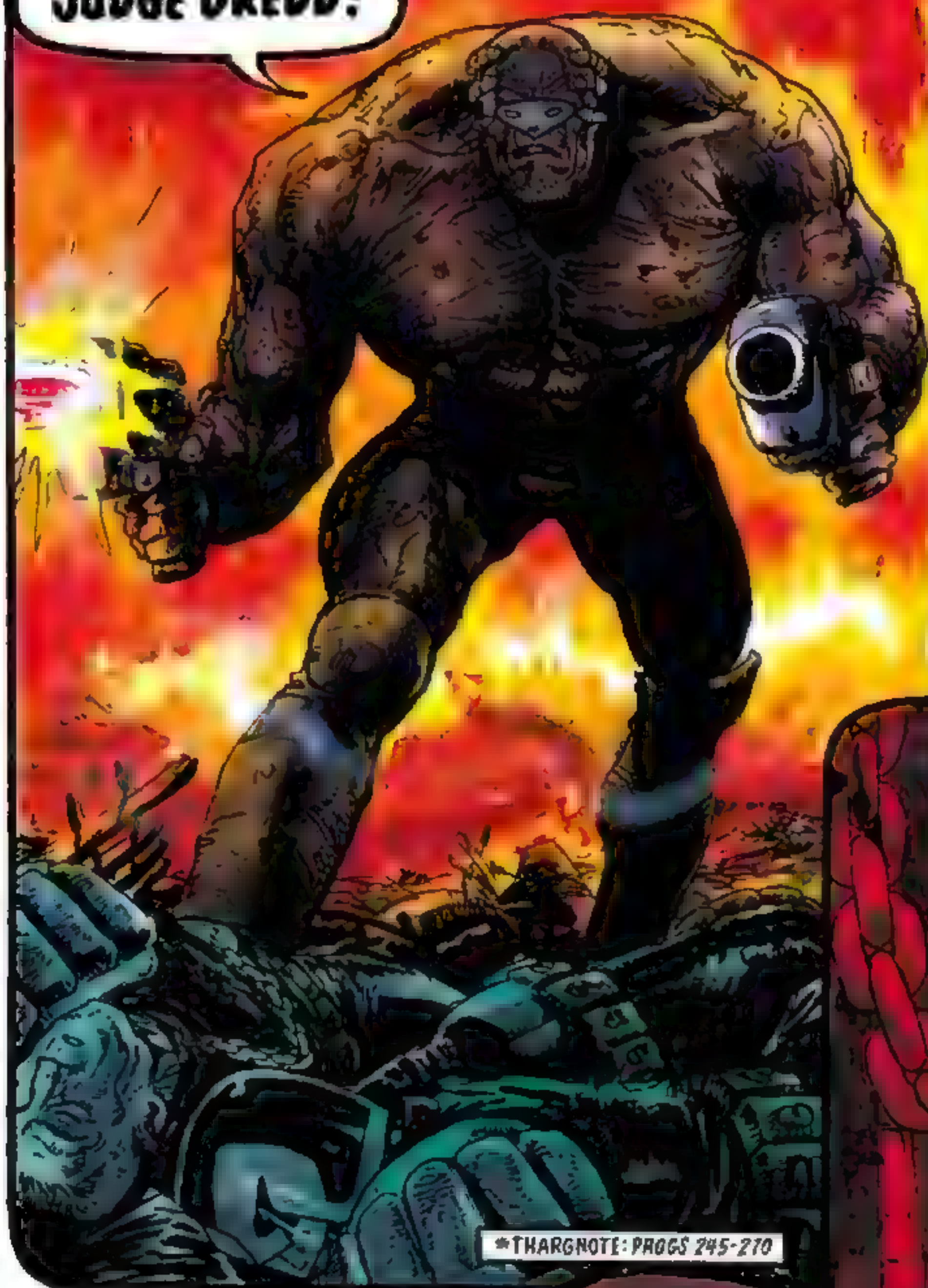
BRING ME  
DREDD!



AN UNHOLY AMALGAM OF THE SOV JUDGES WHO DIED IN THE APOCALYPSE WAR\*, PROJECT X IS THE ULTIMATE JUDGE-- WITH ONE MISSION IN LIFE...

I WANT DREDD!

JUDGE DREDD!



\*THARGNOTE: PROGS 245-270

YOU'LL GET HIM, MEATHEAD! SOONER THAN YOU --

YAARGH!

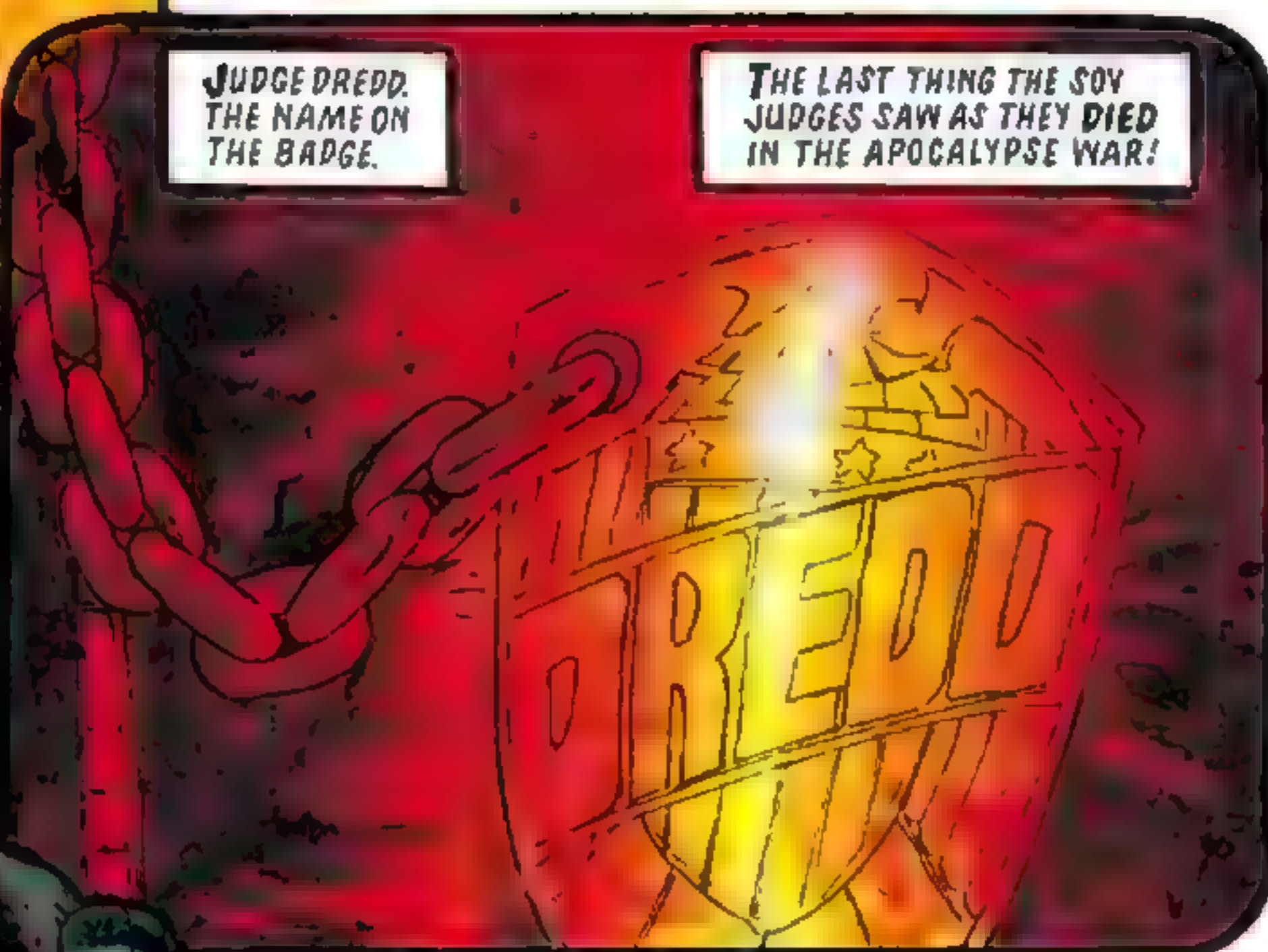
I WANT REVENGE!

REVENGE FOR THE MURDER OF EVERY DEAD JUDGE INSIDE ME!



JUDGE DREDD. THE NAME ON THE BADGE.

THE LAST THING THE SOV JUDGES SAW AS THEY DIED IN THE APOCALYPSE WAR!



JUDGE DREDD

IT'S THE MONSTER!

OPEN FIRE!



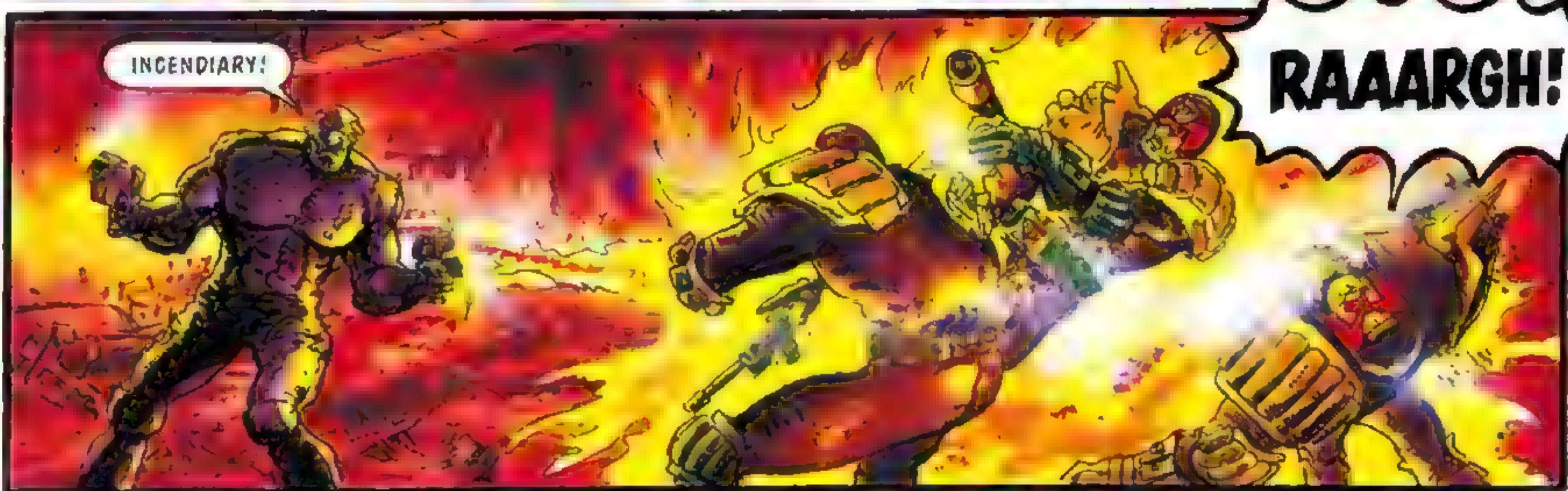
FRANKENSTEIN DIVISION

2000 AD CREDIT CARD  
SCRIPT: **MARK MILLER**  
ART: **Carlos Ezquerro**  
LETTERS: **Tom Frame**













LISTEN TO ME,  
MEGA-CITY ONE!  
I HAVE AN  
ANNOUNCEMENT  
TO MAKE!

GRUD! HE'S COMING  
THIS WAY! SOMEBODY  
CALL MORE JUDGES!

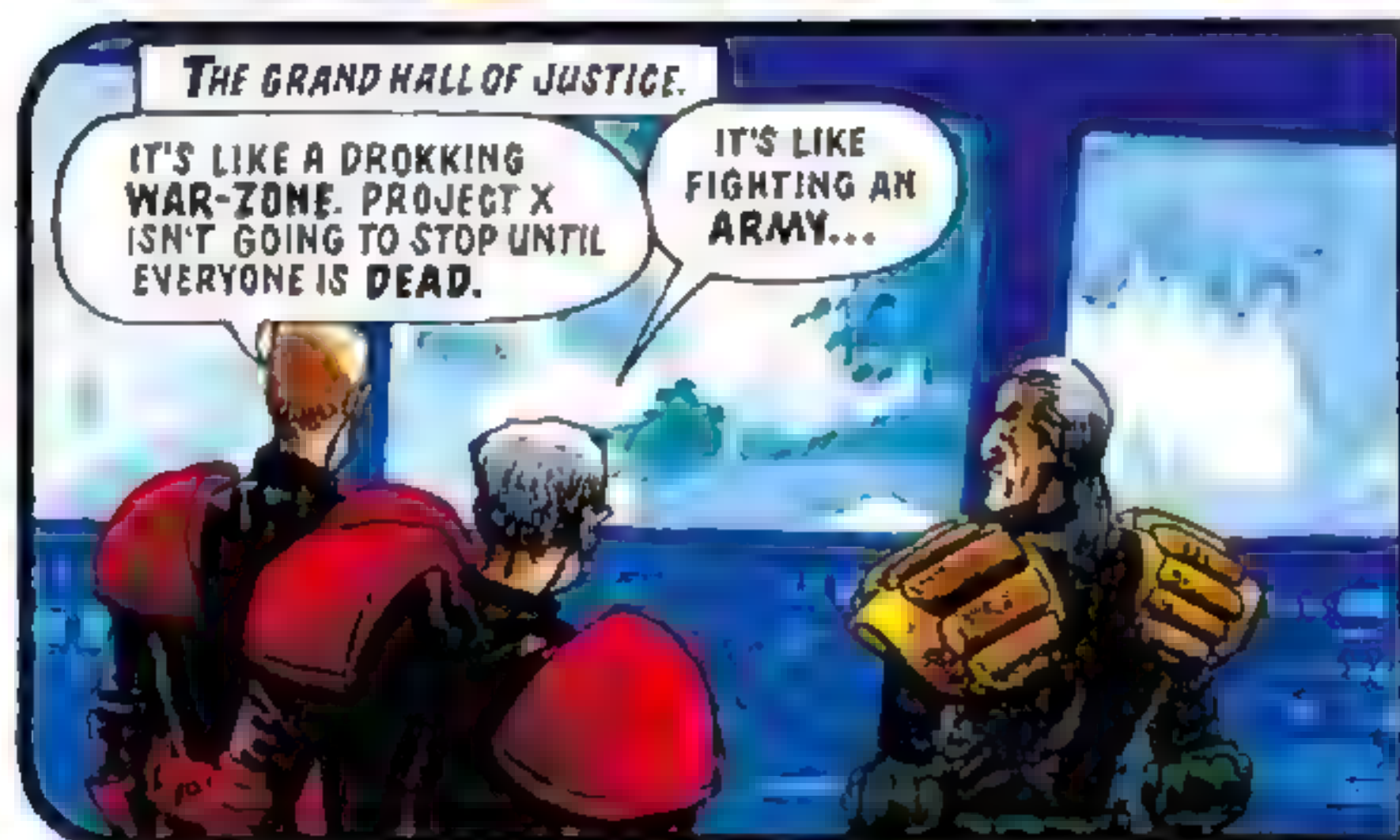


THE APOCALYPSE  
WAR HAS STARTED  
AGAIN!

YOU HEAR ME?



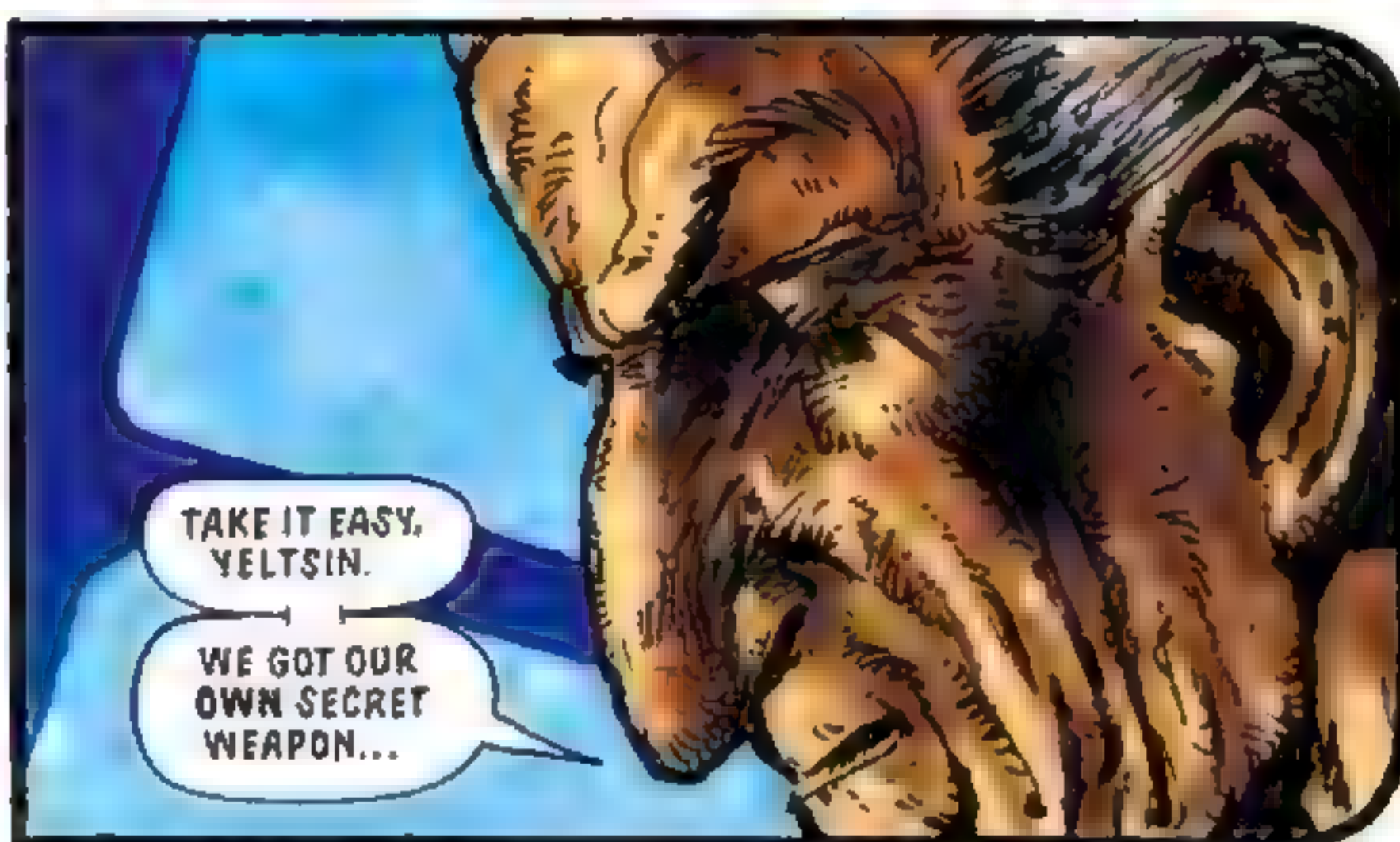
THE END OF  
YOUR WORLD  
STARTS HERE!



THE GRAND HALL OF JUSTICE.

IT'S LIKE A DROKING  
WAR-ZONE. PROJECT X  
ISN'T GOING TO STOP UNTIL  
EVERYONE IS DEAD.

IT'S LIKE  
FIGHTING AN  
ARMY...



TAKE IT EASY,  
YELTSIN.

WE GOT OUR  
OWN SECRET  
WEAPON...









DREDD'S  
ON FIRE!  
HOSE 'IM!

CUT THE WATER,  
STEINER! IT'S  
ALL OVER!



NO...  
NOT OVER.  
NOT YET!



BRAKA BRAKA BRAKA

AAAAHHH!

STEINER!



UNHH!

JUDGEMENT IS NIGH  
FOR YOUR CRIMES.  
DREDD! NOW DIE -

DIE LIKE A DOG!



JUDGE DREDD IS AT THE MERCY OF A  
RENEGADE ARTIFICIAL SOV-JUDGE  
BENT ON REVENGE.

WAR'S GREAT,  
DREDD! DON'T YOU  
AGREE?

# JUDGE DREDD

## FRANKENSTEIN DIVISION

IT'S GREAT WHEN YOU'RE WINNING!

IT'S NOT SO MUCH FUN WHEN YOUR  
LEGS ARE BLOWN OFF! WHEN YOUR  
HEART BURSTS AND YOUR STOMACH  
IS LYING ON YOUR LAP!

IT ISN'T SO  
MUCH FUN  
THEN, IS  
IT?

HNNN!

WHUUK!

AAHHH!

WELL IS IT?

YOU... BROKE  
THE LAW, CREEP.  
MY LAW.

I'D... DO IT TO  
YOU... AGAIN IN  
A MINUTE!

Mark Millar

Carlos Esquerro

Tom Frame





YOU'RE A PUNK,  
DREDD. A DEAD PUNK.  
AND NOW YOU'RE  
GOING TO HELL.



WHO'S GONNA...  
SEND ME, CREEP?  
YOU?

GUESS WHEN THEY...  
STITCHED YOU TOGETHER  
FROM THOSE D-DEAD SOV  
JUDGES THEY SKIMPED  
ON THE BRAIN.



SHUT UP!  
I BEAT YOU! I  
BEAT YOU GOOD.

AND SO THE  
APOCALYPSE WAR  
FINALLY ENDS --  
WITH THE GREAT  
JUDGE DREDD ON  
A SLAB IN  
RESYK!



HOPE YOU KEPT  
YOUR RECEIPT  
FOR THE WREATH,  
MEATHEAD!



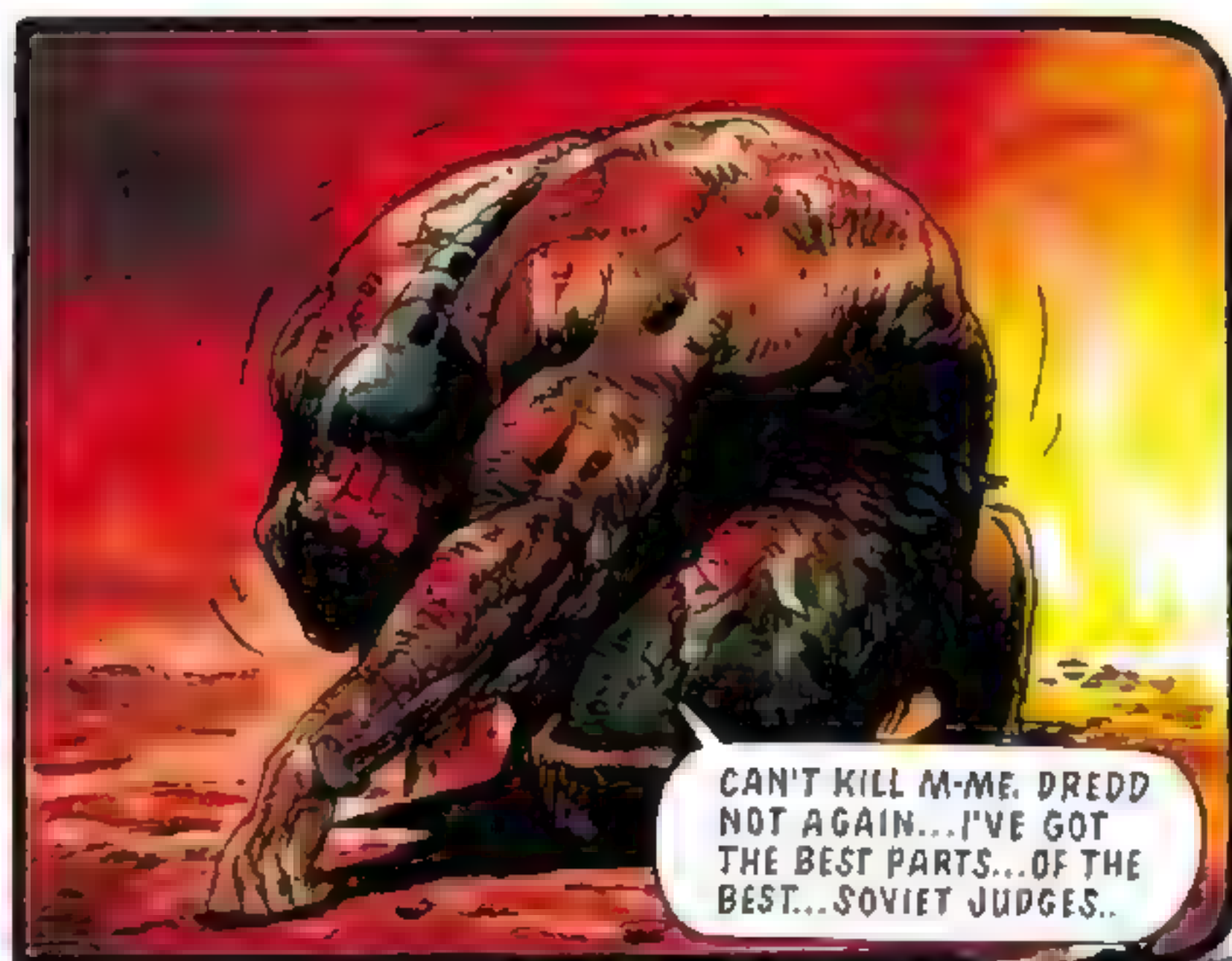
YOU GOT ONE  
THING RIGHT.  
IT ENDS HERE.  
HEAD SHOT.

DROKK!





GUESS I'LL HAVE  
TO TAKE YOU DOWN  
THE OLD-FASHIONED  
WAY!



CAN'T KILL M-ME. DREDD  
NOT AGAIN...I'VE GOT  
THE BEST PARTS...OF THE  
BEST...SOVIET JUDGES..



...AND EVERY ONE  
OF THEM SCREAMS  
REVENGE!



WAR'S OVER. C-CREEP  
DOESN'T MATTER TO  
ME WHO YOU ONCE  
WERE...





IN MY CITY  
YOU'RE JUST  
ANOTHER PERP!



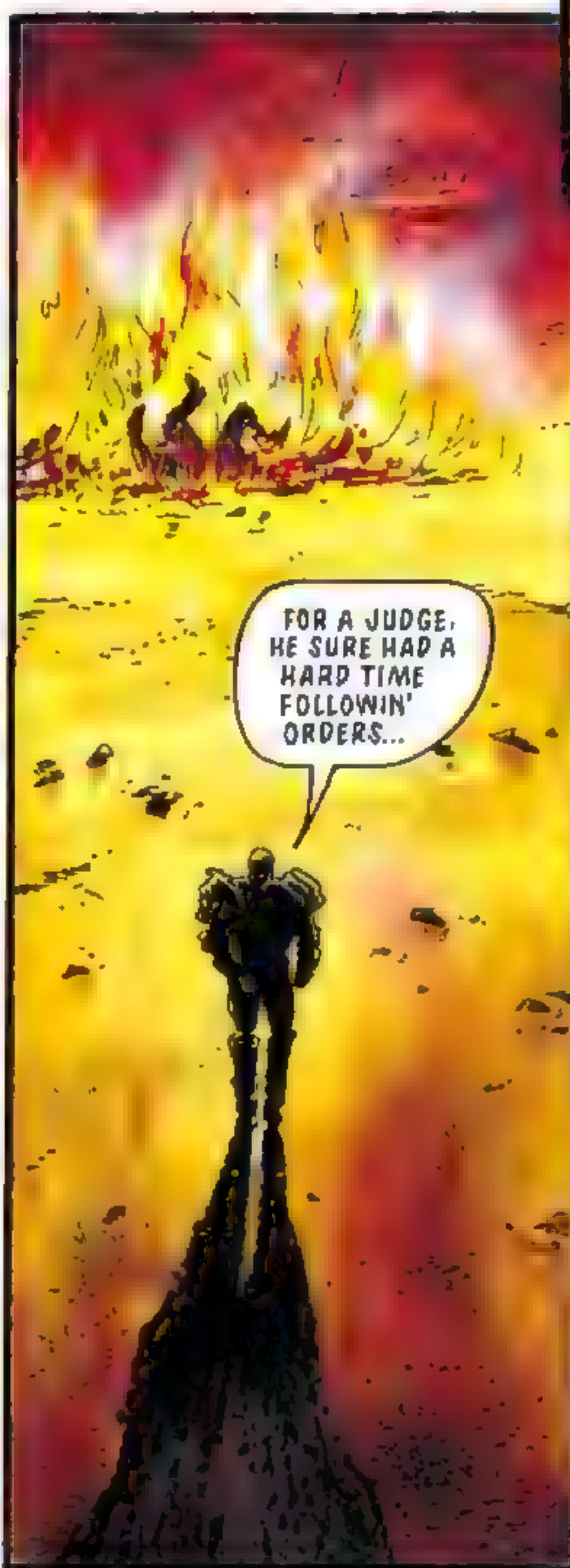
MY HEAD --  
I FEEL'S LIKE  
IT'S ON  
FIRE!

WHAT'S HAPPENING  
TO MY HEAD?



NOT THAT WAY.  
THE PLACE IS ON  
FIRE, DROKK IT!

IIIEEEGH!



FOR A JUDGE,  
HE SURE HAD A  
HARD TIME  
FOLLOWIN'  
ORDERS...



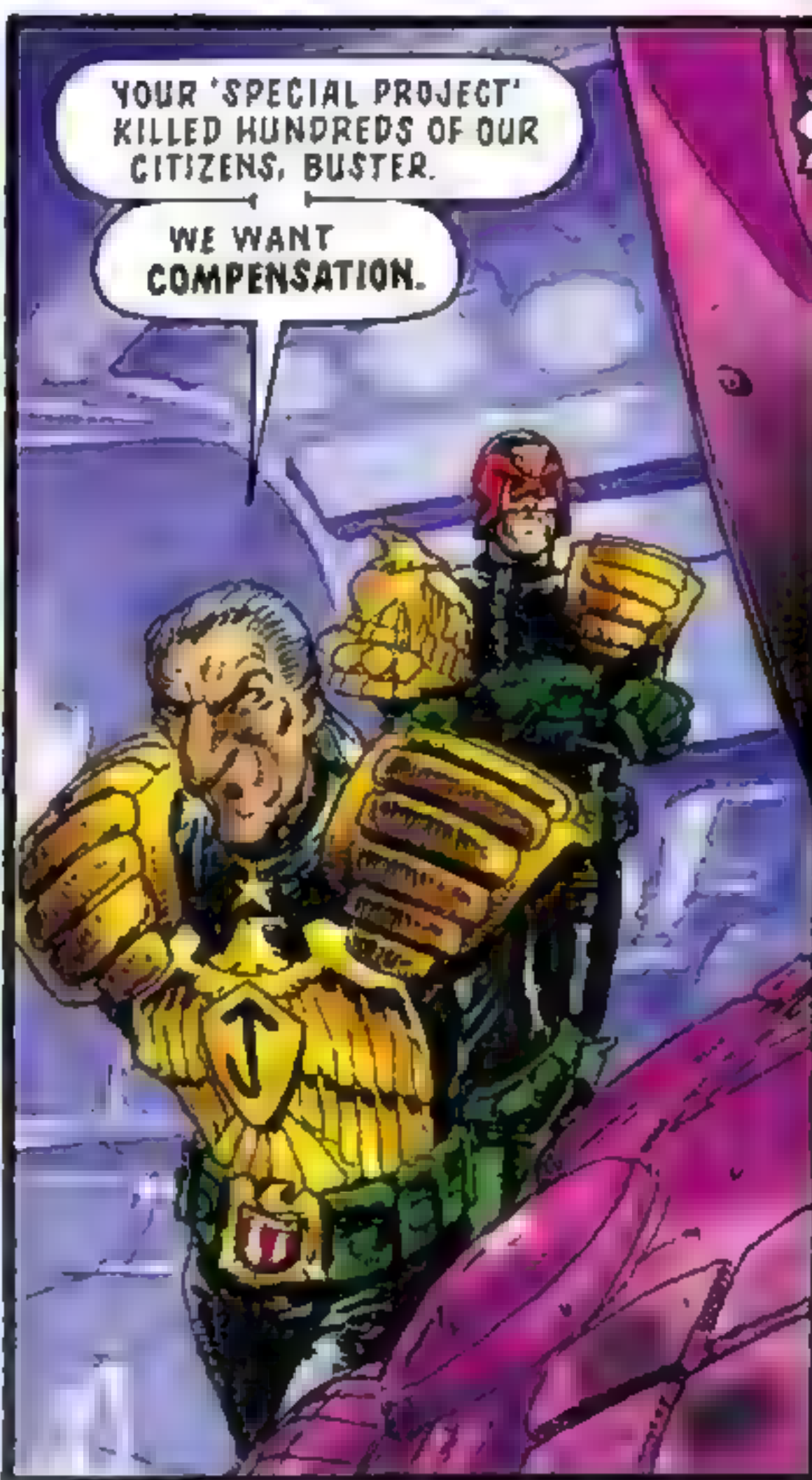
DREDD TO CONTROL.  
PROJECT X NEUTRALISED.  
SOV JUDGES YELTSIN AND  
ANDROPOV TO BE PLACED  
UNDER ARREST...

I'M COMIN' IN.



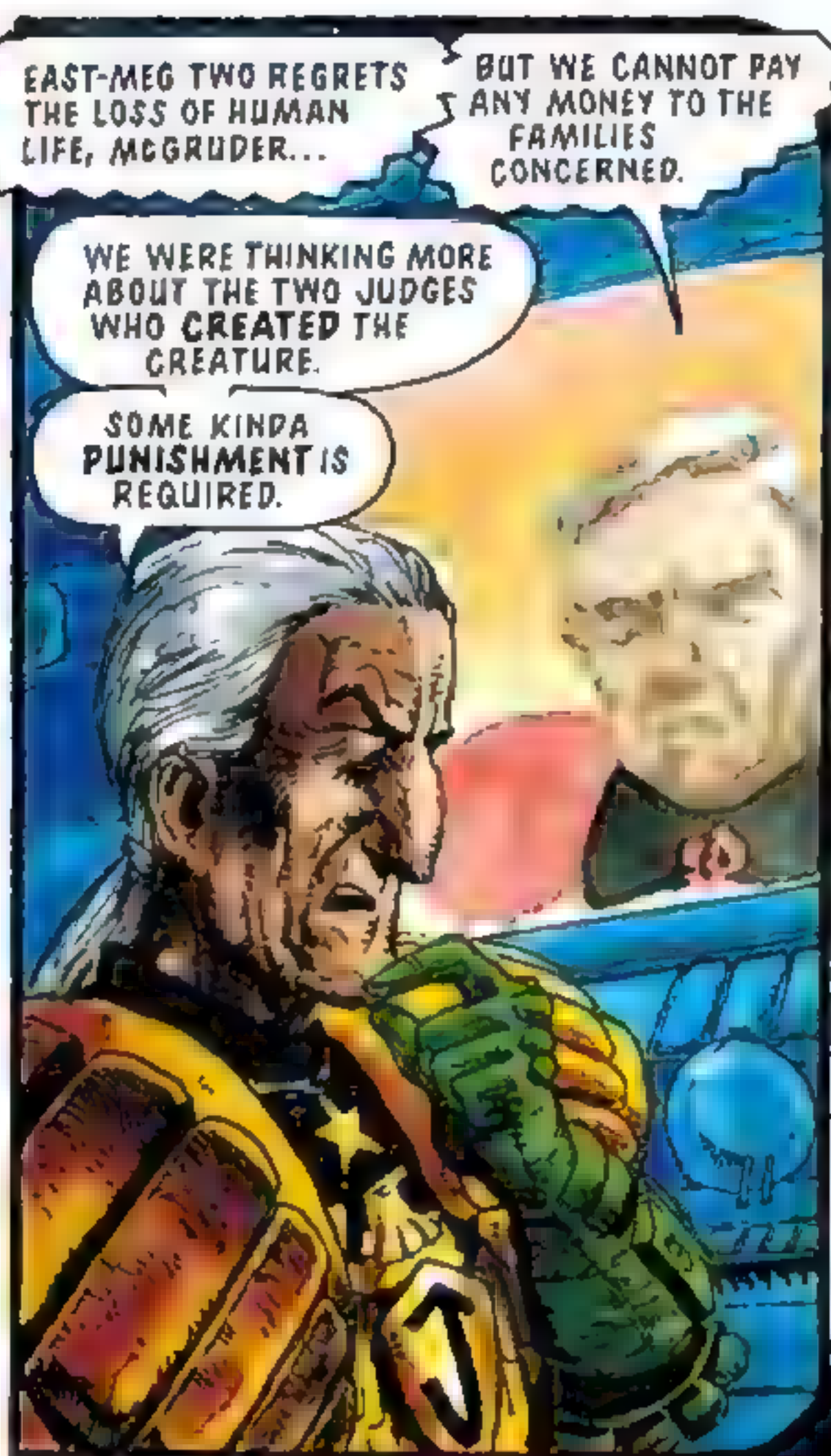


SHOVE  
YER APOLOGY,  
DMITRI!



YOUR 'SPECIAL PROJECT'  
KILLED HUNDREDS OF OUR  
CITIZENS, BUSTER.

WE WANT  
COMPENSATION.



EAST-MEG TWO REGRETS  
THE LOSS OF HUMAN  
LIFE, McGRUDER...

BUT WE CANNOT PAY  
ANY MONEY TO THE  
FAMILIES  
CONCERNED.

WE WERE THINKING MORE  
ABOUT THE TWO JUDGES  
WHO CREATED THE  
CREATURE.

SOME KINDA  
PUNISHMENT IS  
REQUIRED.



WE DON'T WANT AN  
INTERNATIONAL  
INCIDENT,  
McGRUDER...

AS I AM SURE YOU ARE  
AWARE, THAT LEAVES  
US WITH ONLY ONE  
ALTERNATIVE.



A DIPLOMATIC  
EXECUTION,  
HUH?

WANT TO DO  
THE HONOURS,  
JOE...?



YELTSIN...  
ANDROPOV...

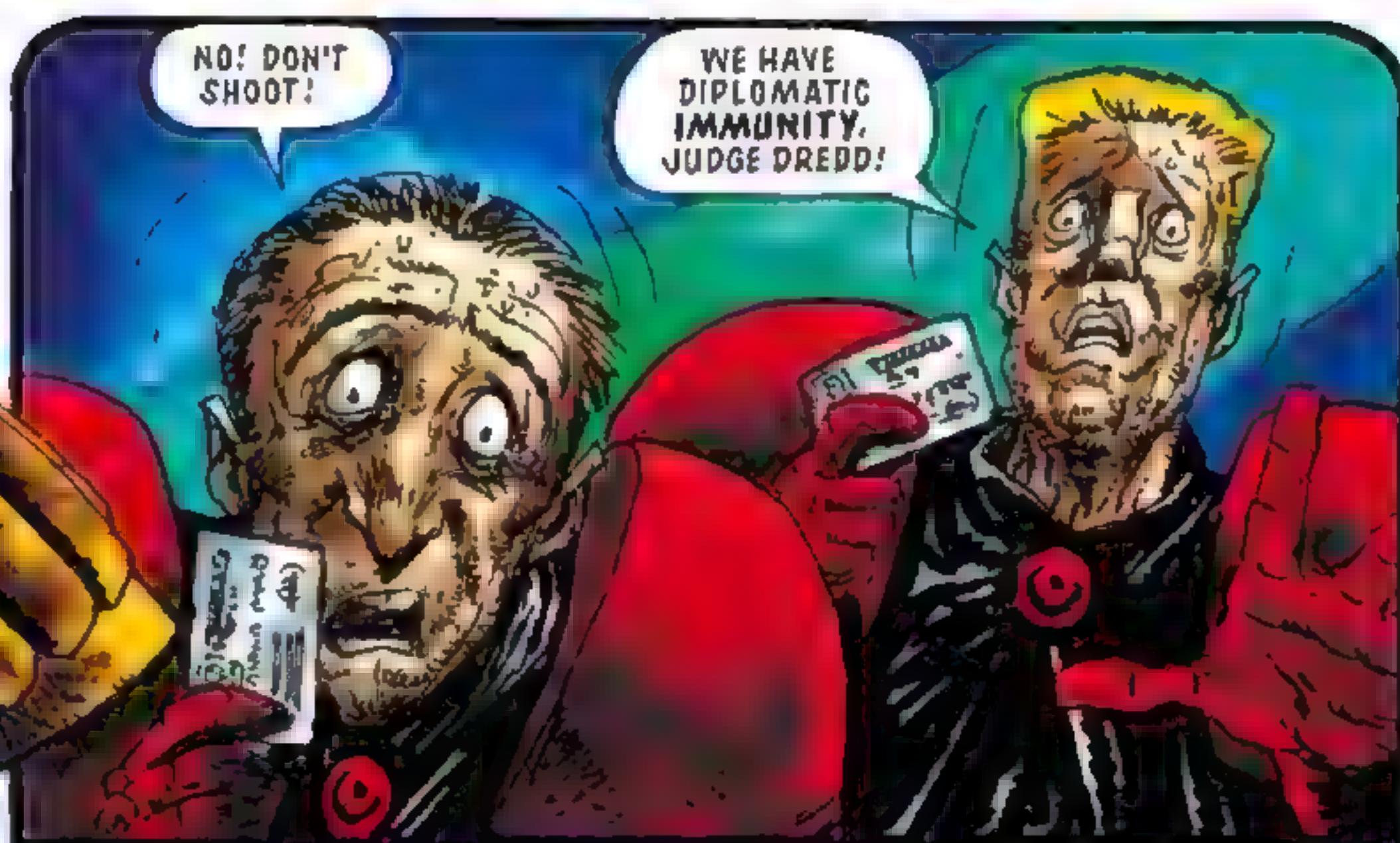
JUDGE DREDD!  
FULLY RECOVERED,  
I SEE.

NO HARD  
FEELINGS, WE  
TRUST...





THE FRANKENSTEIN JUDGE WAS YOUR RESPONSIBILITY. SOMEONE HAS TO PAY FOR THE LIVES OF ALL THOSE INNOCENT CITIZENS.



NO! DON'T SHOOT!

WE HAVE DIPLOMATIC IMMUNITY, JUDGE DREDD!



IT WAS REVOKED BY YOUR OWN CHIEF JUDGE.



CADET, HAVE THAT MESS CLEANED UP. AND TELL RESYK -

DON'T BOTHER WITH SPARE PARTS

THE END



MEGA-CITY ONE

# JUDGE DREDD

## CRIME PREVENTION

CHARACTER DESIGN: **Mark Miller**  
SCRIPT: **Nick Perchal**  
INKERS: **Sam Frame**

**FREEZE!**

**JUDGE DREDD!**

YOU WERE WARNED, CREEP!

**SPLAT!**

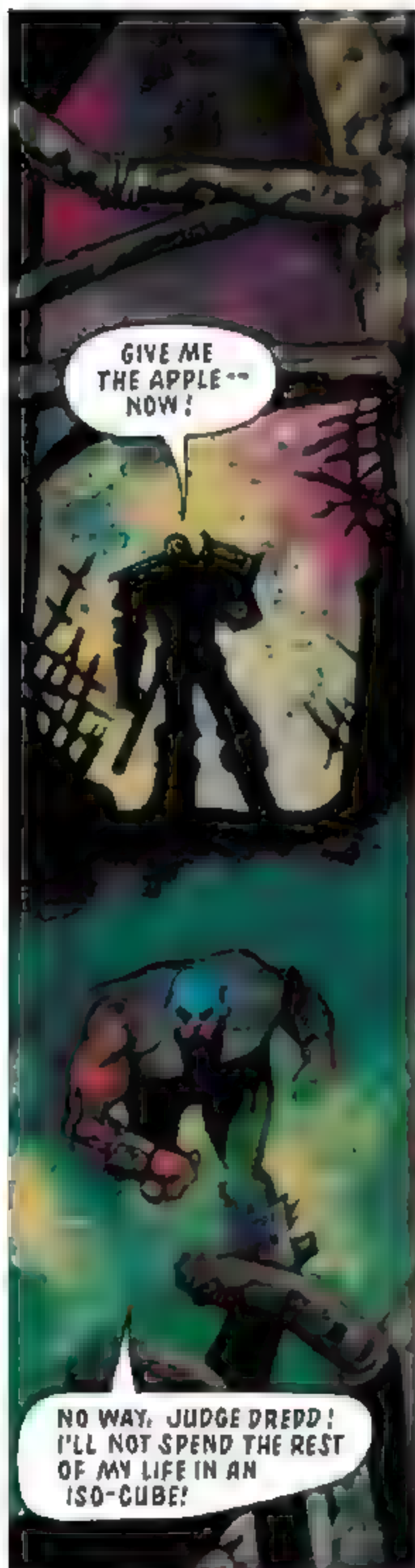
SPLIT UP! HE CAN'T CATCH US BOTH!

DREAM ON!  
BIKE CANNONS!

DEAD END, PUNK!  
YOU GOT NOWHERE ELSE TO RUN!

DROKK!







I USED TO THINK JUDGE DREDD WAS SO COOL.

HE HAD A GREAT BIKE, A BIG GUN AND HE COULD BEAT UP ANYONE IN THE MIG.



I WANTED TO BE A JUDGE LIKE HIM EVER SINCE I WAS A LITTLE KID.



I FAILED THE CADET EXAM WHEN I WAS FIVE YEARS OLD BUT YOU GET ANOTHER TRY WHEN YOU TURN TWELVE

I HAD TO PASS THIS TIME!



ATTENTION, CITIZENS! THIS IS JUDGE DREDD!

BRING OUT YOUR GUILTY!



MY MOM AND DAD SPANKED ME, JUDGE DREDD!

BOOK 'EM!







EVERY JUVE IN THE MEG QUEUED OUTSIDE THE ACADEMY OF LAW AS SOON AS THEY HIT TWELVE YEARS OLD.

WHO DIDN'T WANT TO BE A JUDGE?



YOU HAVE TO BE THIS TALL TO BE A JUDGE CADET

GEE, MOM! I PASSED THE FIRST TEST!



WE WERE TOO OLD TO BE STREET-JUDGE CADETS, BUT WE MIGHT BE ACCEPTED AS OFF-WORLD JUDGES.

MAYBE ON ONE OF THE LUNAR COLONIES.



OWW!

JAB!



QUESTION ONE--







YEAH. I USED TO THINK  
JUDGE DREDD WAS SO  
COOL.



NOW I THINK HE'S  
A MONSTER!



STANDARD PSYCHO-TEST  
REVEALED STUBBS TO BE  
A POTENTIAL PERP.  
87% PROBABILITY.



BETTER WE  
CUBE HIM  
NOW...



"...SAVE OURSELVES THE  
TROUBLE LATER."





# JUDGE DREDD

## THE SUGAR BEAT

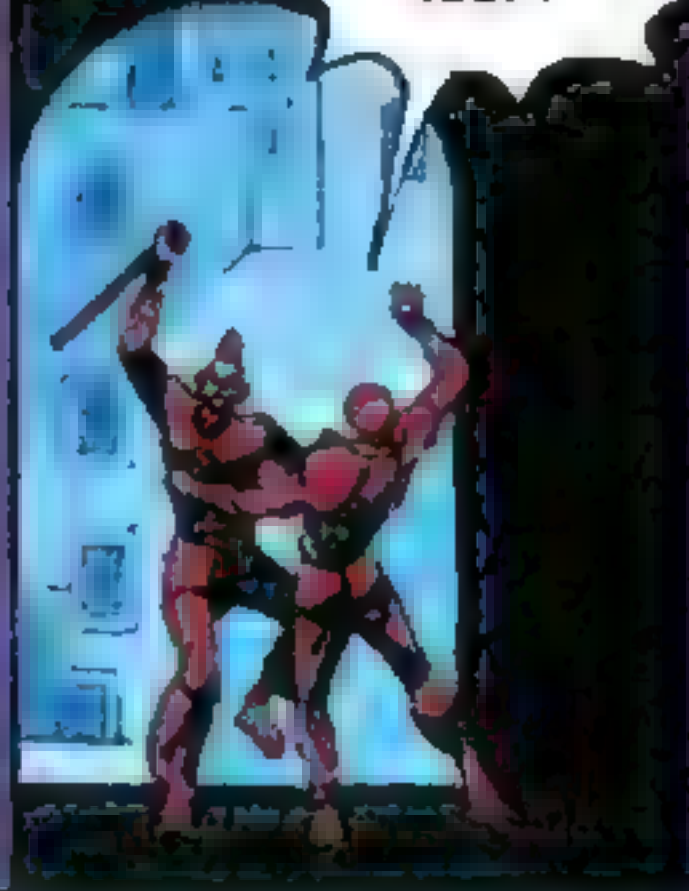
PART 1



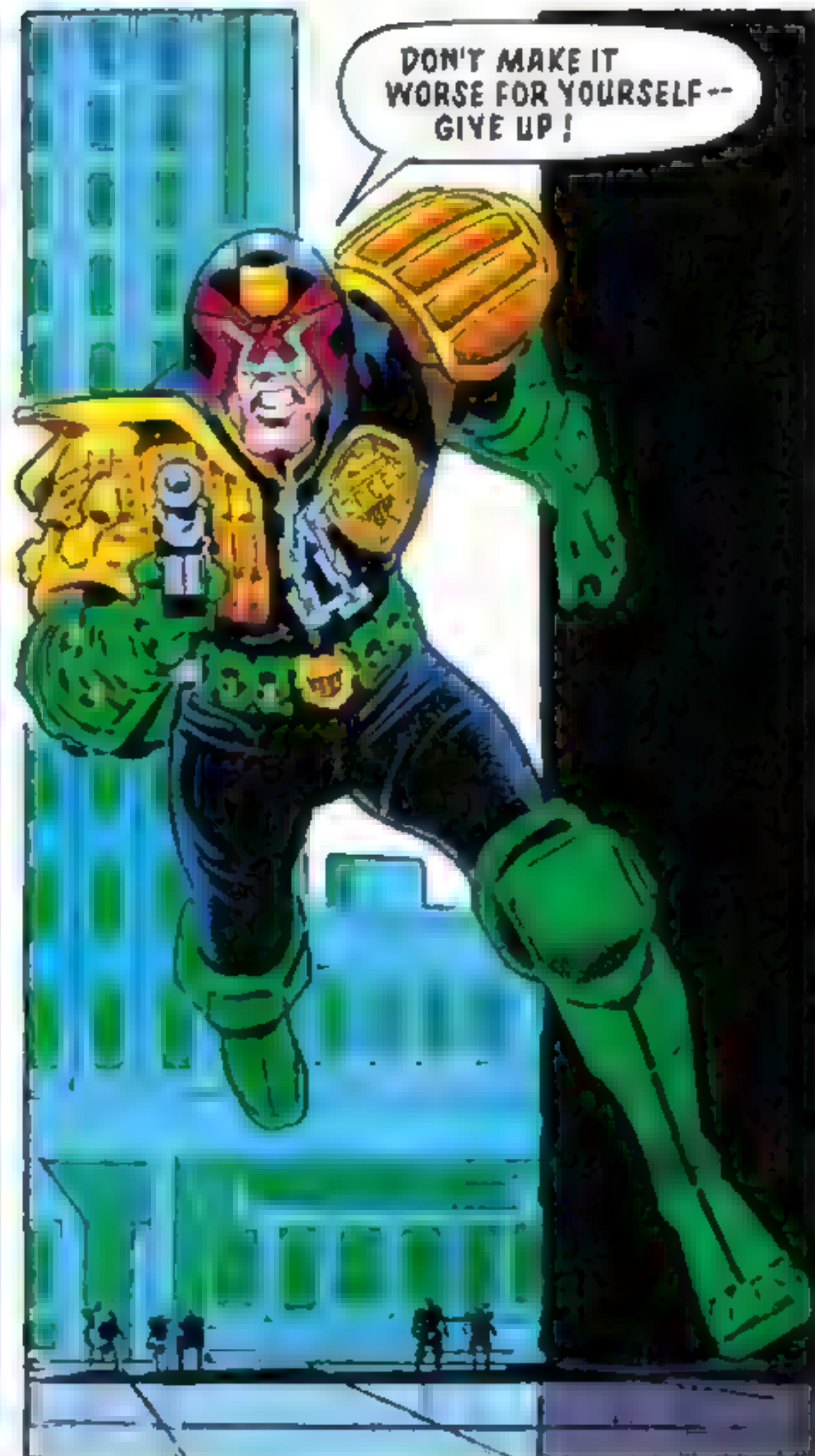
CONTROL, THIS IS DREDD  
ON ALVIN STARDUST PEDWAY...

ARMY\* IN PROGRESS.

HELP!



\*THARGNOTE: ARMED ROBBERY WITH VIOLENCE.

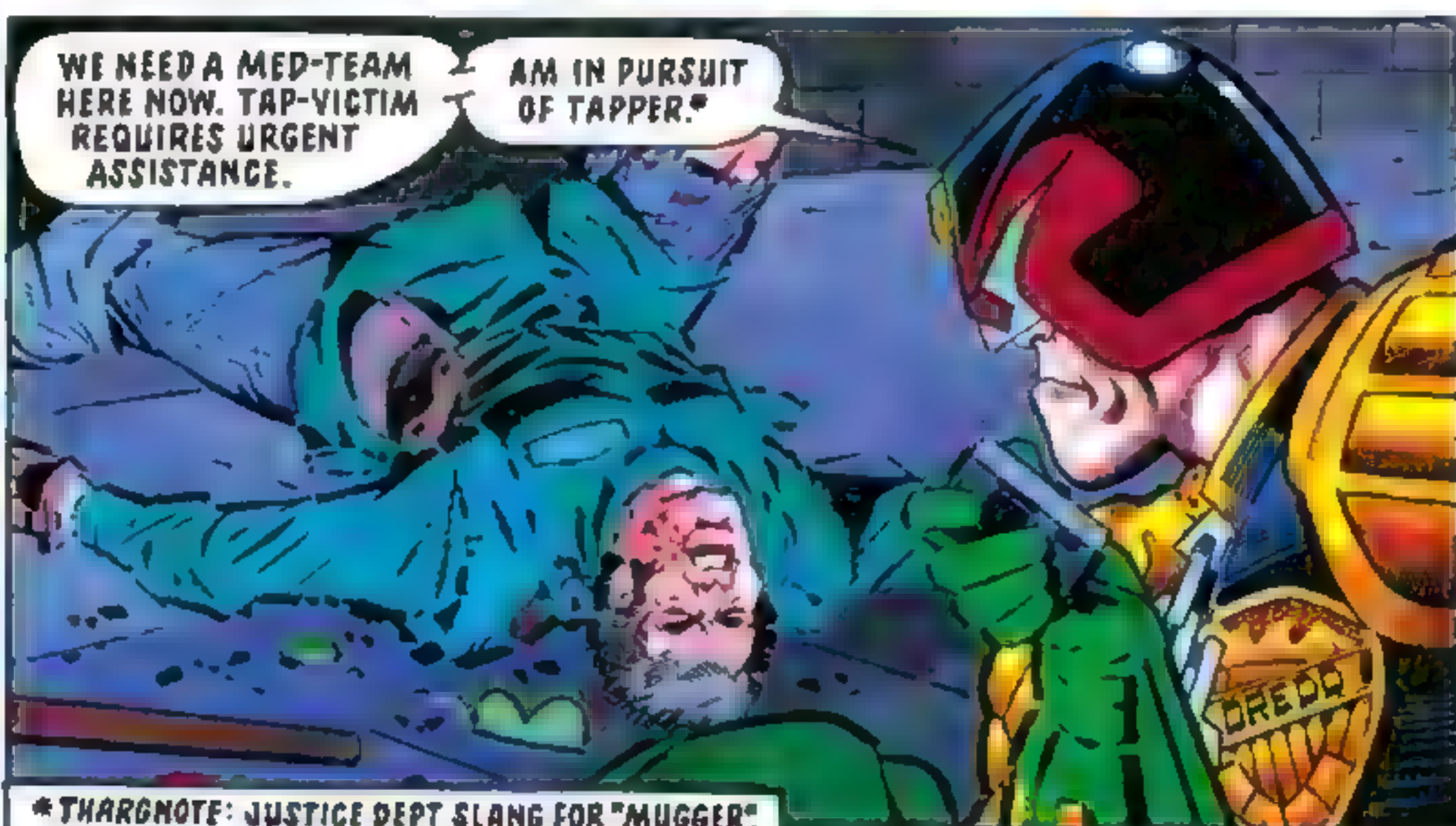


DON'T MAKE IT  
WORSE FOR YOURSELF--  
GIVE UP!



EAT DUST,  
LAWMAN!

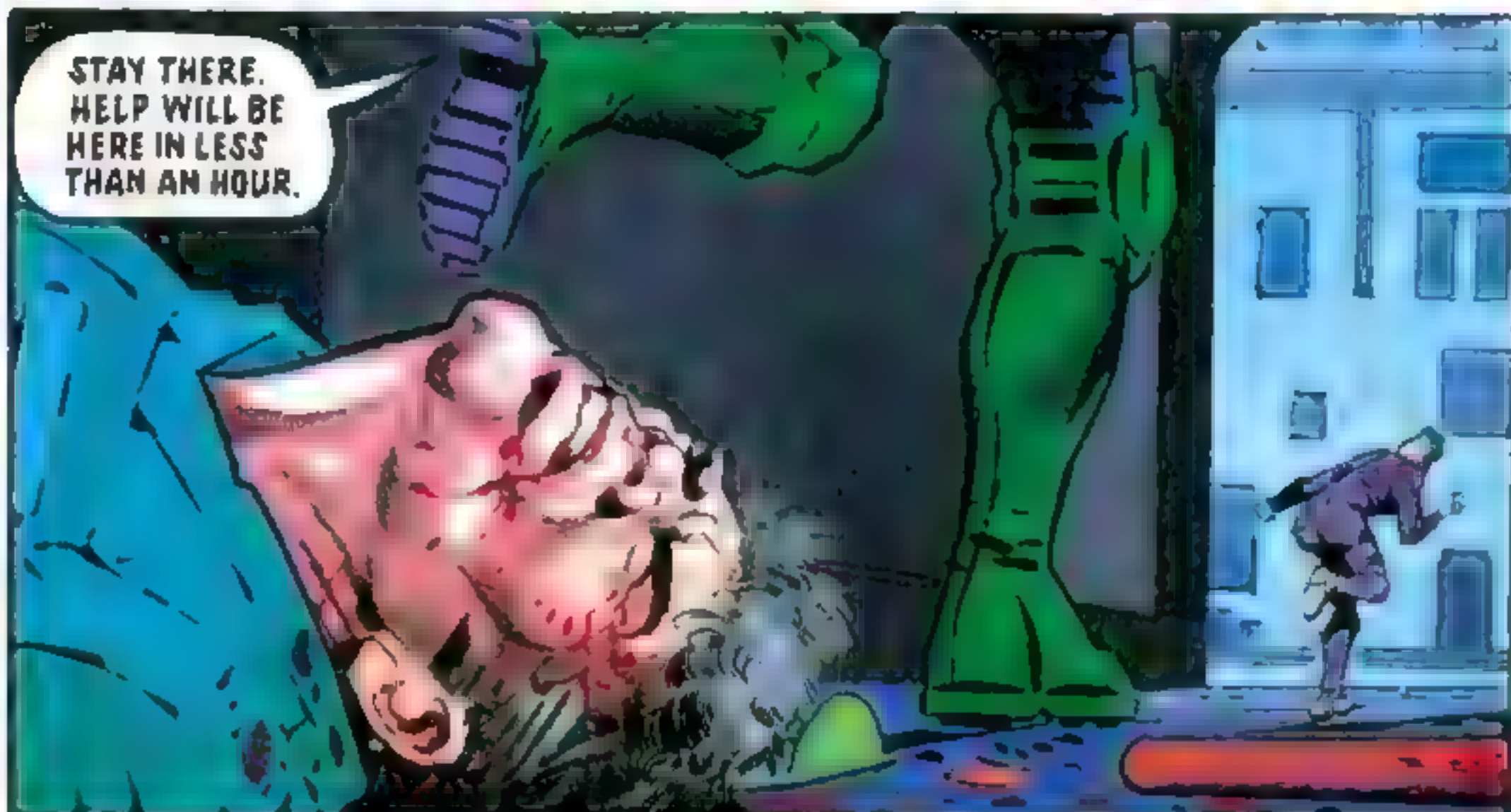
SONNY STEELGRAVE  
RON SMITH  
TOM FRAME



WE NEED A MED-TEAM  
HERE NOW. TAP-VICTIM  
REQUIRES URGENT  
ASSISTANCE.

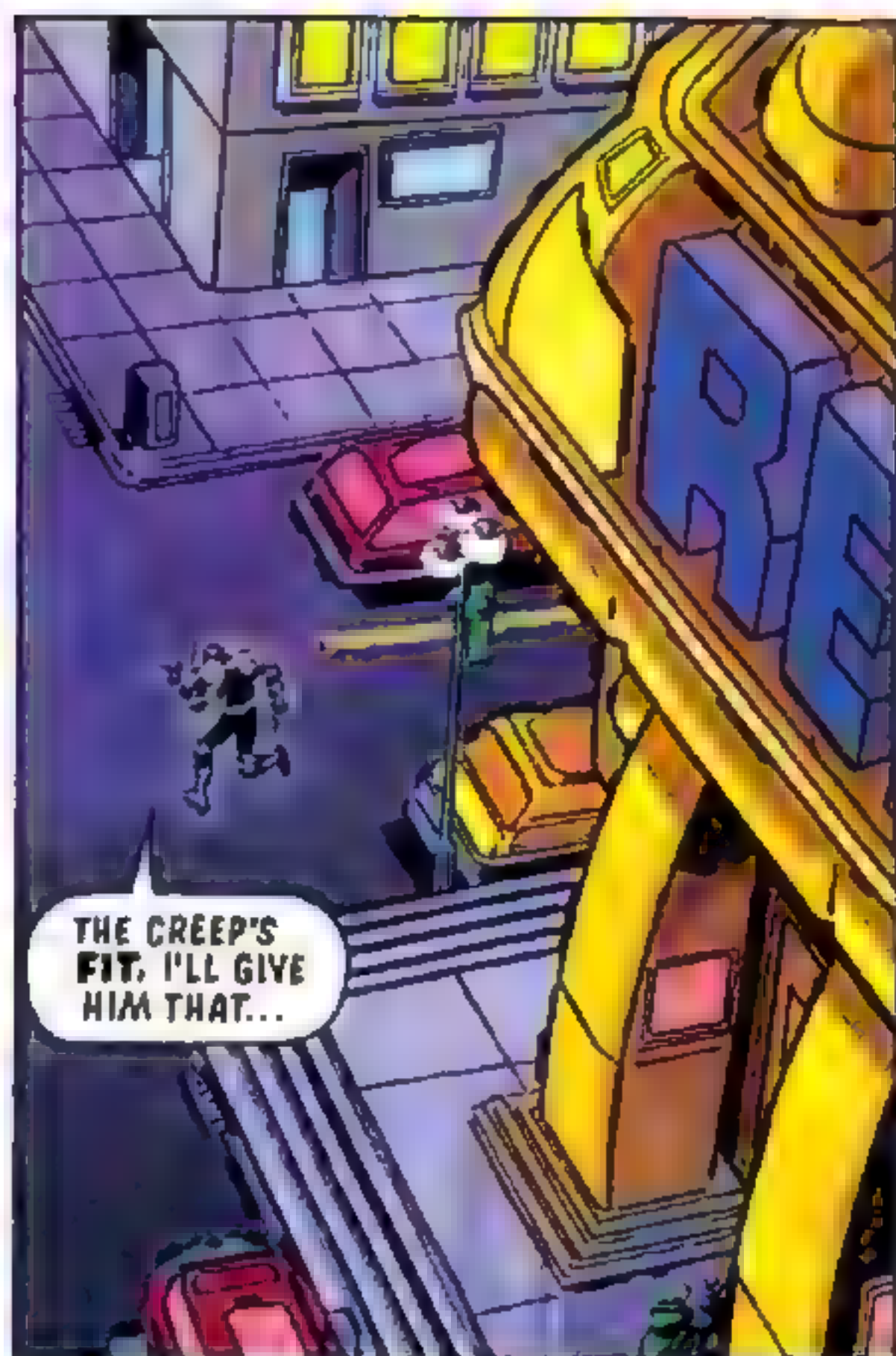
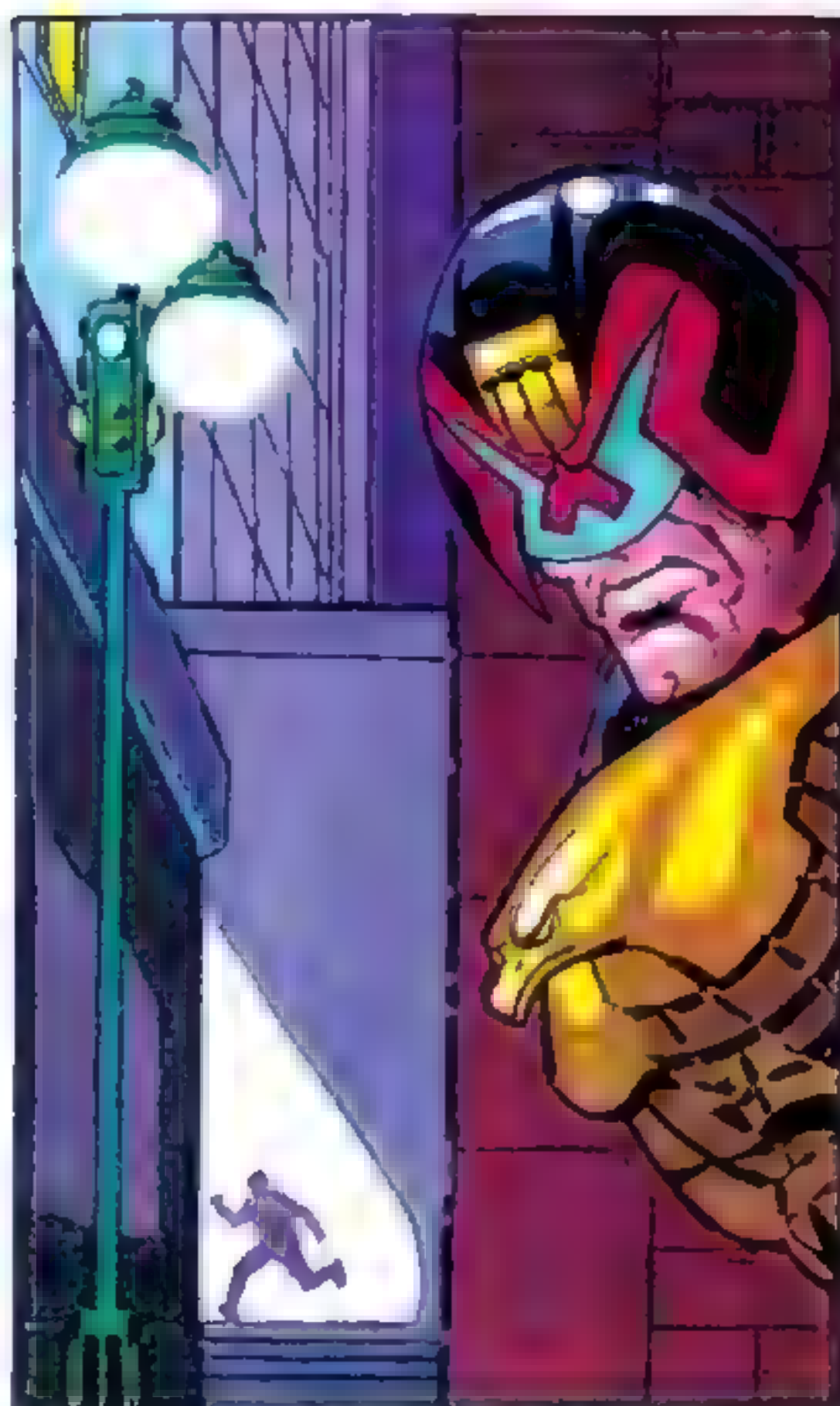
AM IN PURSUIT  
OF TAPPER.\*

\*THARGNOTE: JUSTICE DEPT SLANG FOR "MUGGER".



STAY THERE.  
HELP WILL BE  
HERE IN LESS  
THAN AN HOUR.

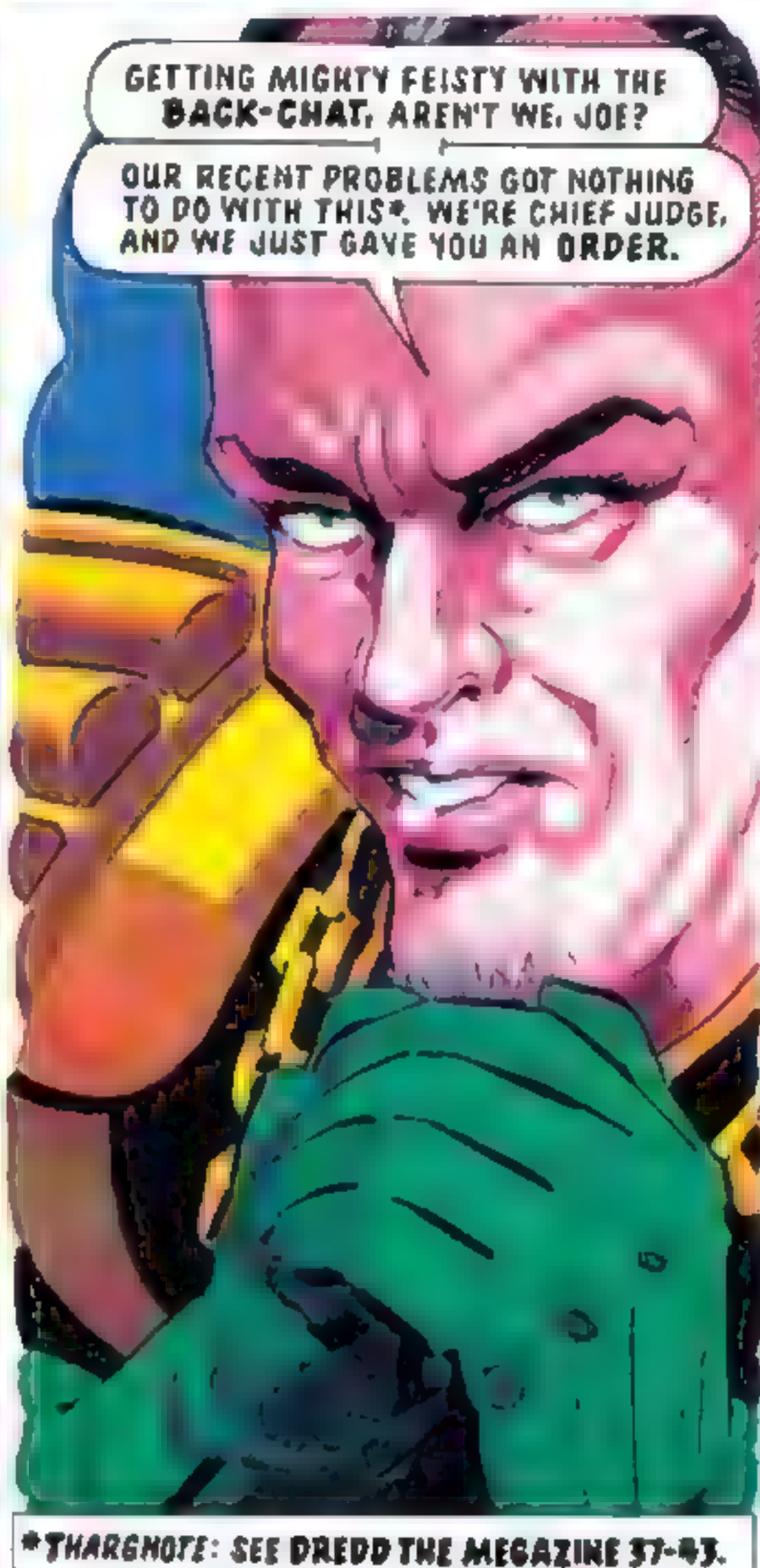
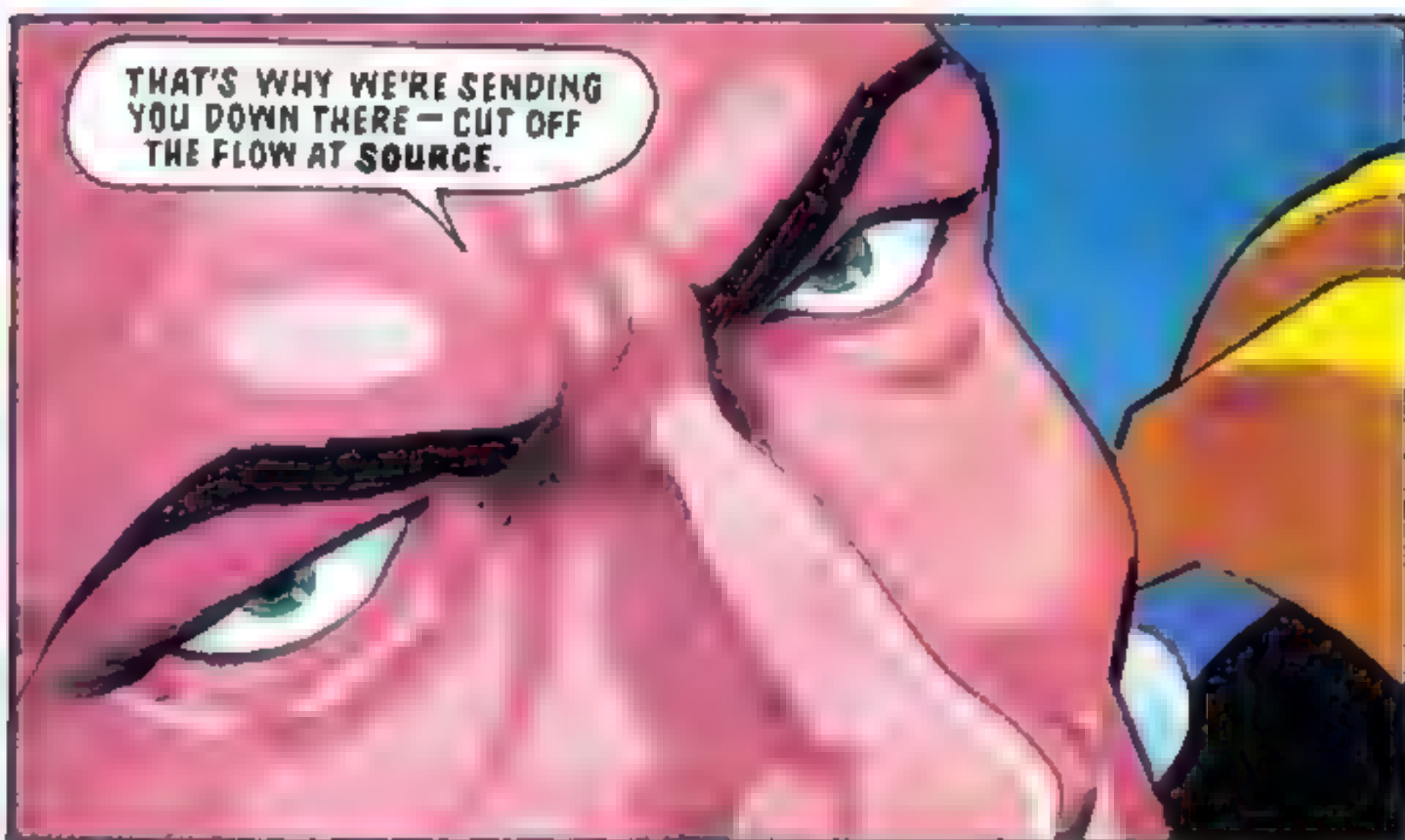
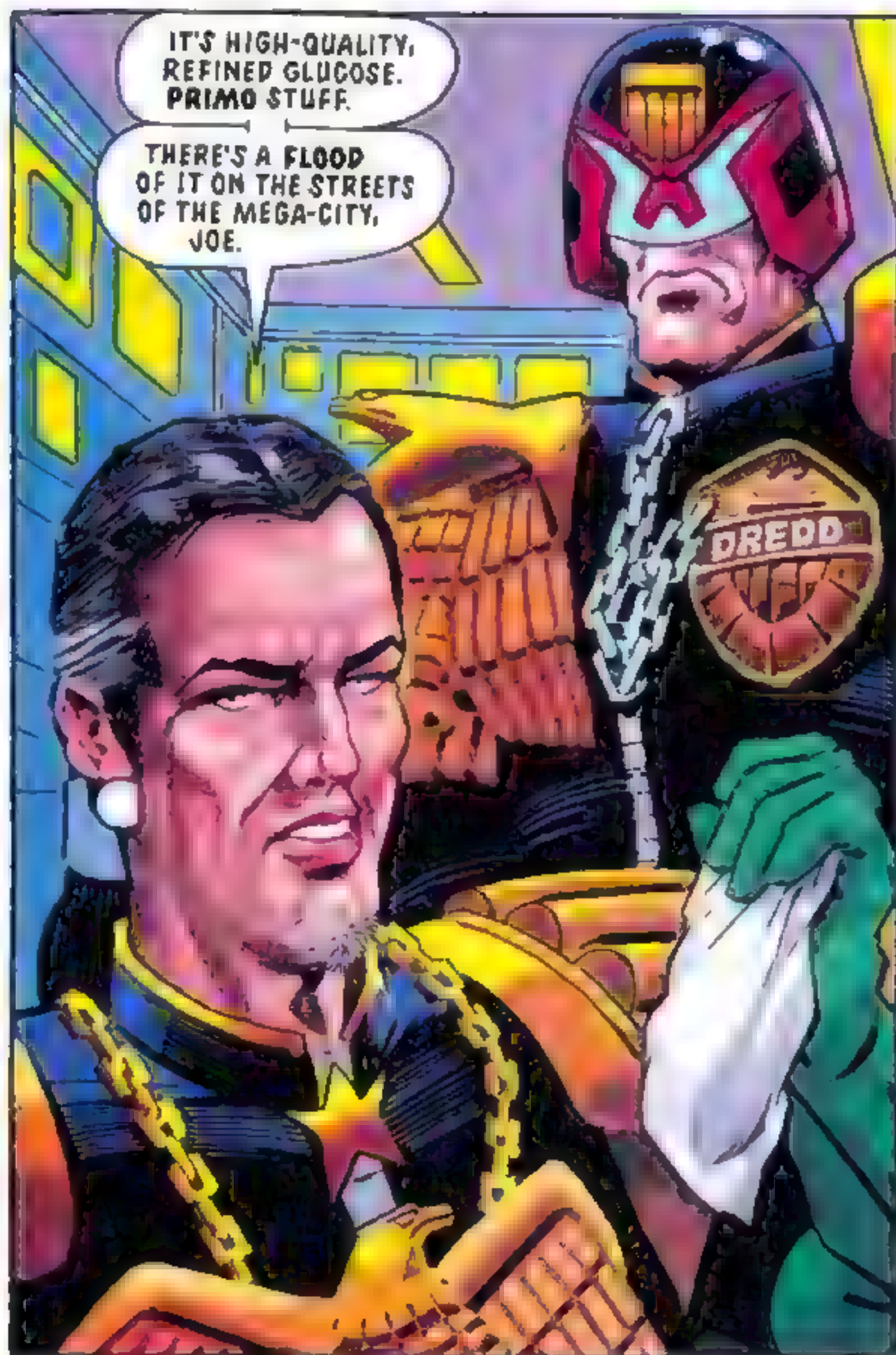






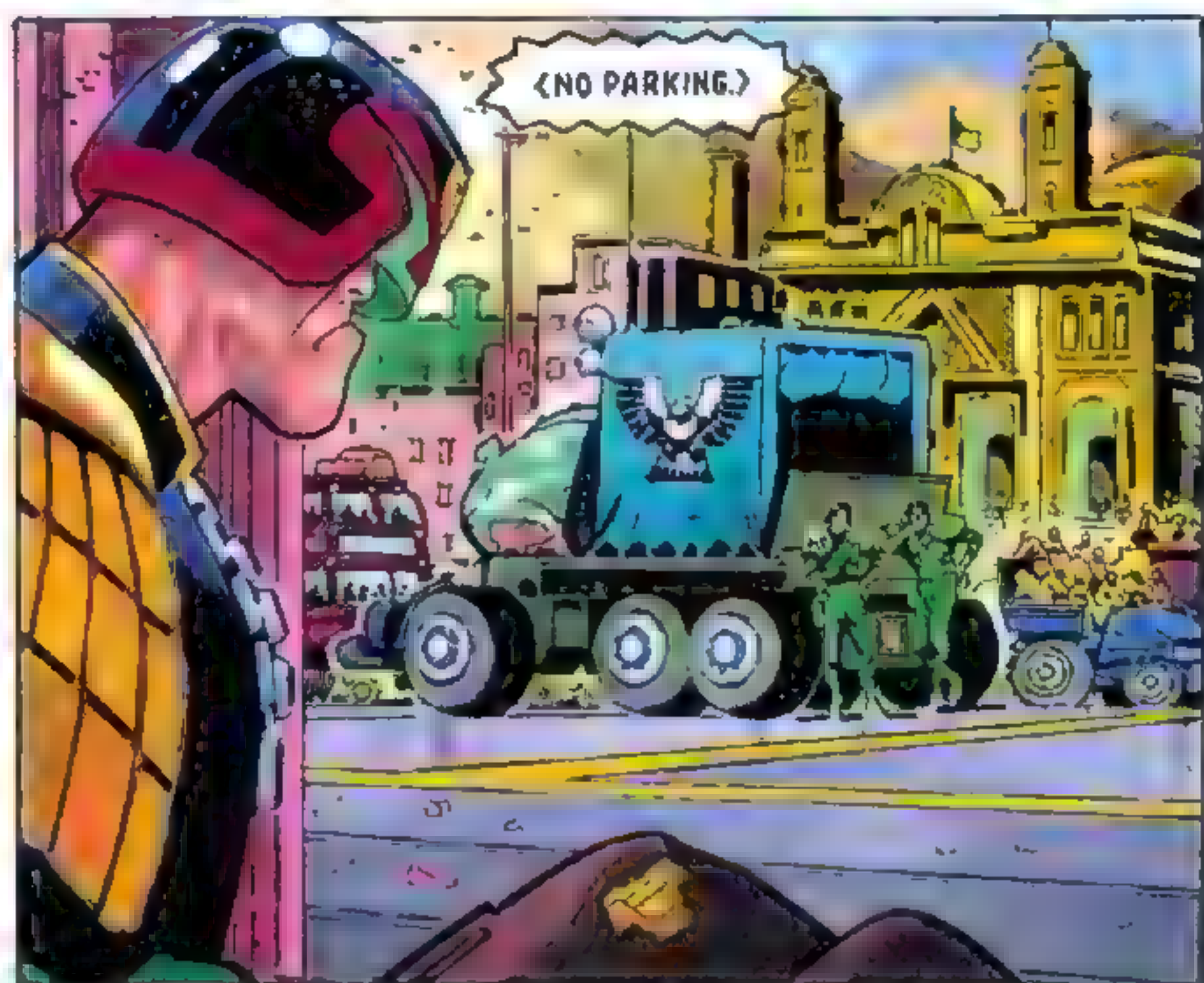
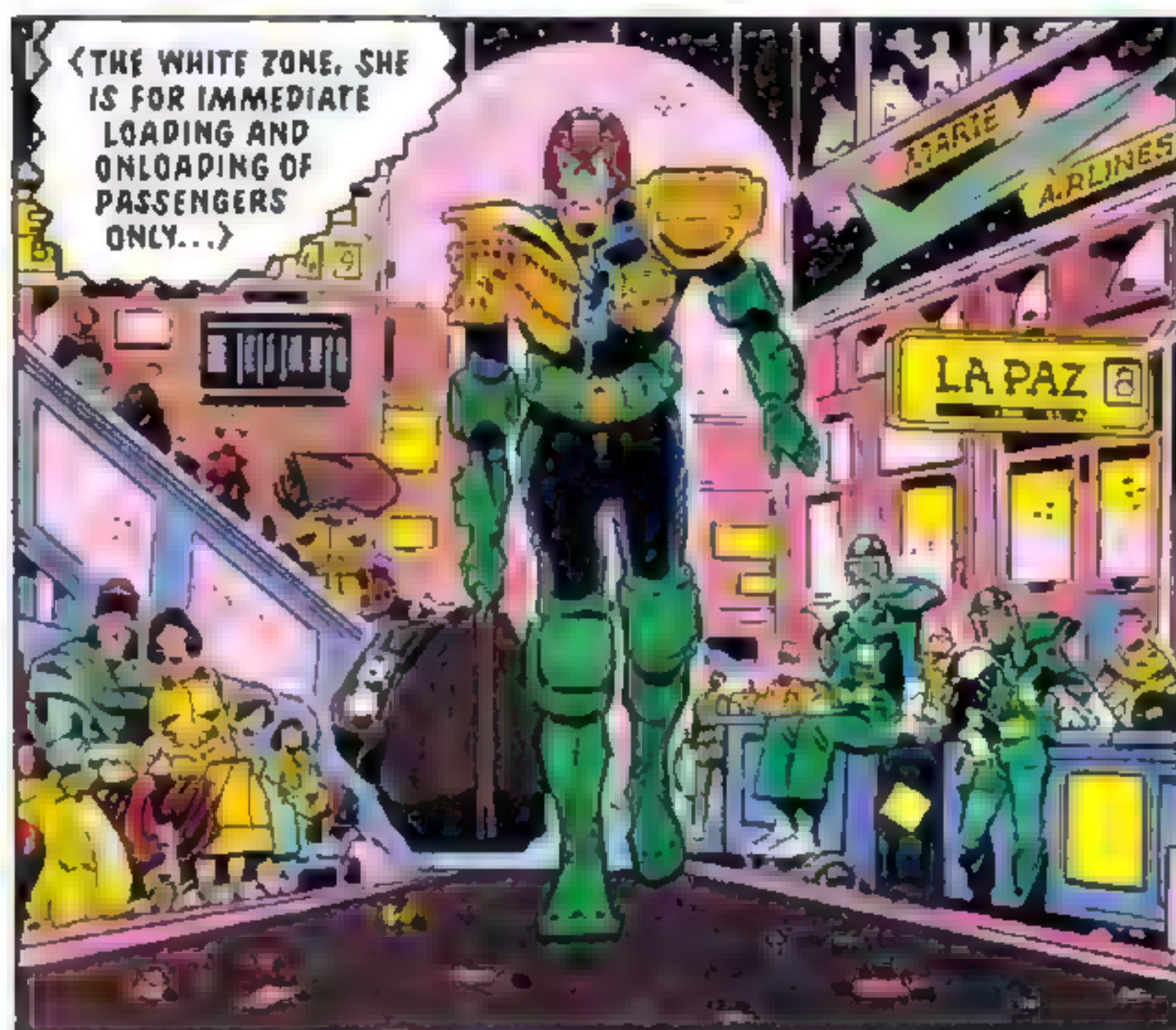
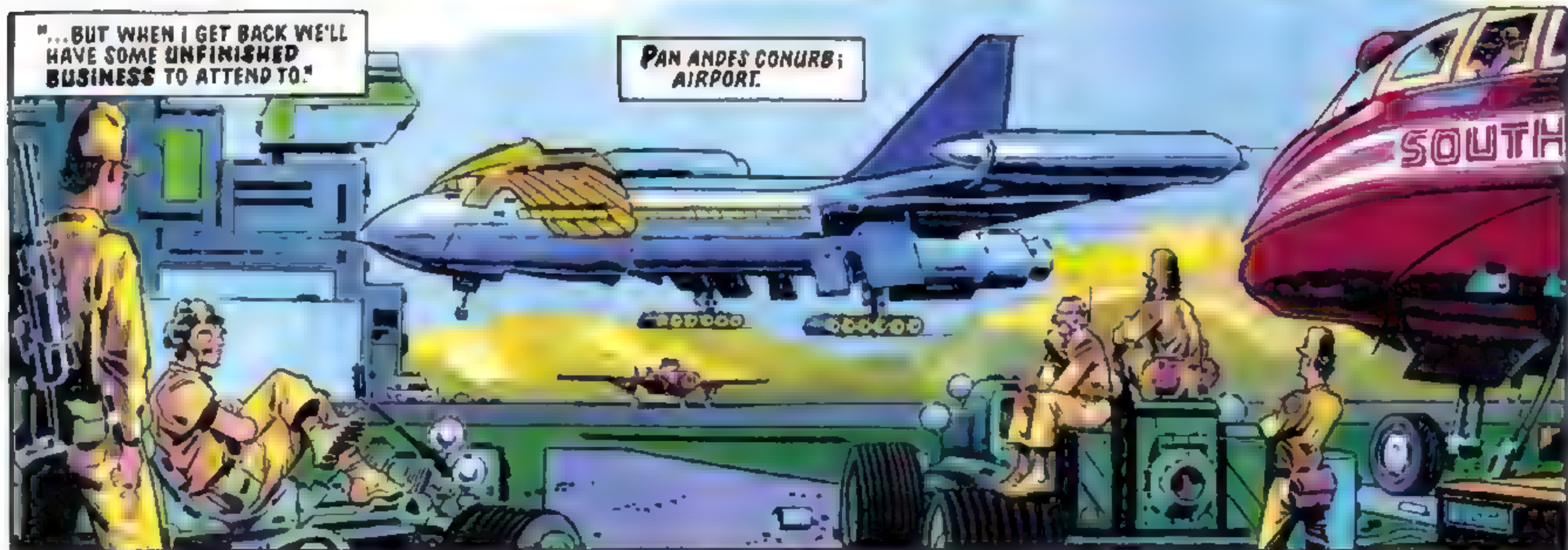




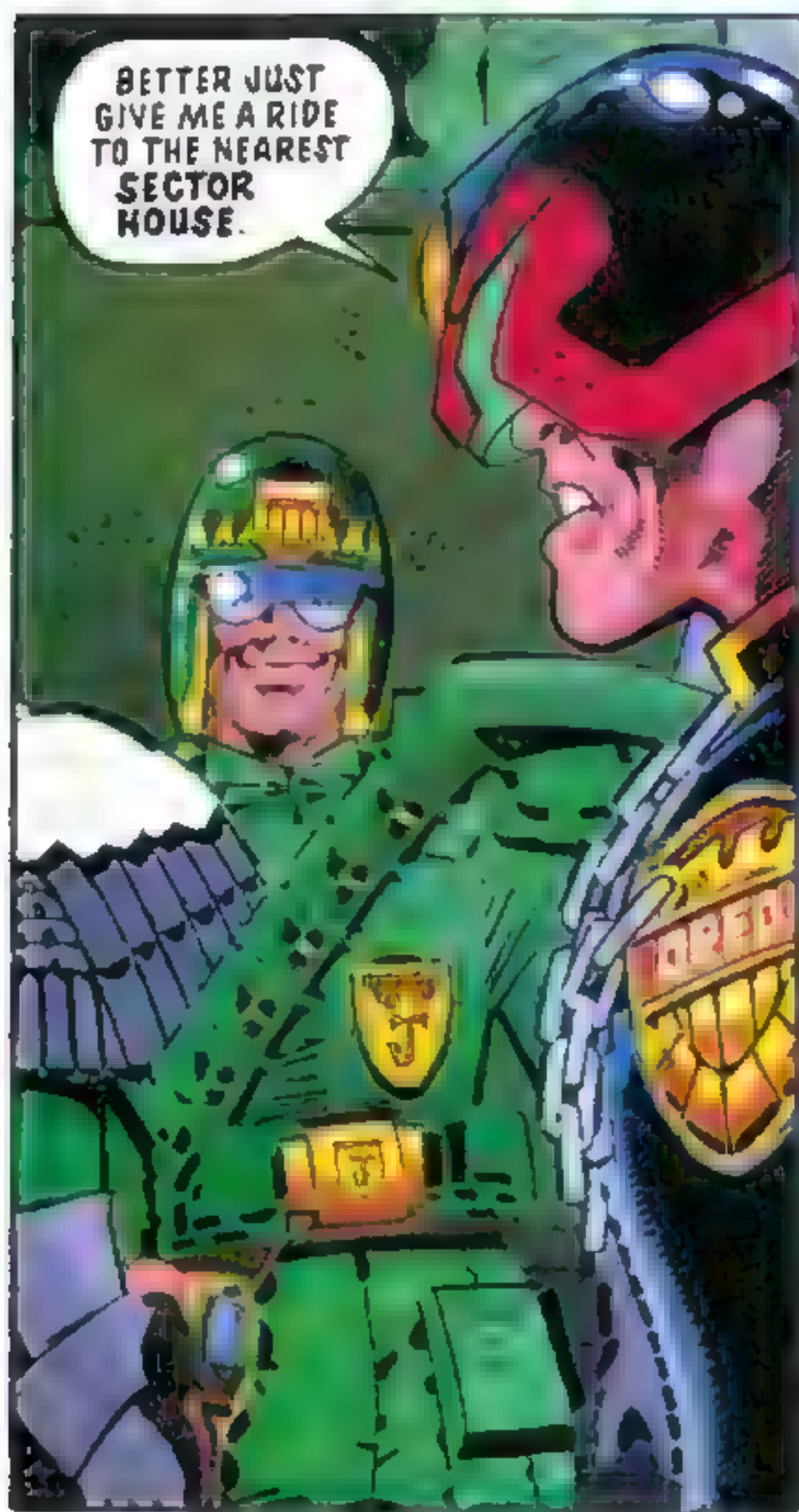


\*THARGNOTE: SEE DREDD THE MEGAZINE 37-43.











# JUDGE DREDD

## THE SUGAR BEAT

PART  
2

SECTOR HOUSE 12, PAN ANDES CONURB.

DREDD HAS ARRIVED SOUTH OF THE BORDER, TRACKING A PIPELINE PUMPING CHEAP SUGAR, A HIGHLY ILLEGAL SUBSTANCE, DIRECTLY INTO MEGA-CITY ONE.

WRITER  
SCRIPT  
ART  
LETTERS

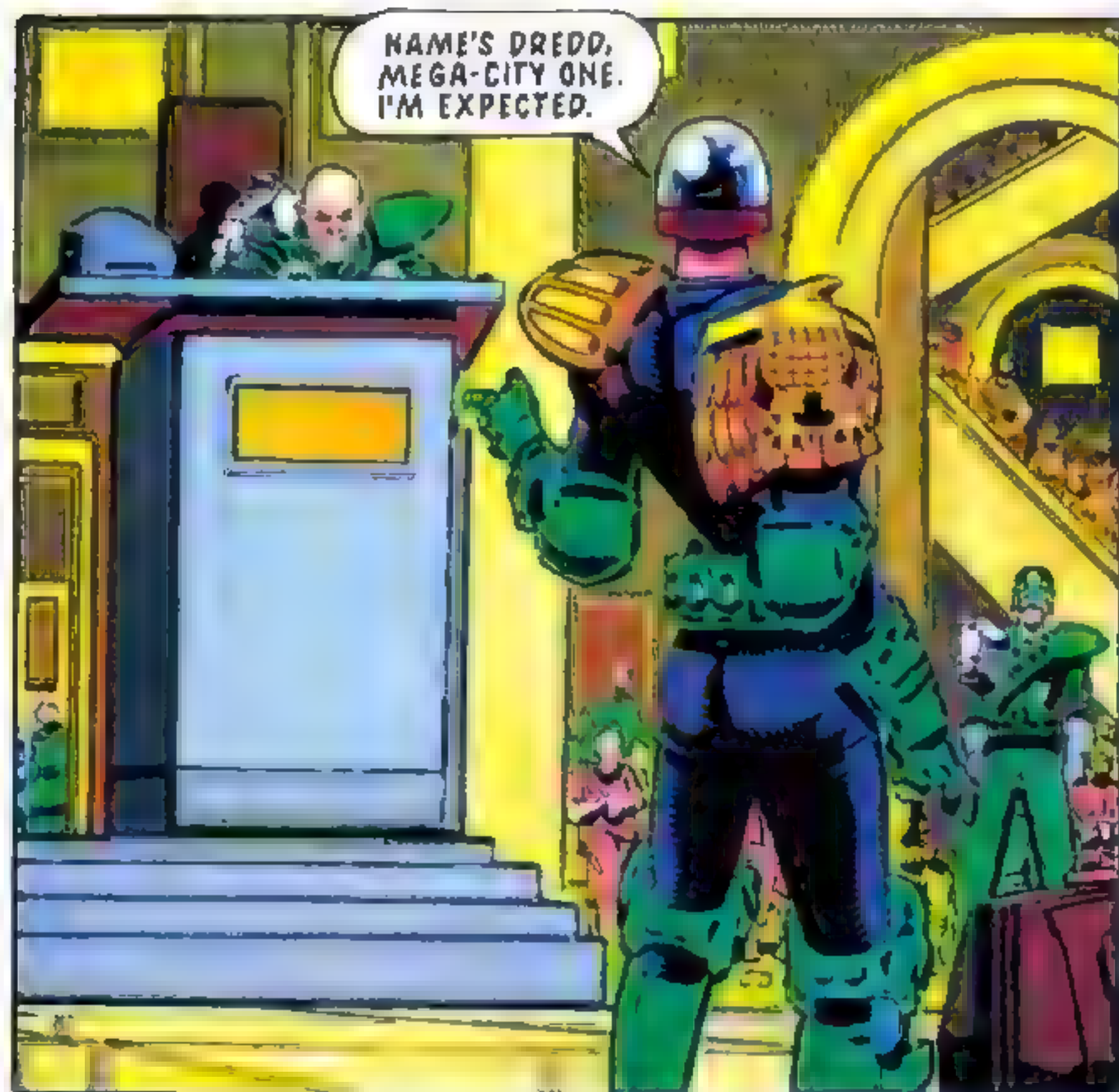
Sony Steelgrave  
Ron Smith  
Tom Frame

< PLEASE, SEÑOR.  
SOME CREPOS. MY  
LEETLE BROTHER.  
HE EES SEECK. >\*

\*TRANSLATION COURTESY OF THARG'S  
INTERGALACTIC LINGUISTIC SERVICES

< JUDGES FERNANDO  
AND GUACOMOLE  
TO CUBE 74. >





NAME'S DREDD,  
MEGA-CITY ONE.  
I'M EXPECTED.



HEH!

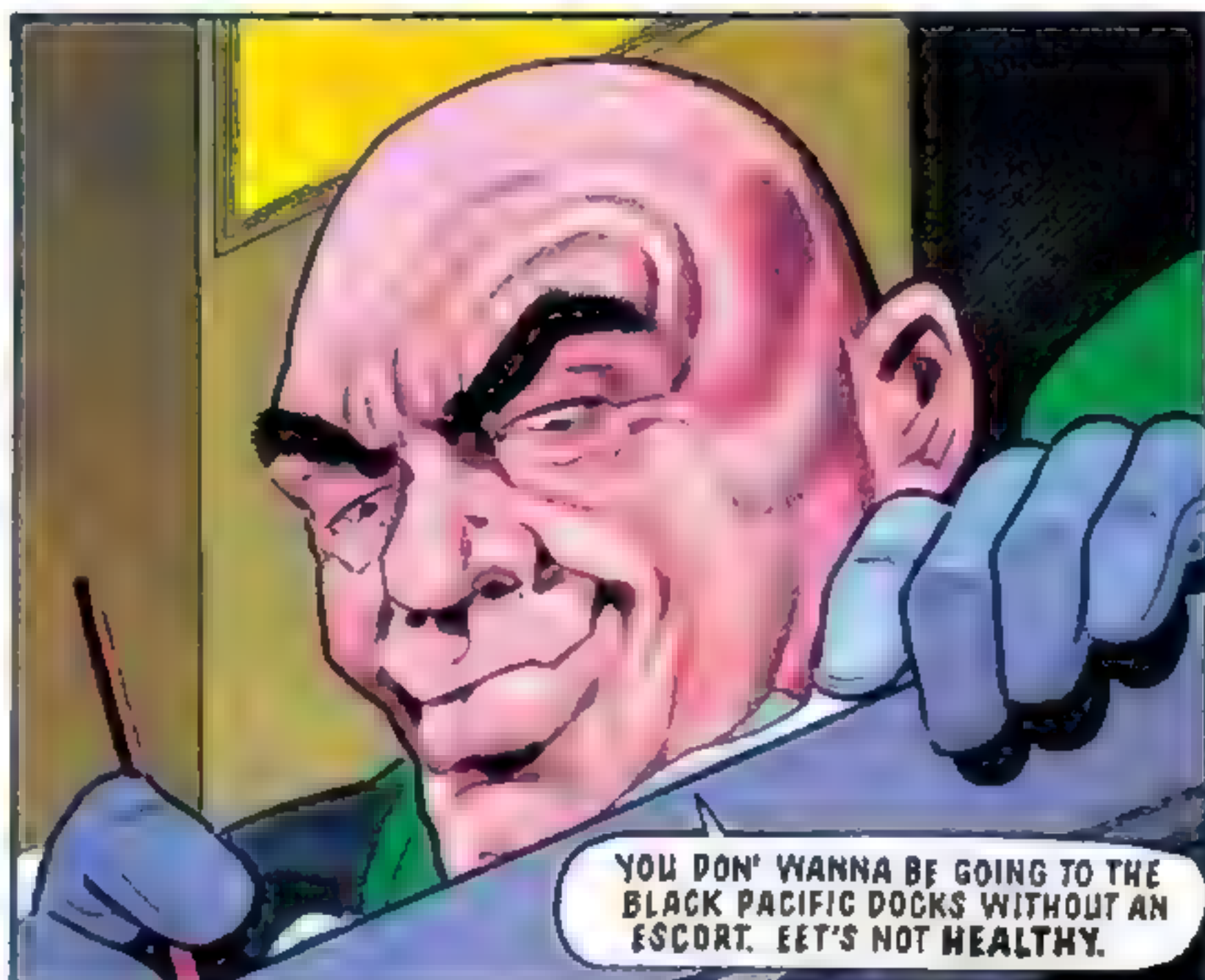
EES PROBLEM, JUDGE DREDD.  
I DON' THEENK THE CHIEF'S  
GONNA HAFF TIME TO SEE  
YOU TODAY.

THIS IS NOT A STATE VISIT.  
ALL I NEED IS SOME  
TRANSPORT AND A GUIDE  
AND I'LL BE ON MY WAY.



I'LL SEE WHAT I  
CAN DO. SIT DOWN  
OVER THERE.

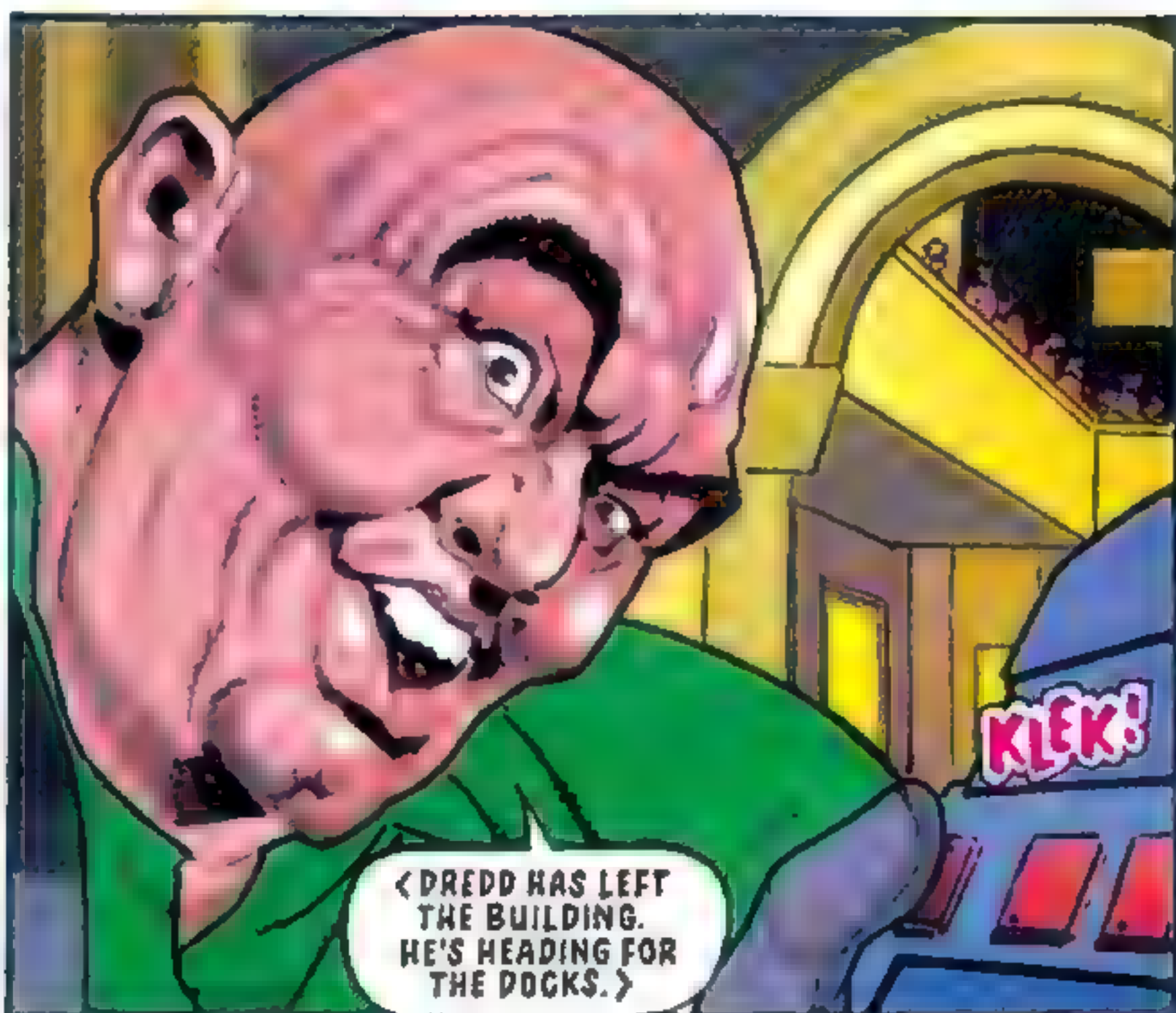
NOT A CHANCE.  
JUST TELL ME THE  
WAY TO THE  
DOCKS.



YOU DON' WANNA BE GOING TO THE  
BLACK PACIFIC DOCKS WITHOUT AN  
ESCORT. EET'S NOT HEALTHY.



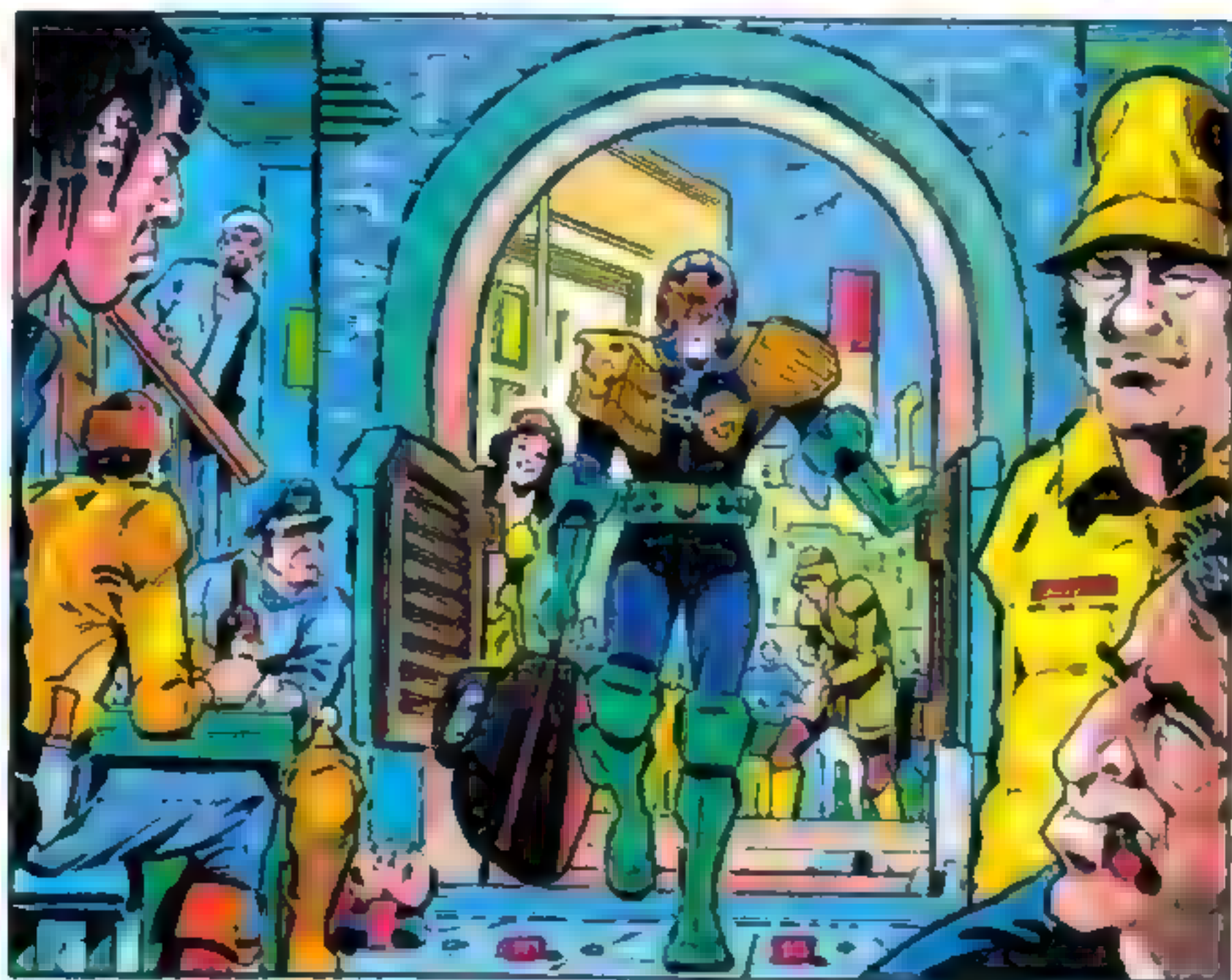
NEVER HAD  
A SICK DAY IN  
MY LIFE.



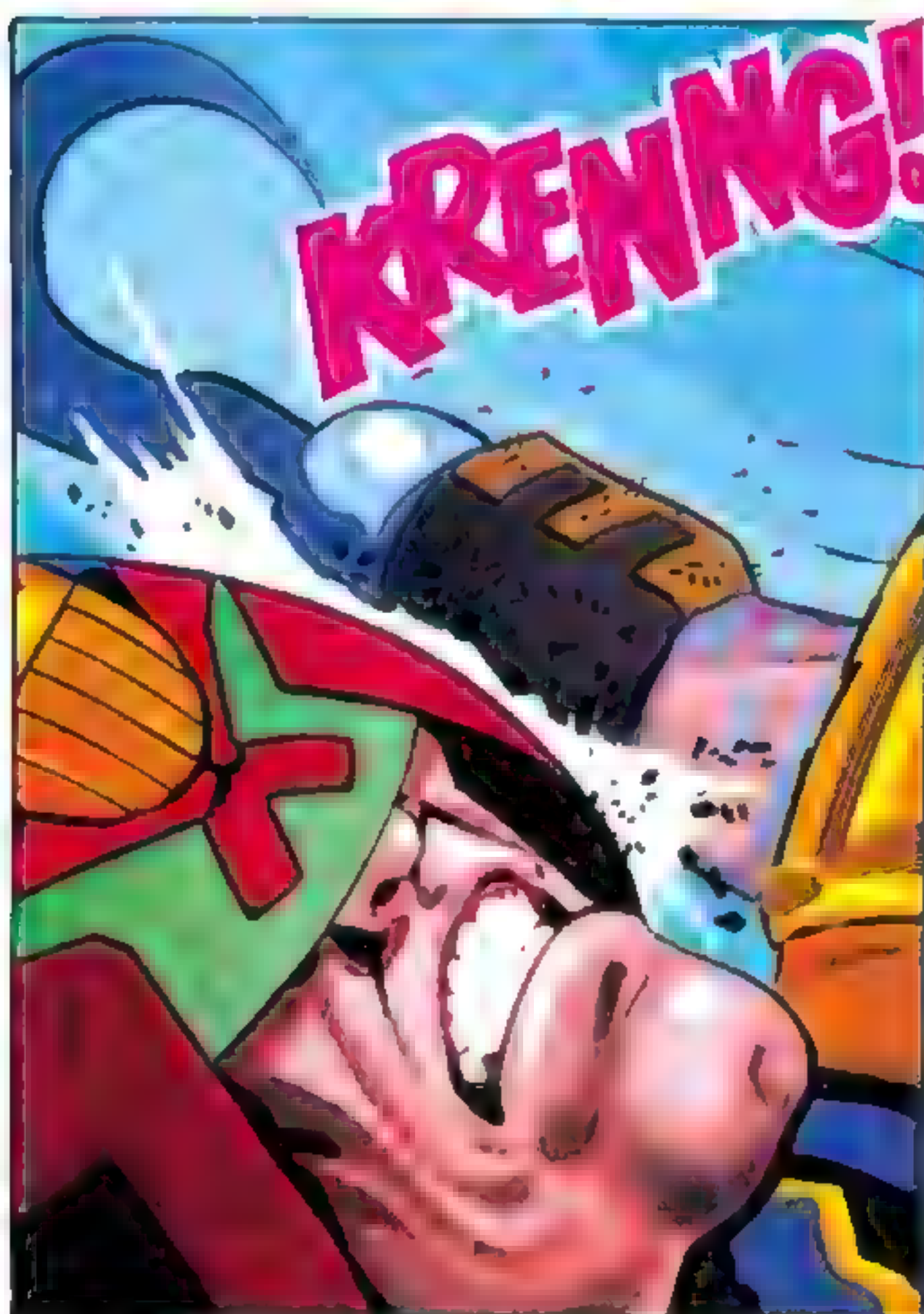
KLEK!

<DREDD HAS LEFT  
THE BUILDING.  
HE'S HEADING FOR  
THE DOCKS.>

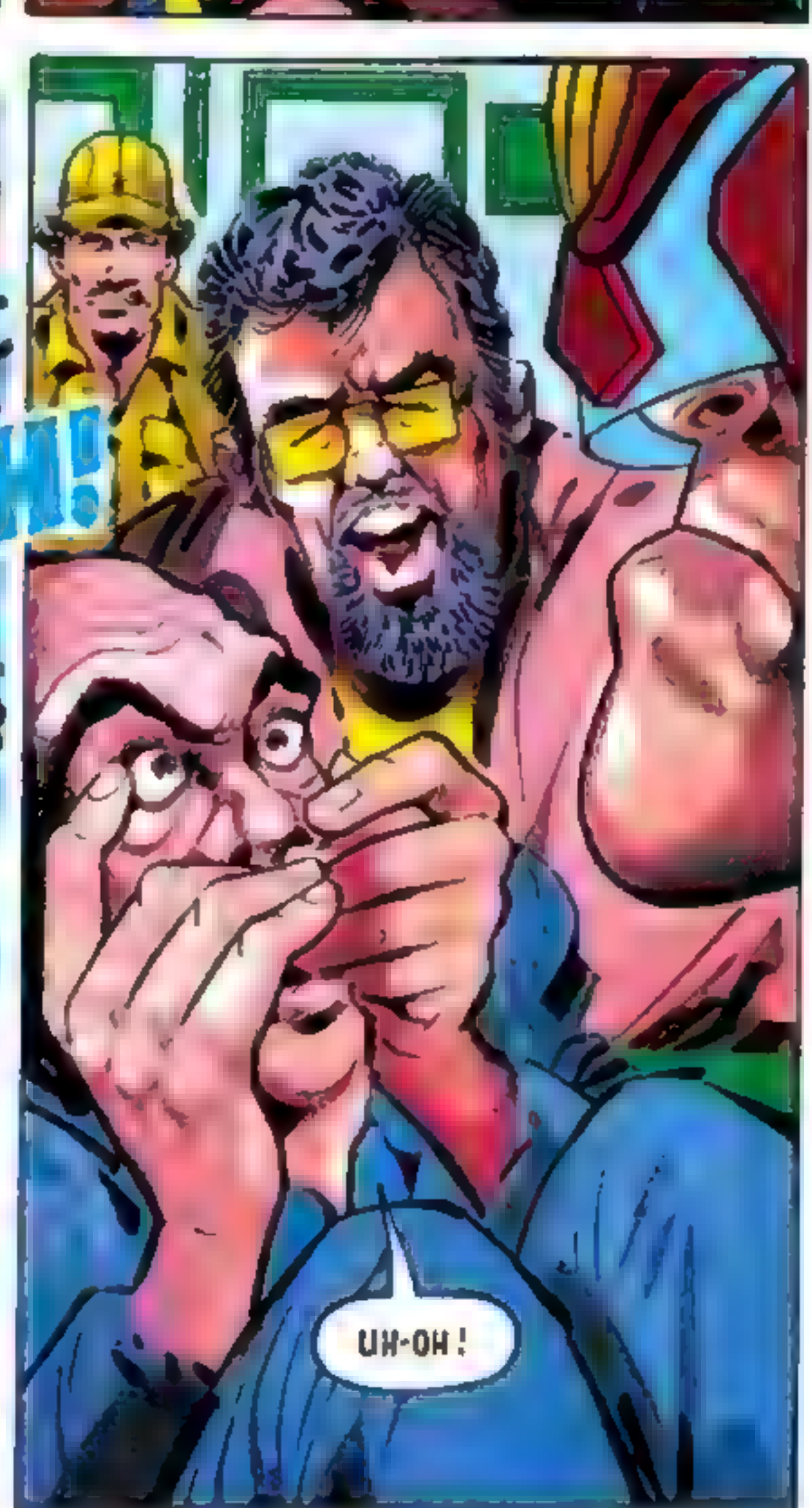
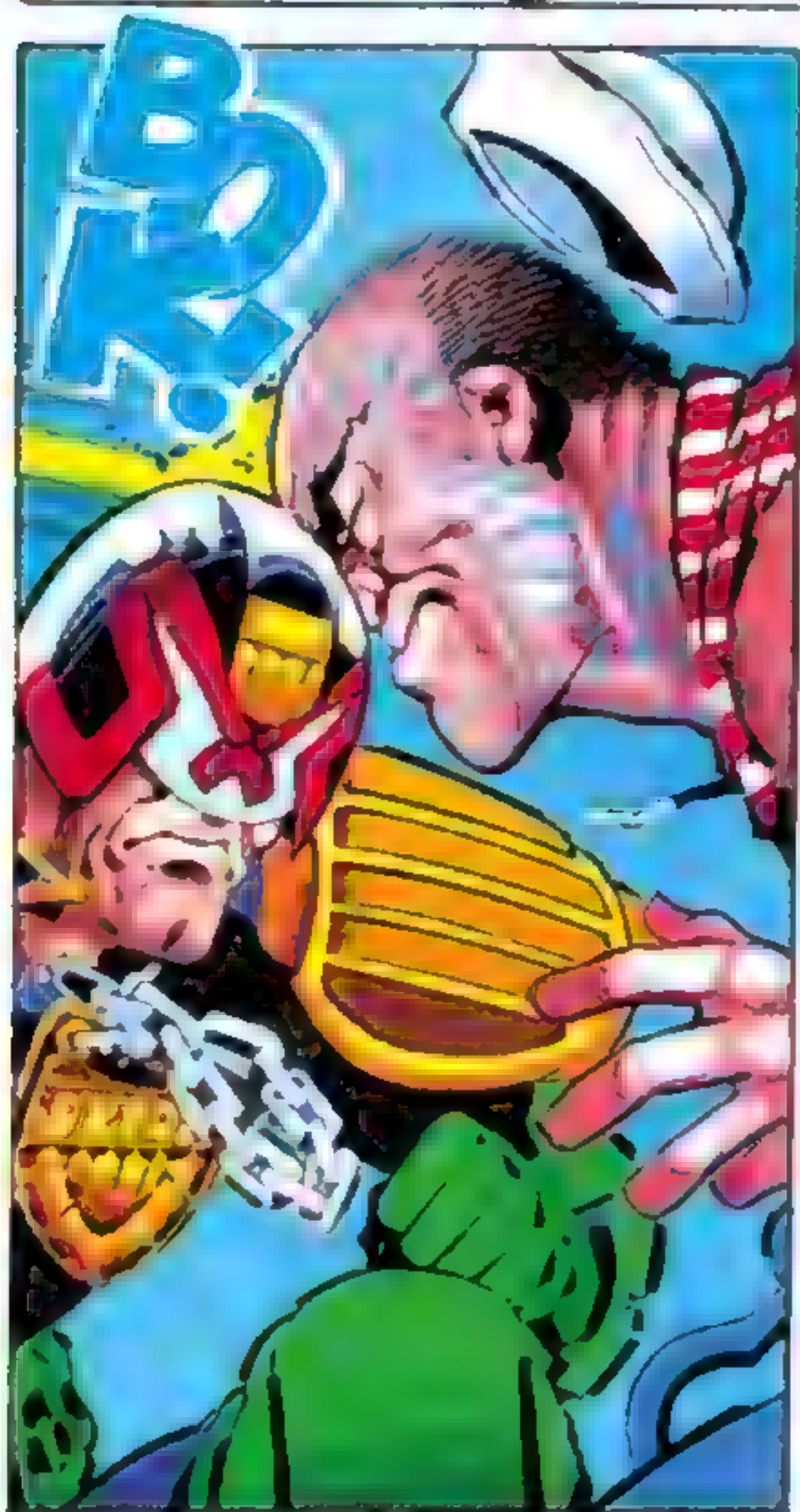
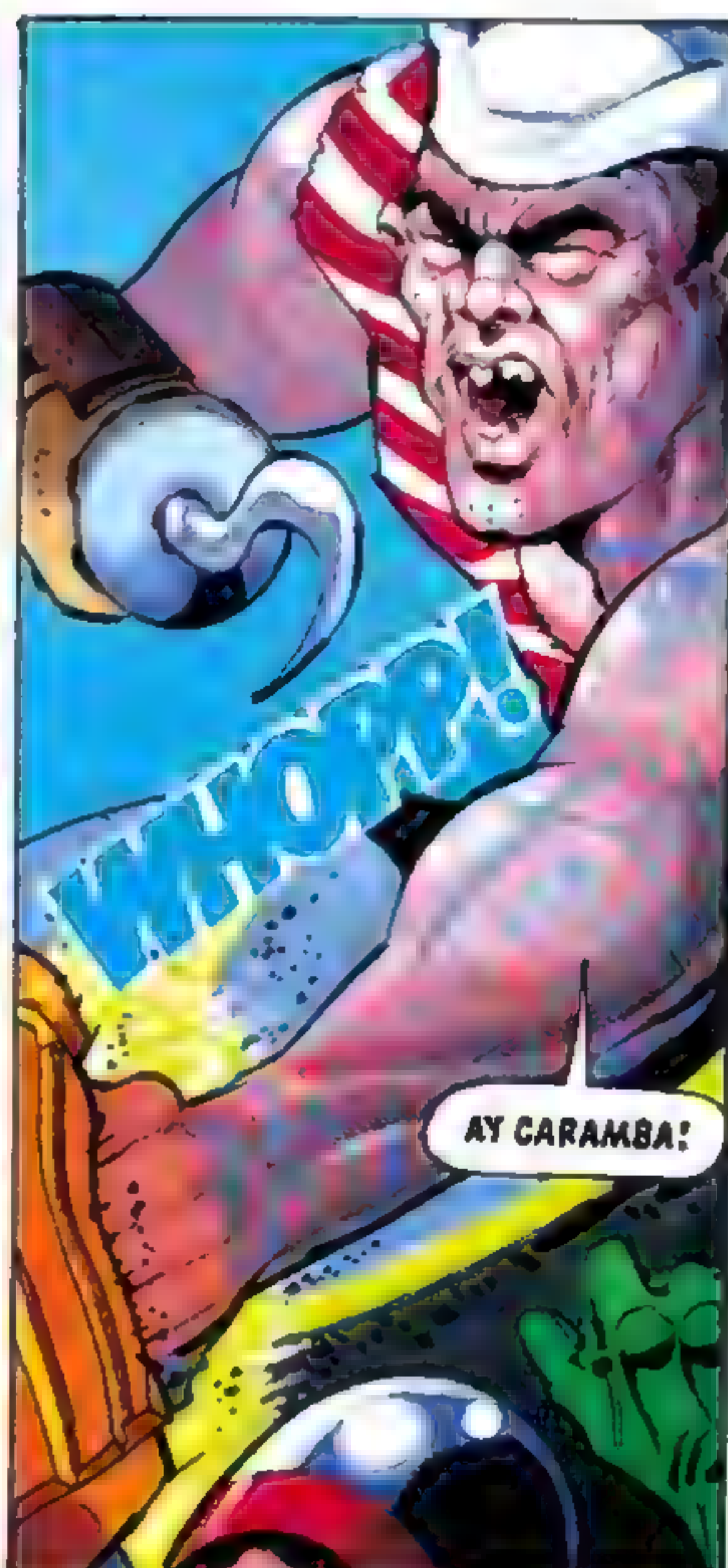




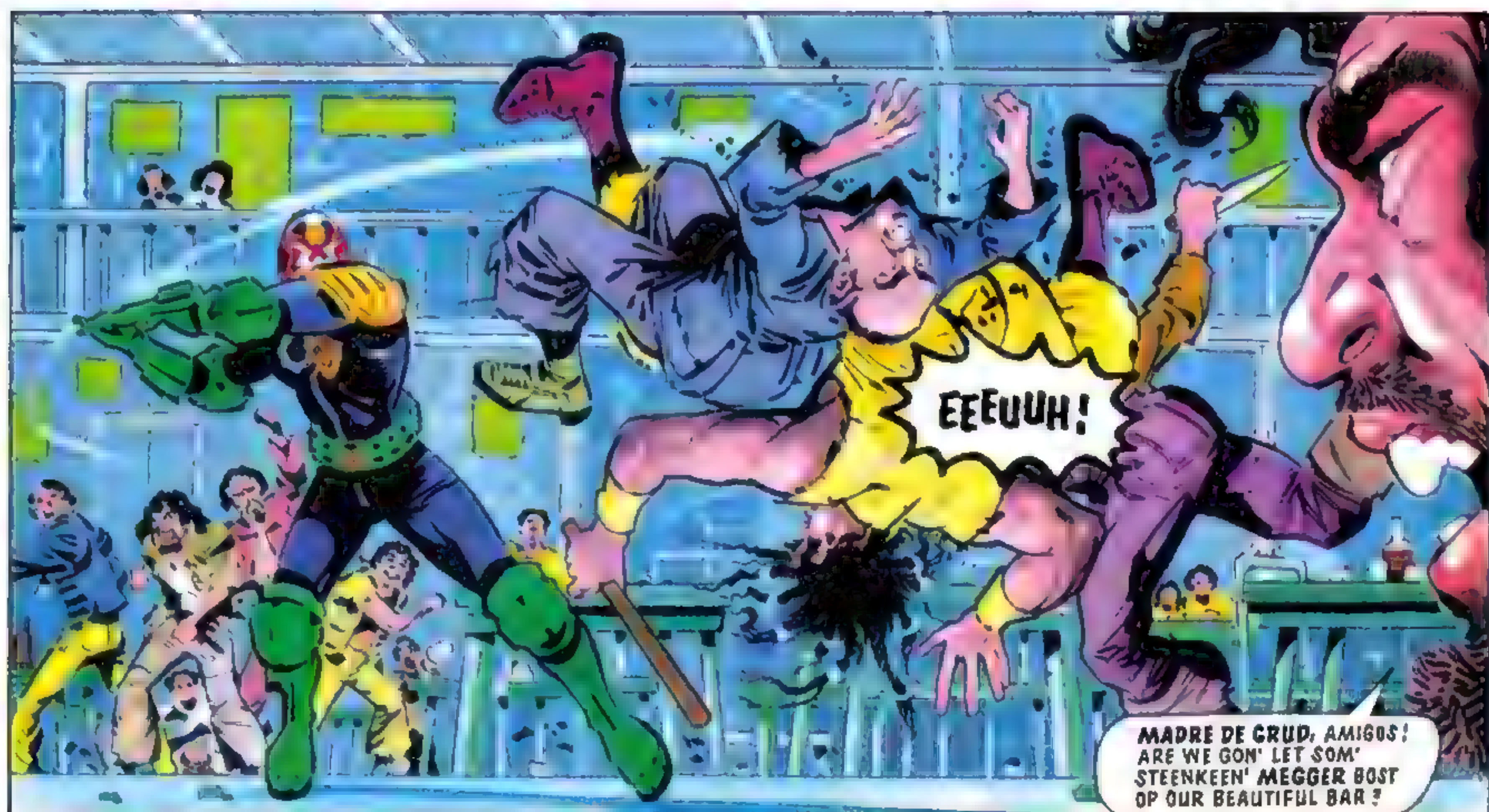












MADRE DE CRUD, AMIGOS!  
ARE WE GON' LET SOM'  
STEENKEEN' MEGGER BOST  
OP OUR BEAUTIFUL BAR?





# JUDGE DREDD

PART  
3

## THE SUGAR BEAT

1990 AD CREDIT CAMP  
SCRIPT **Sonny Steelgrave**  
ART **Ron Smith**  
LETTERS **Tom Frame**



THE CUBA LIBRE, CONDOR WHARF,  
PAN ANDES CONURB.

A FLOOD OF CHEAP BUT HIGHLY  
ILLEGAL SUGAR HAS BEEN POURING  
INTO MEGA-CITY ONE. JUDGE DREDD  
HAS TRAVELLED SOUTH OF THE  
BORDER TO INVESTIGATE.

A FEW OF THE LOCALS ARE HELPING  
DREDD WITH HIS ENQUIRIES...



HOKAY... I  
GOT HEEM!



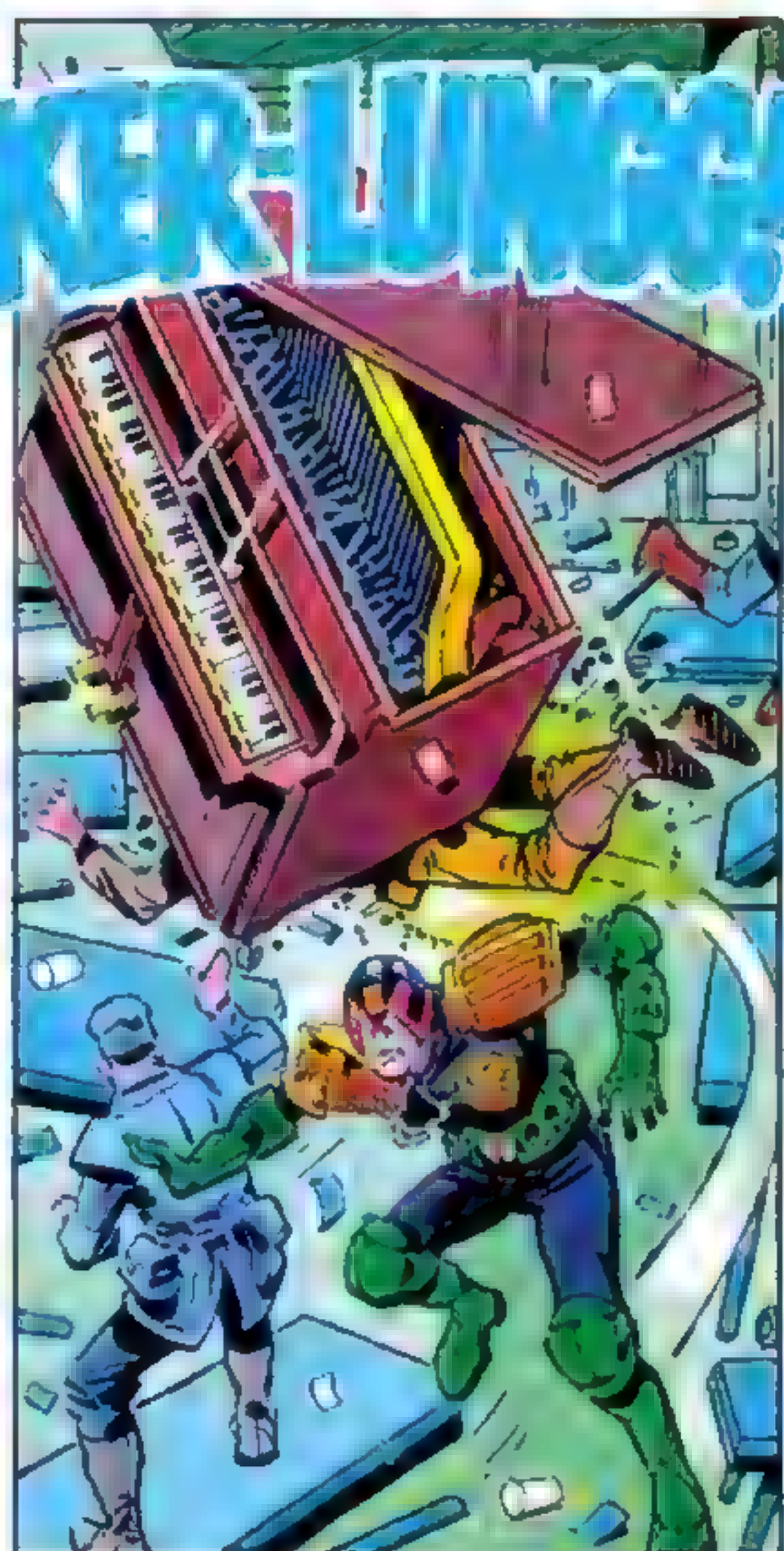
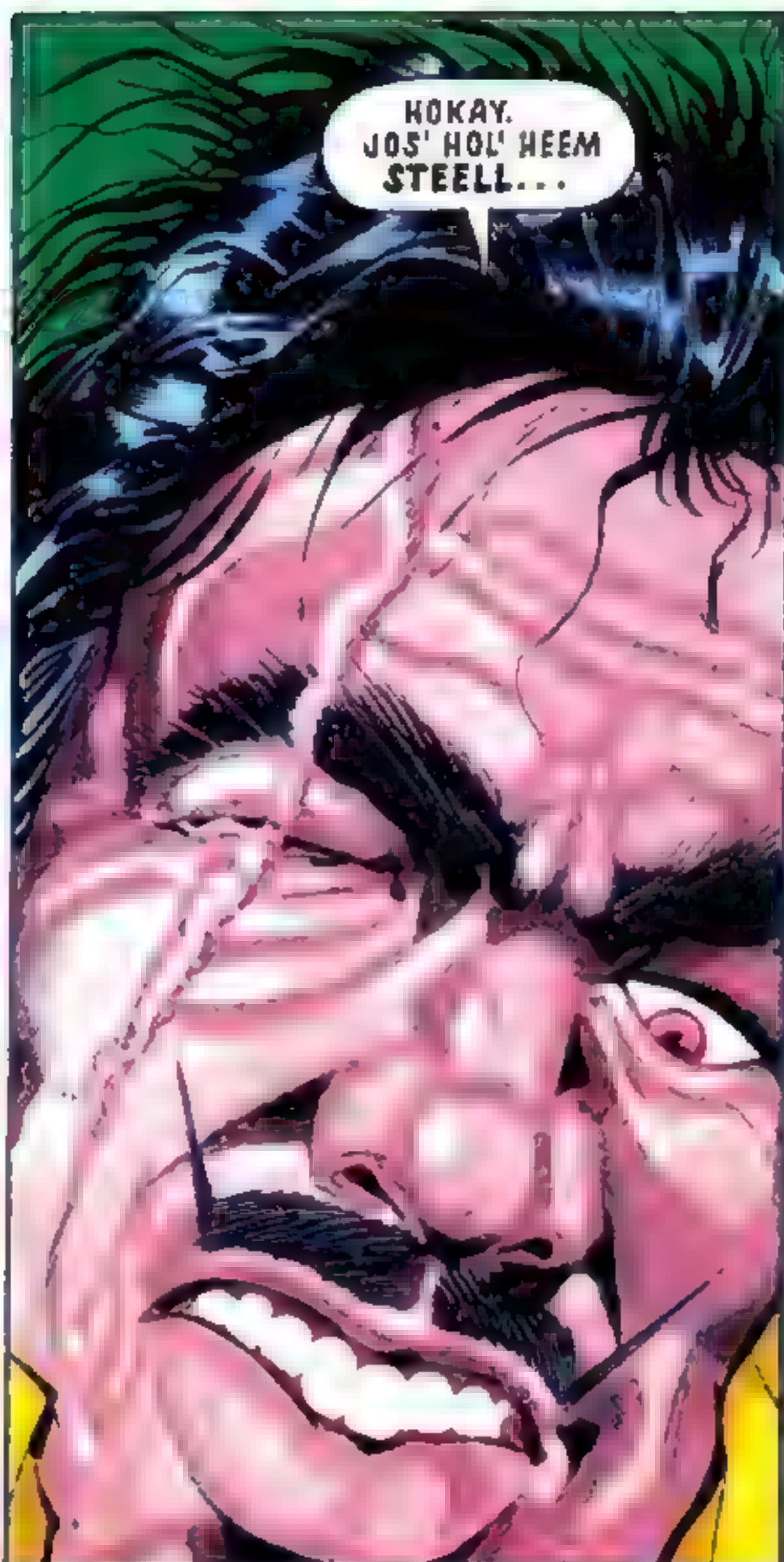
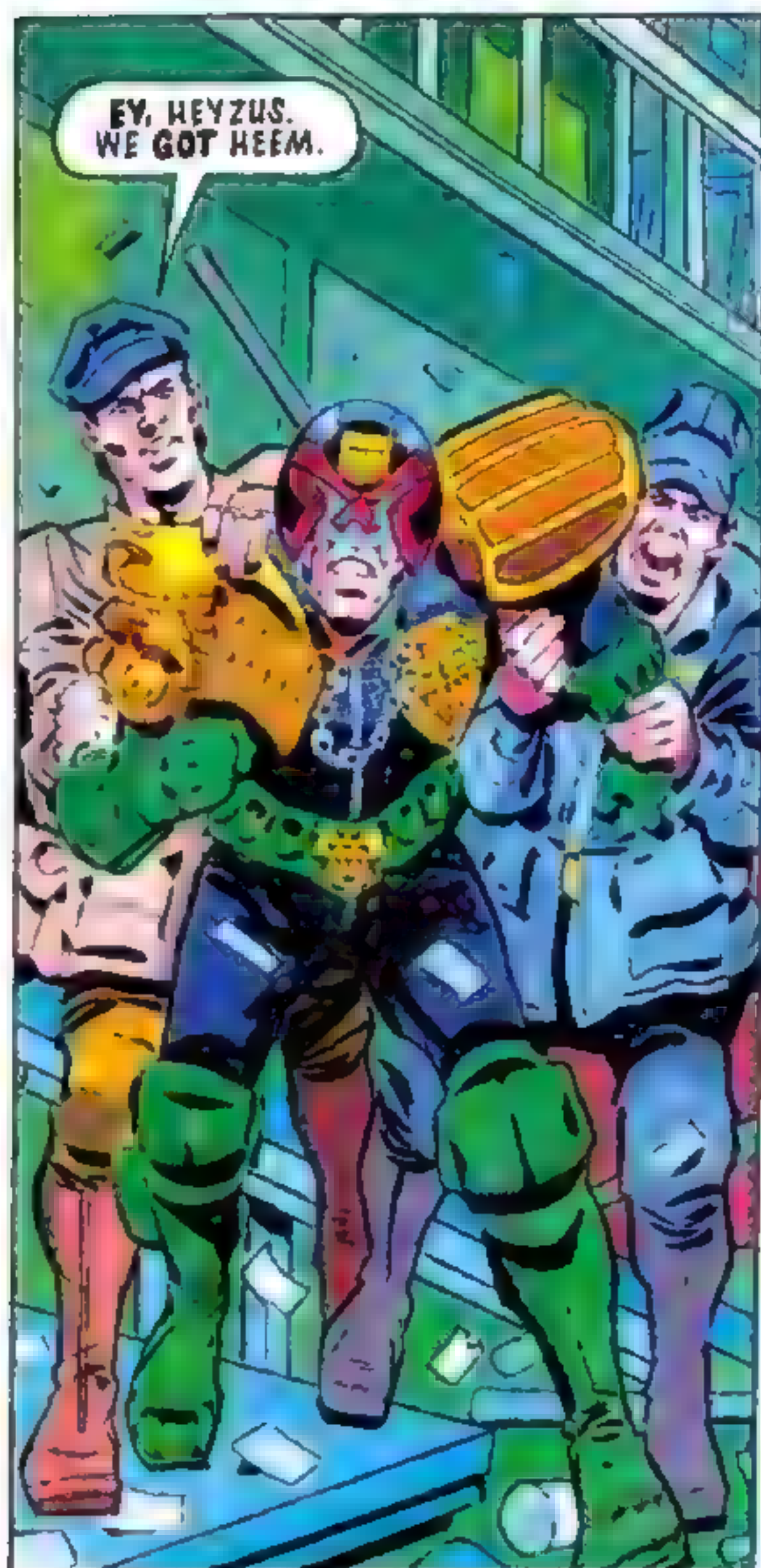
CARAMBA -  
I GOT  
CARLOS!

KRESHH!!

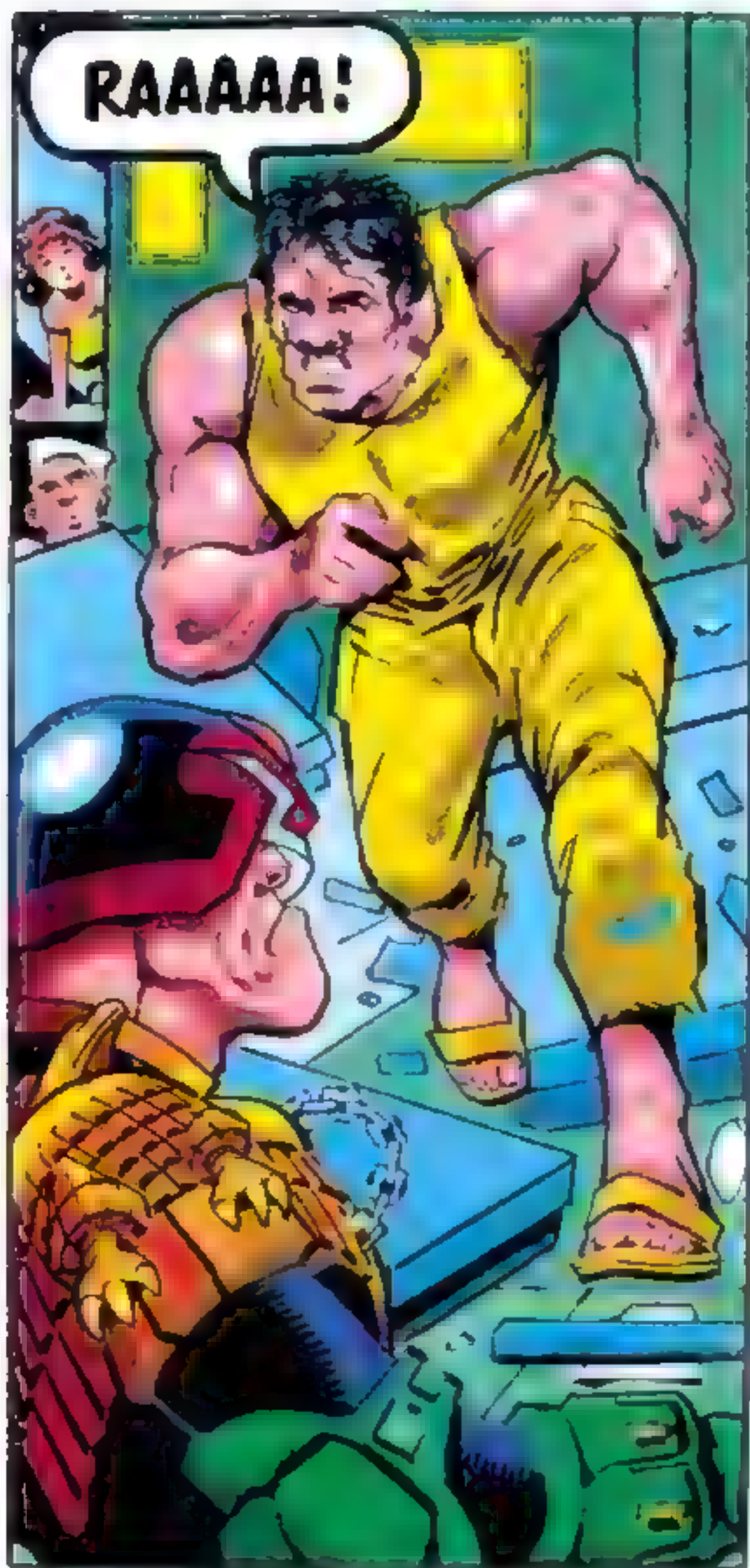




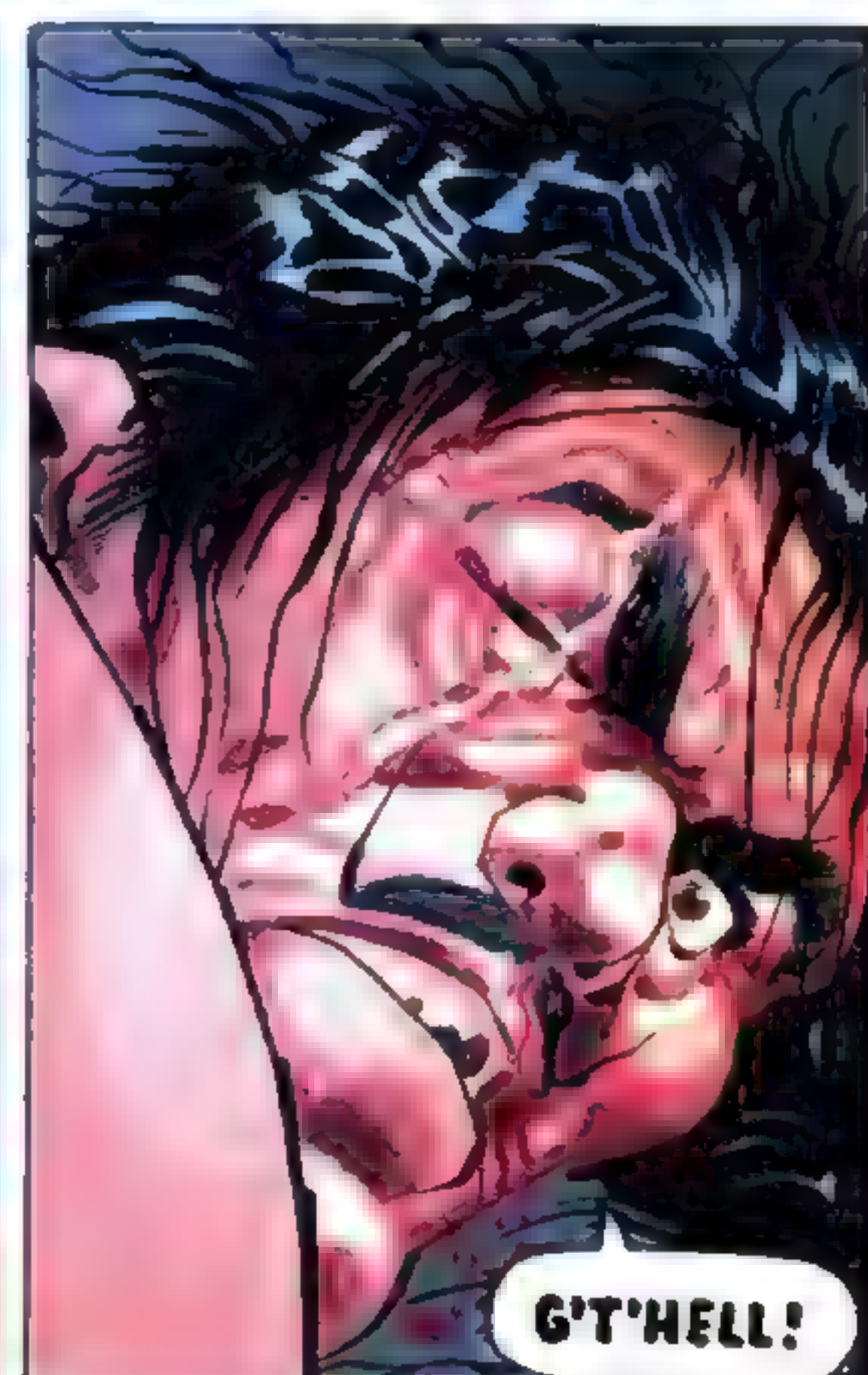
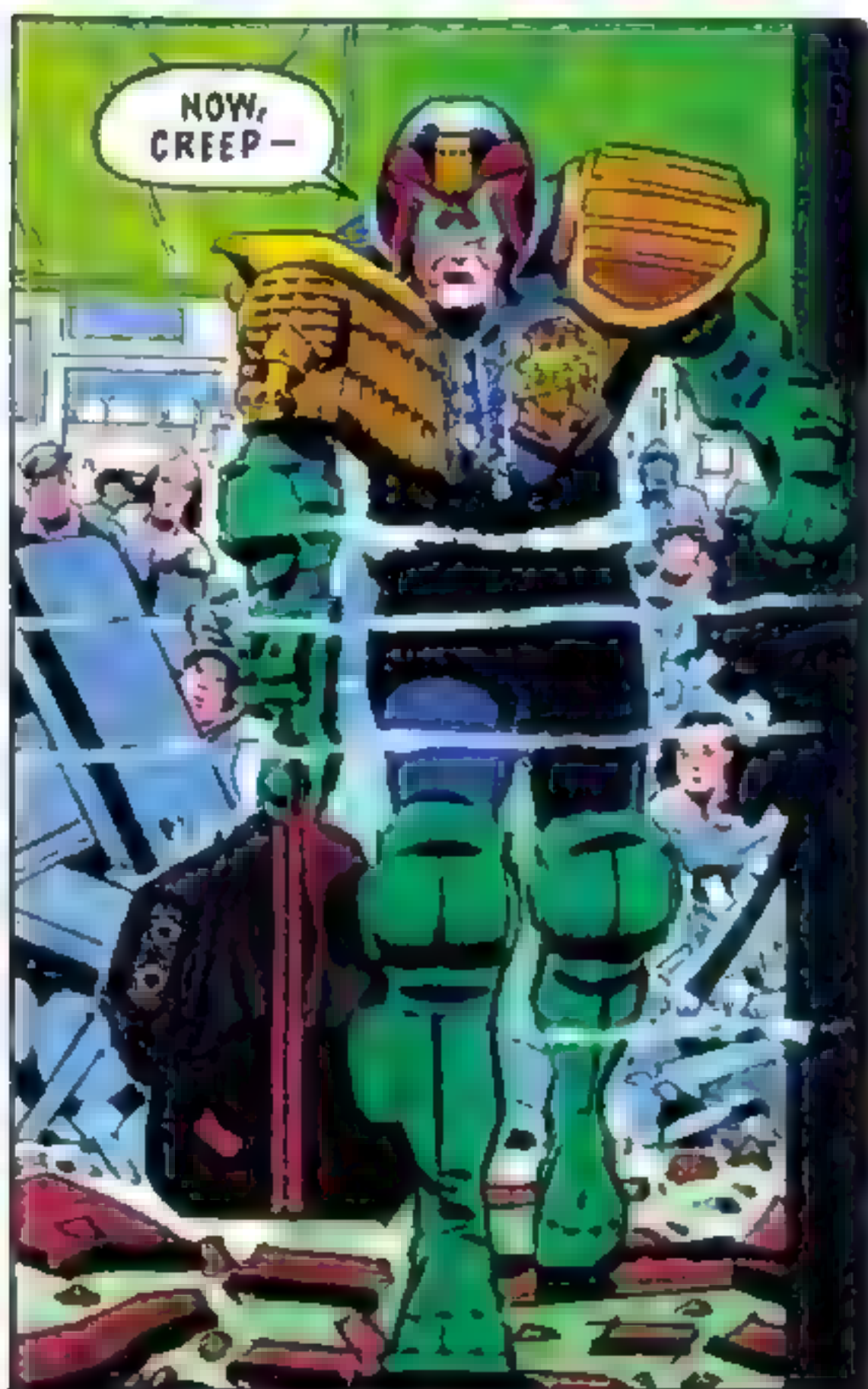
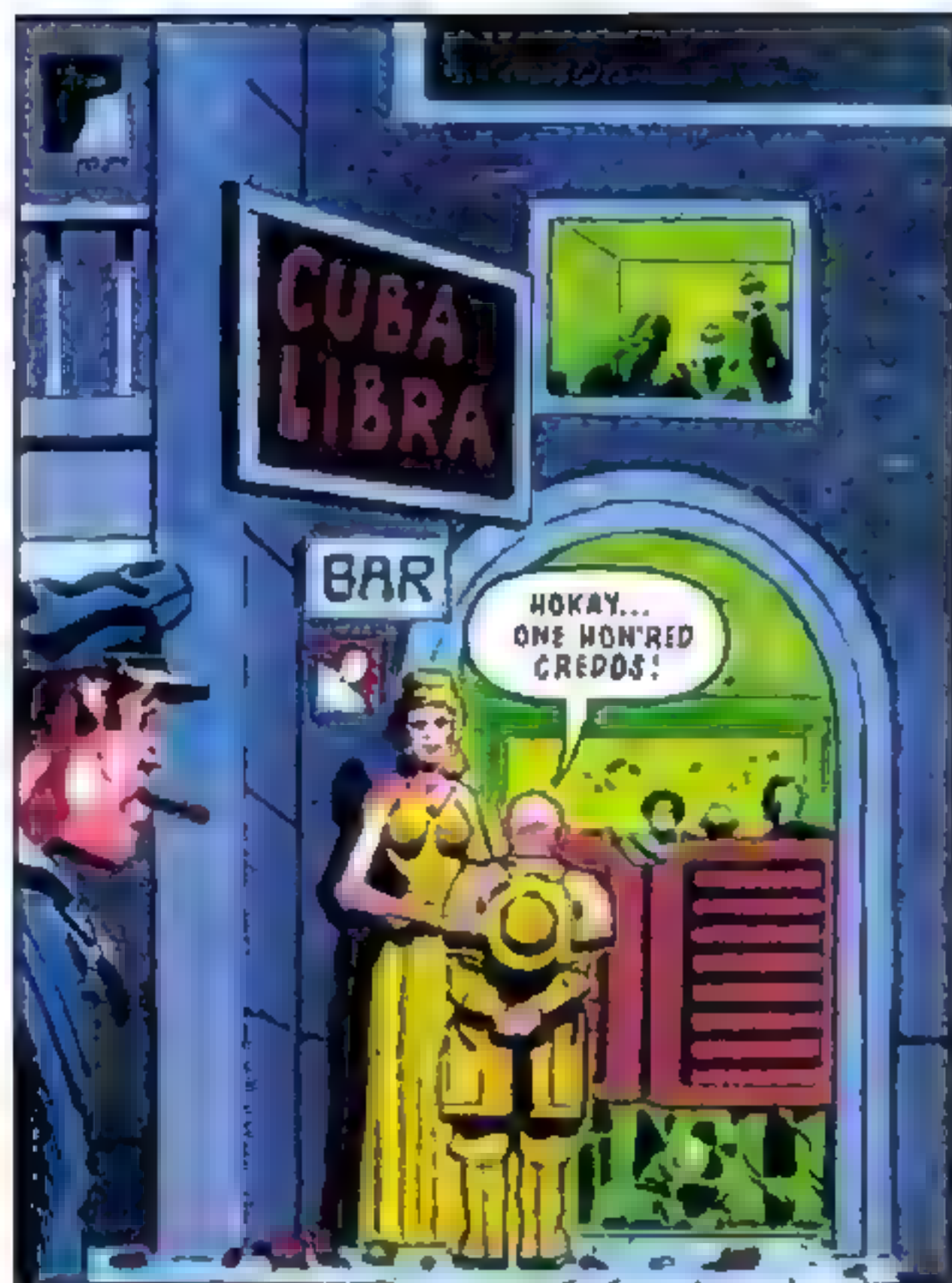




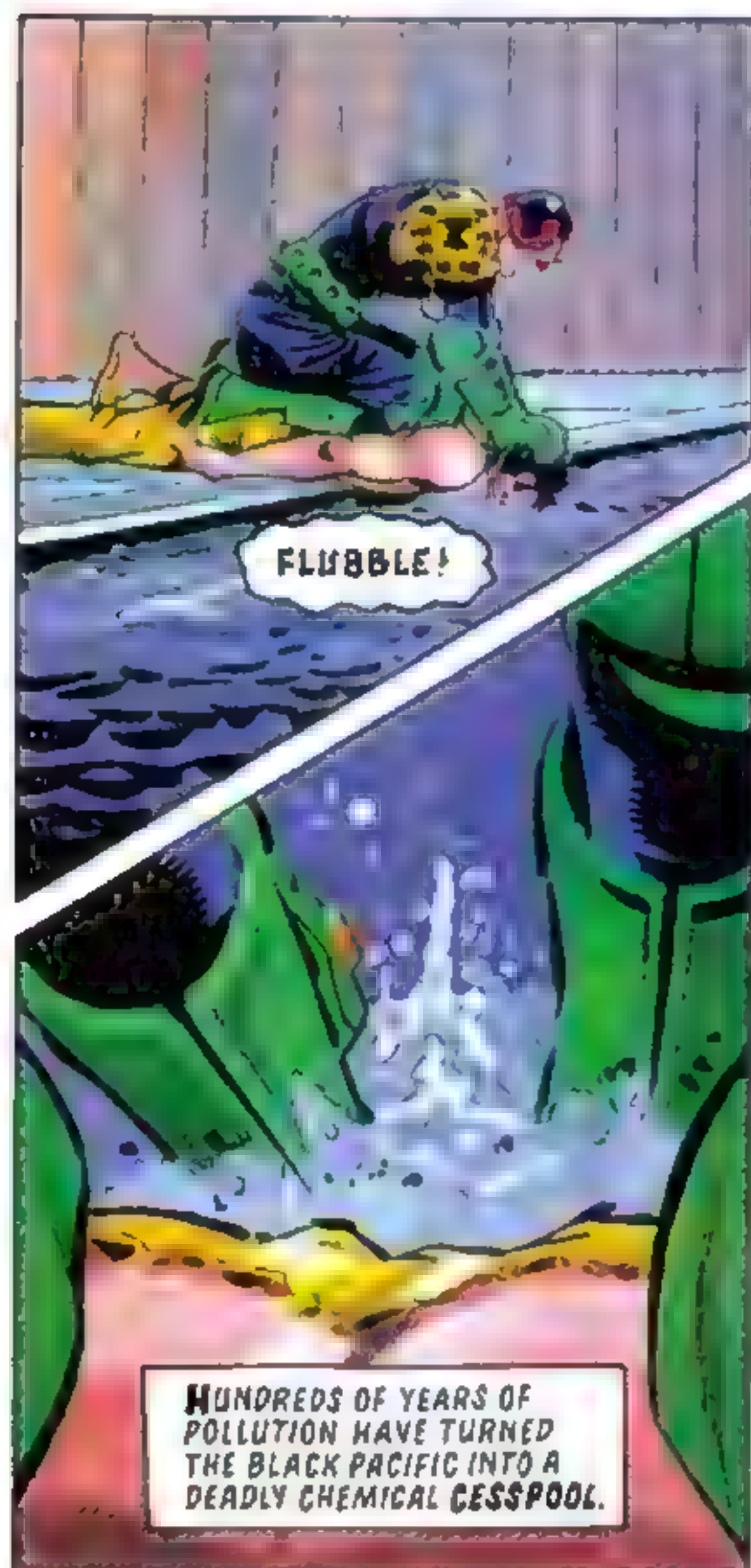
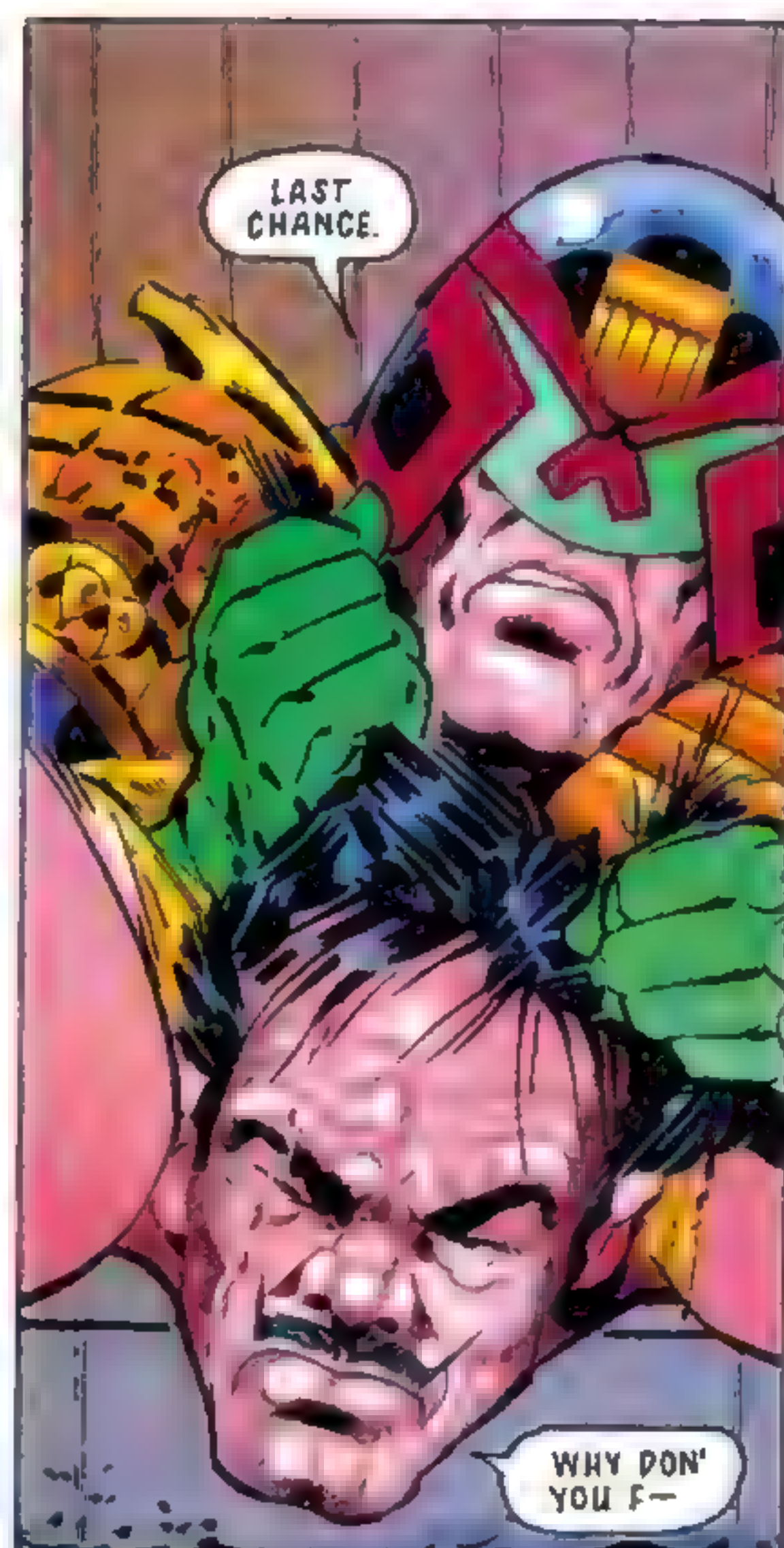




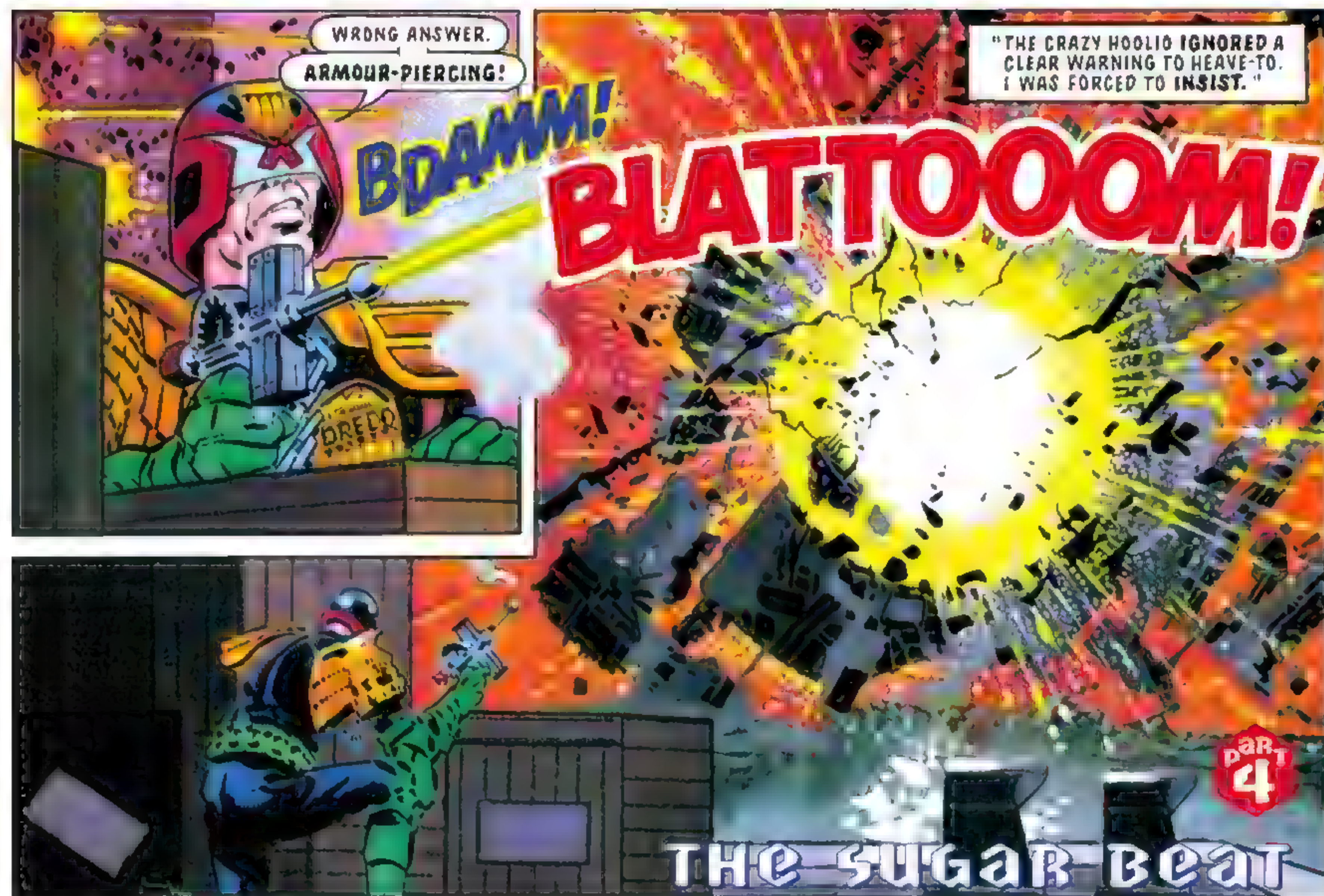




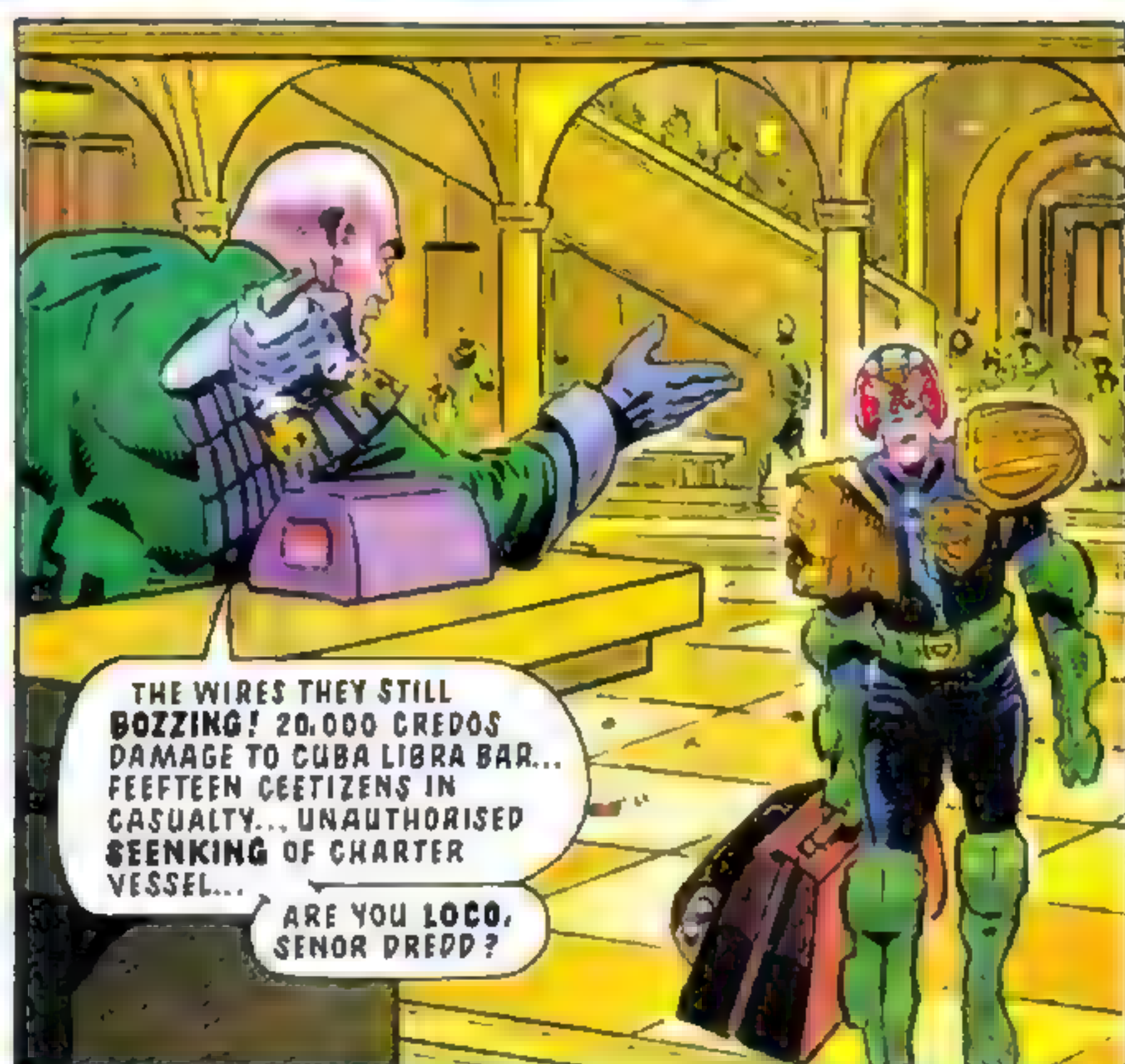




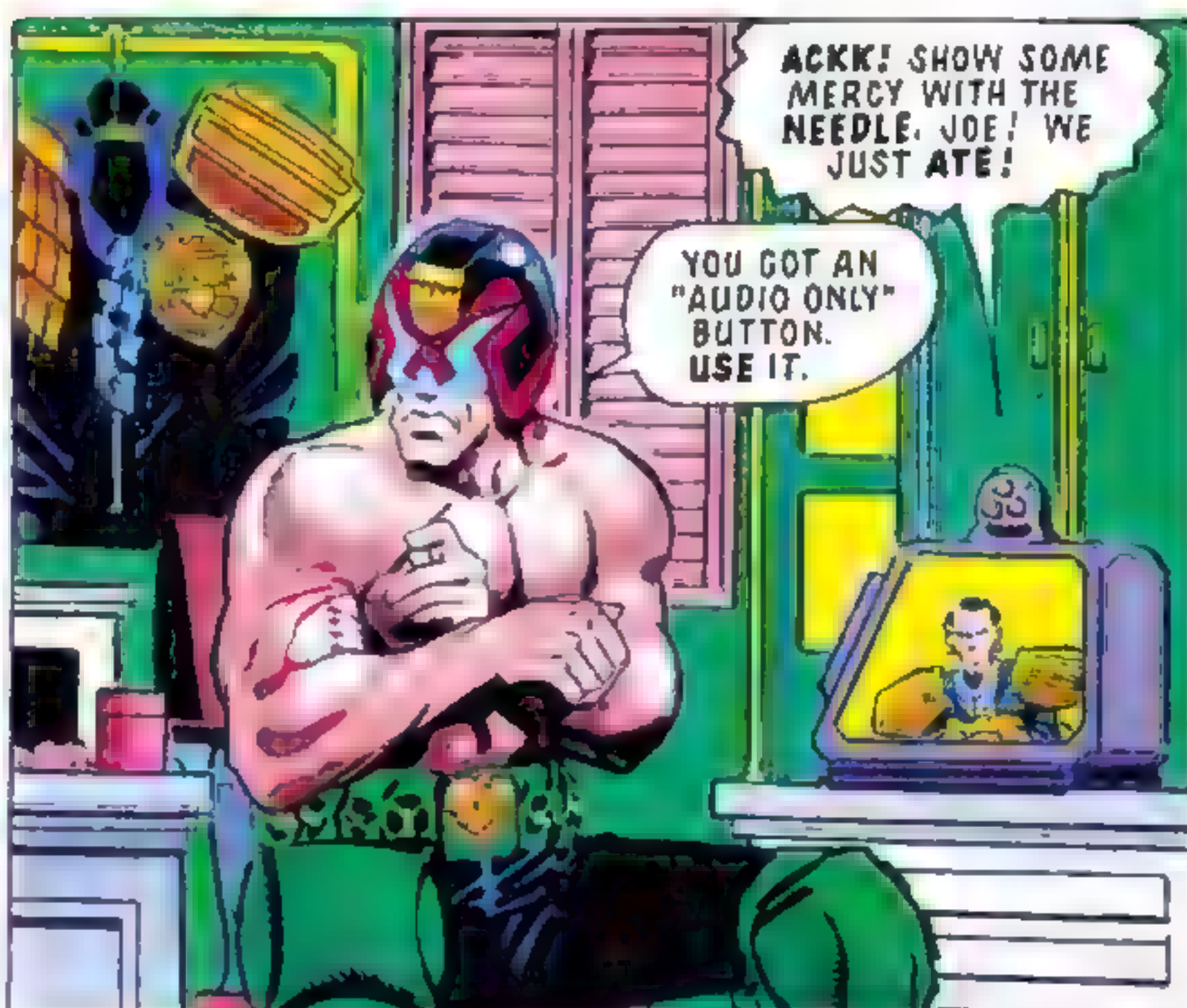
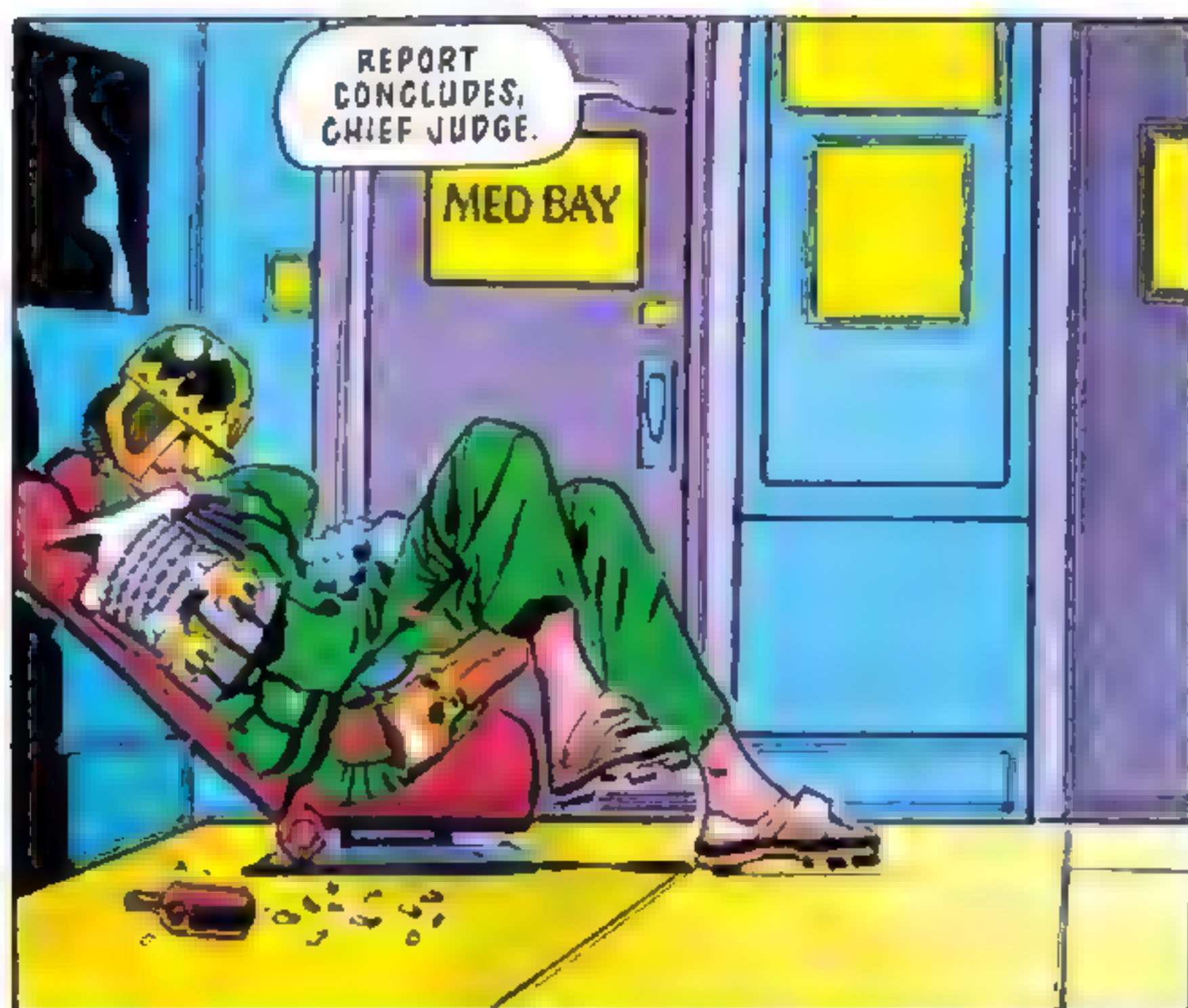




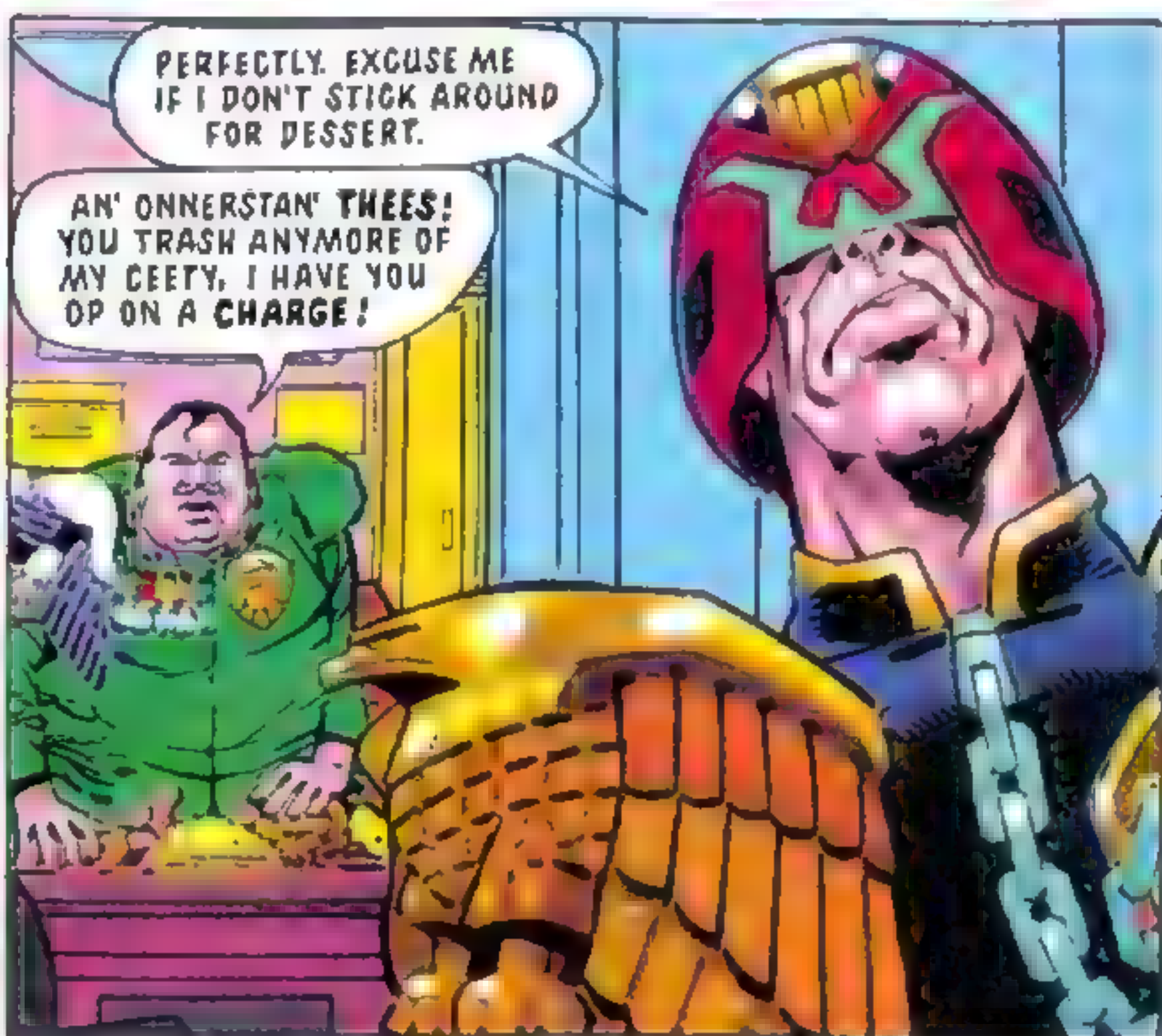
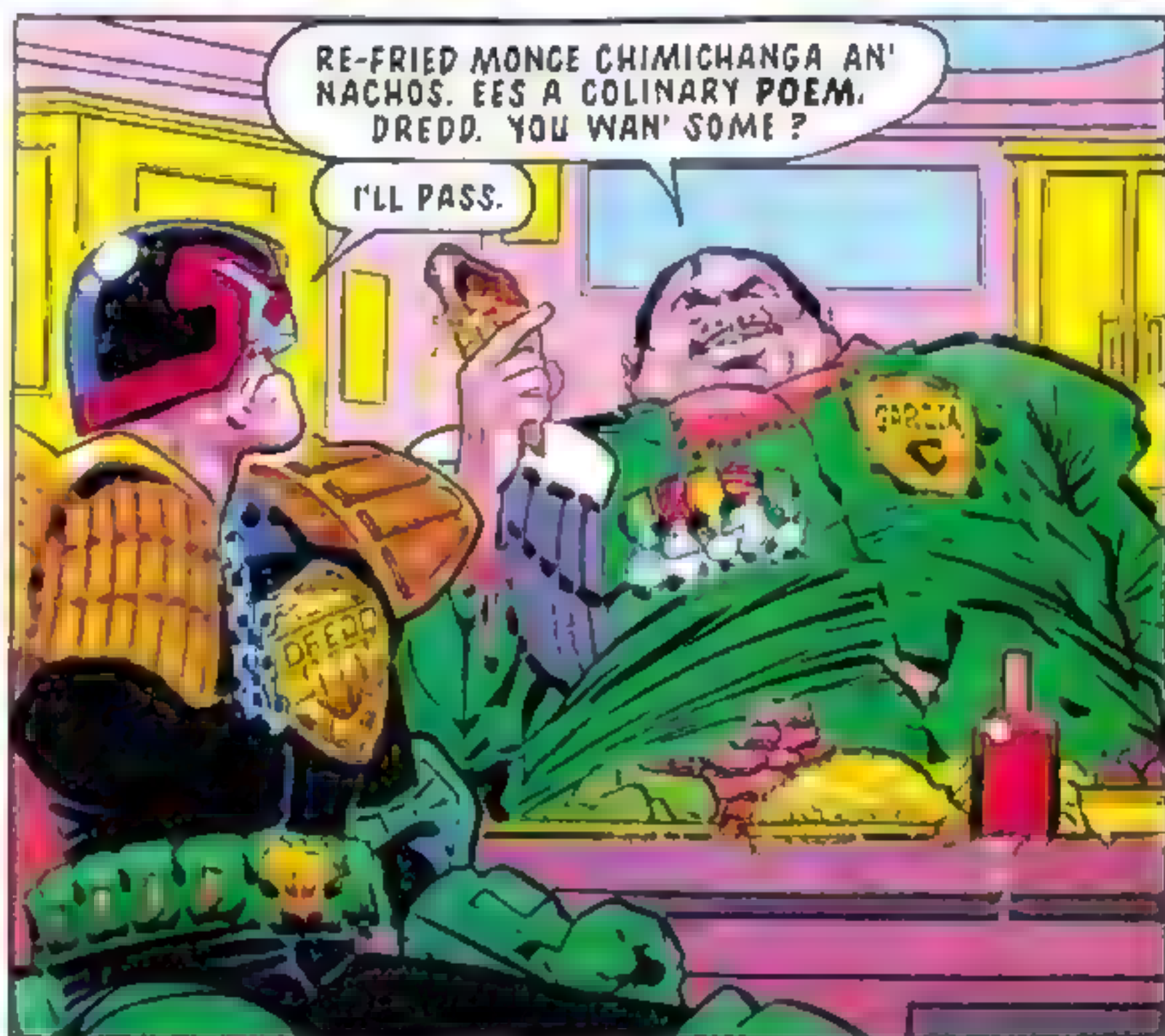
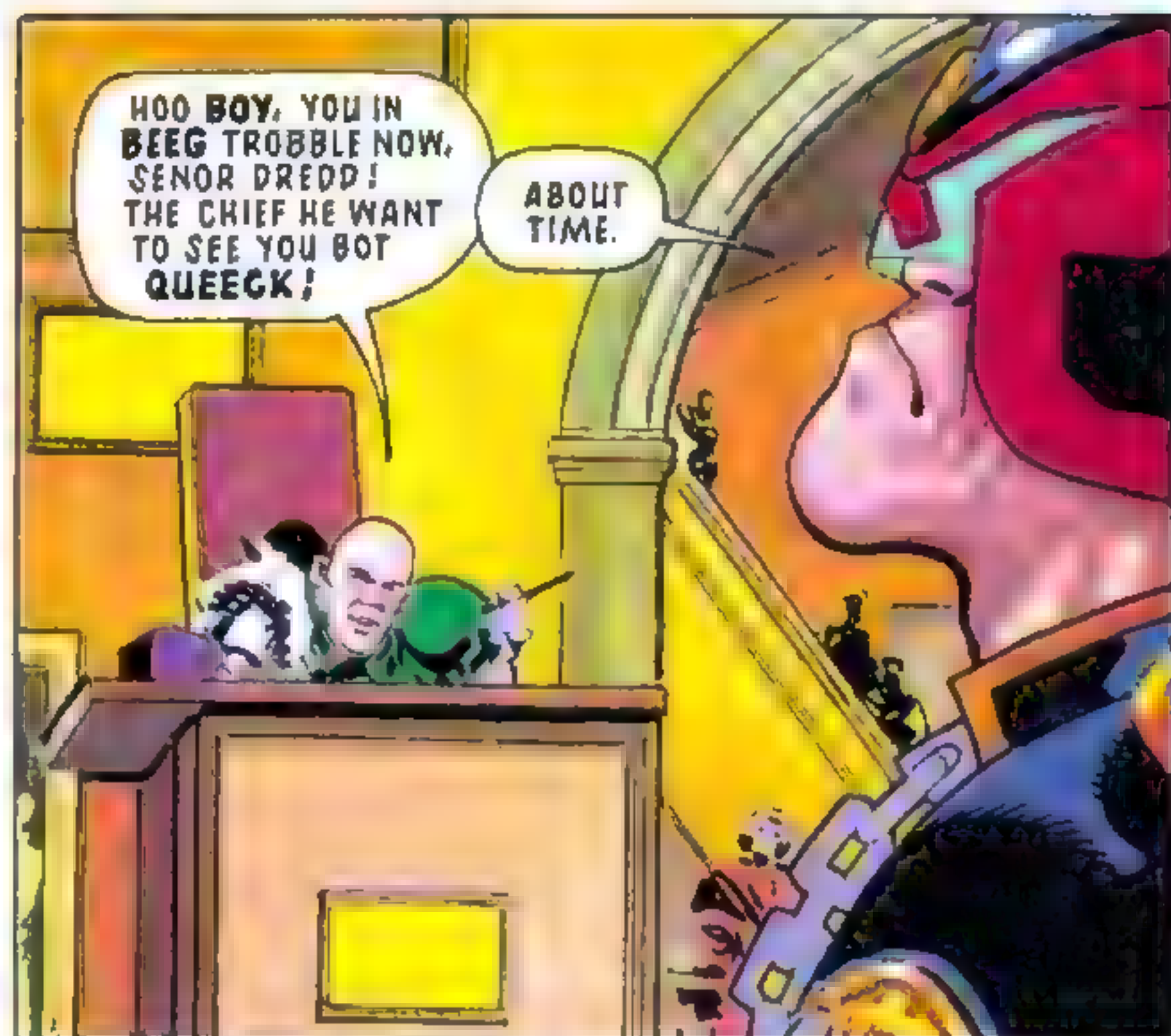




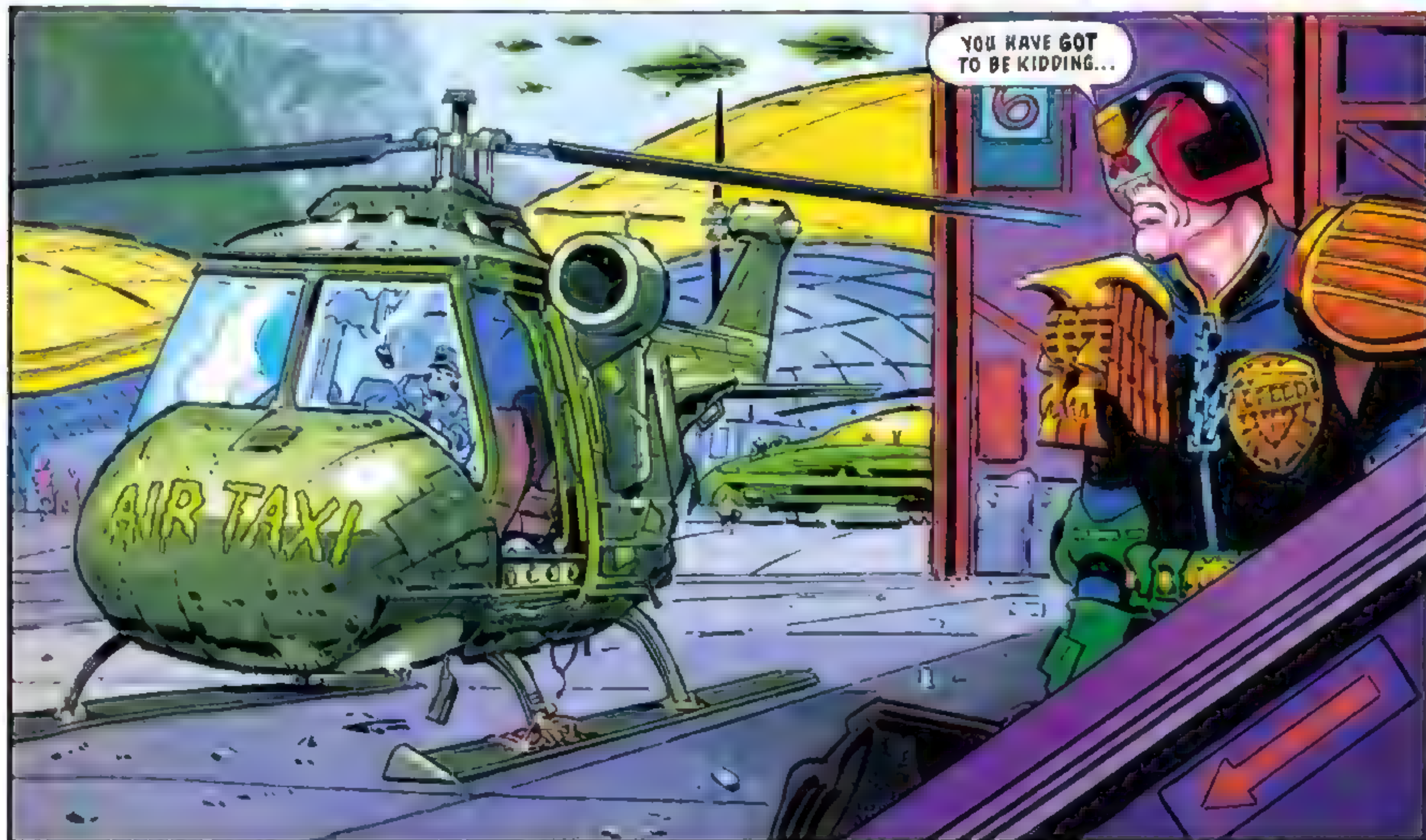


















# JUDGE DREDD

PAN ANDES CONURB; RURAL SECTOR. IN PURSUIT OF AN ILLEGAL SUGAR-SMUGGLING RING, DREDD'S INVESTIGATIONS HAVE TAKEN HIM SOUTH OF THE BORDER. THE PASSAGE HAS BEEN LESS THAN SMOOTH...

**RATCHETA  
RATCHETA!**

MOMENTO, SENOR DREDD.  
SOME OF MY SHEEP,  
SHE FALL OFF...

SHEEP?

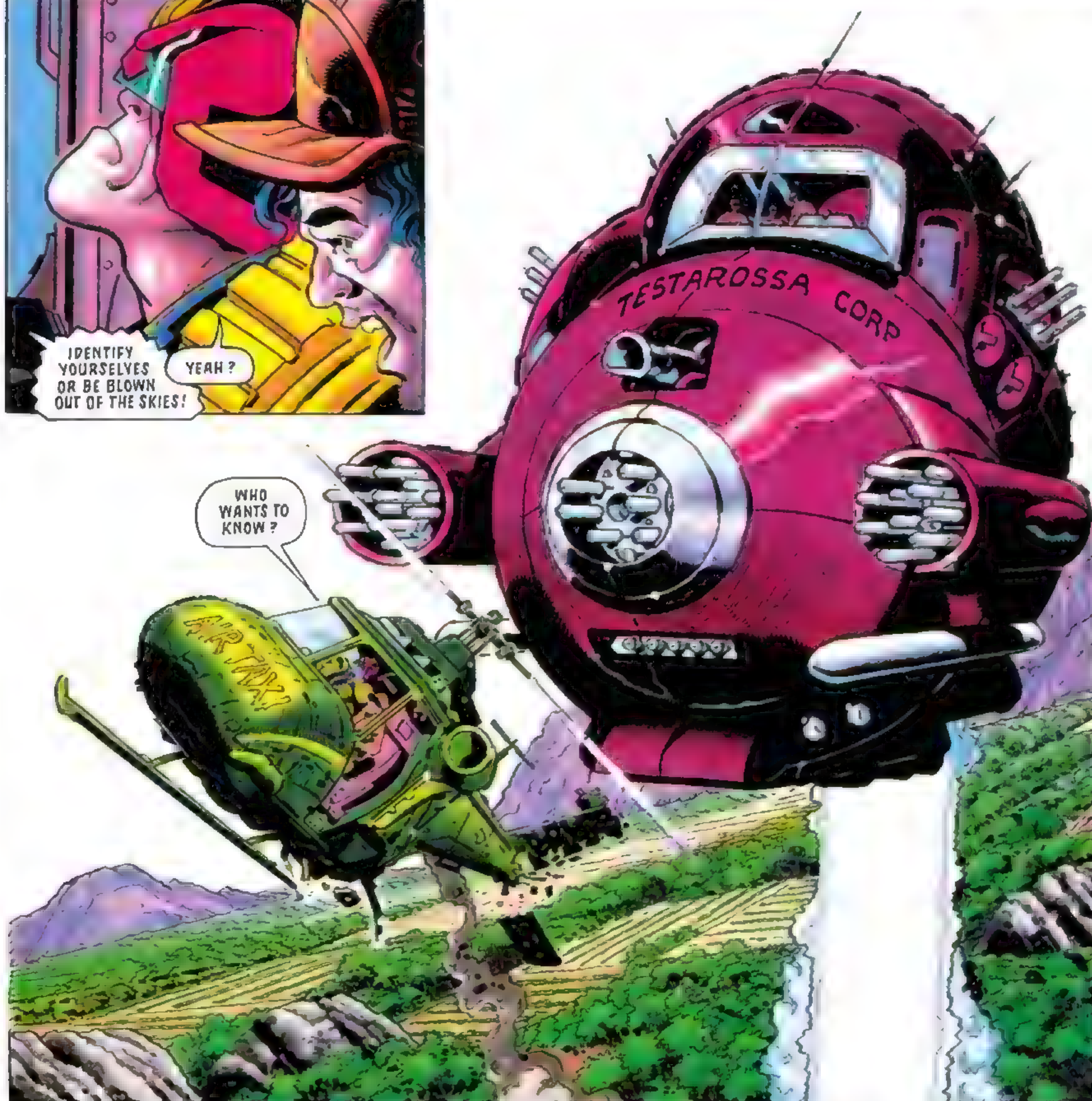
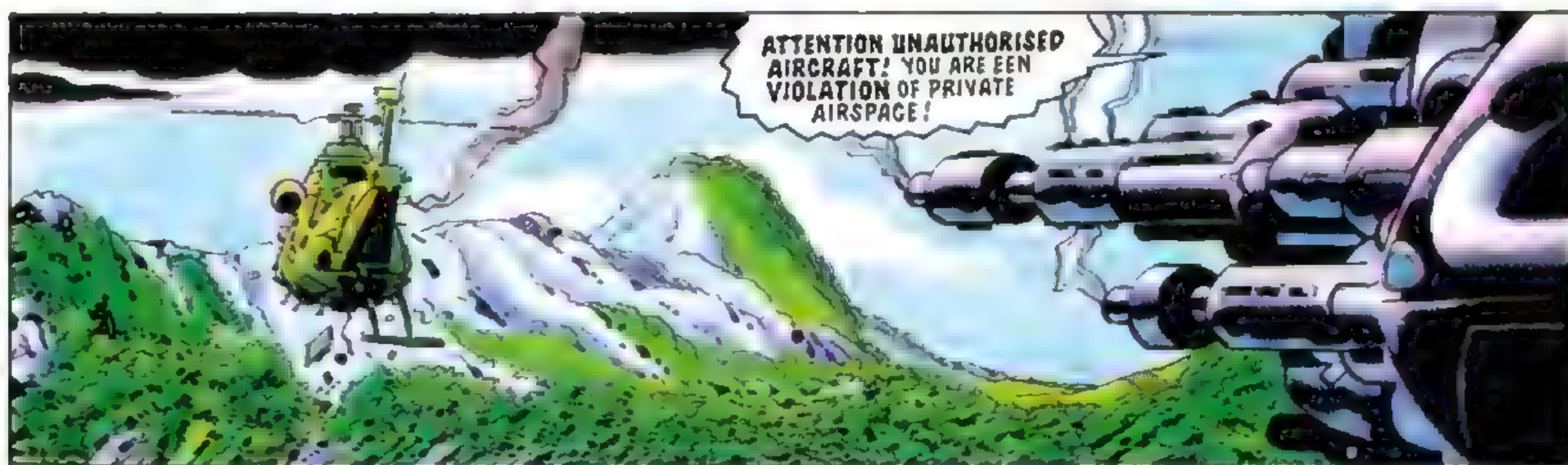
THE SUGAR BEAT

part 5

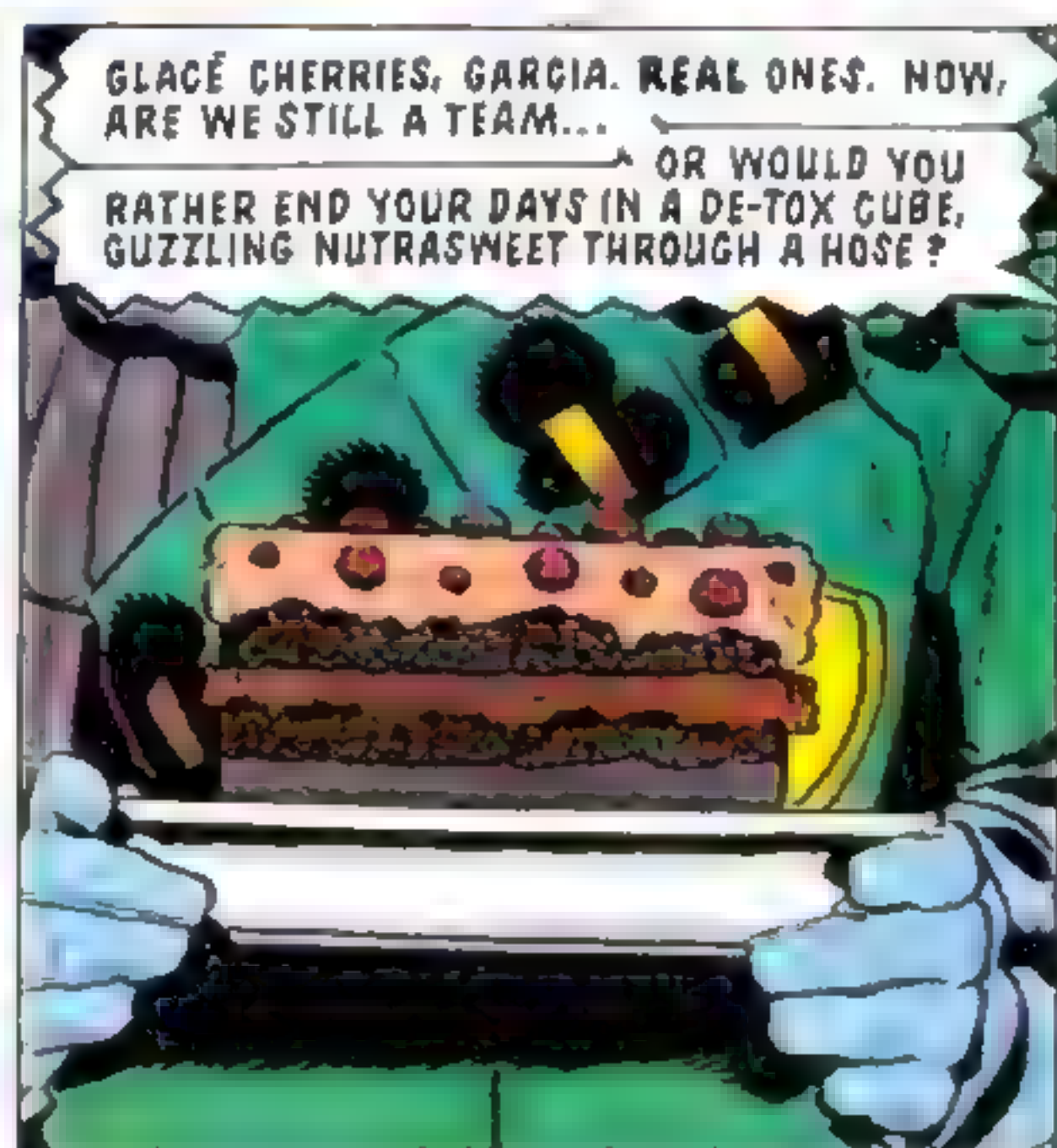
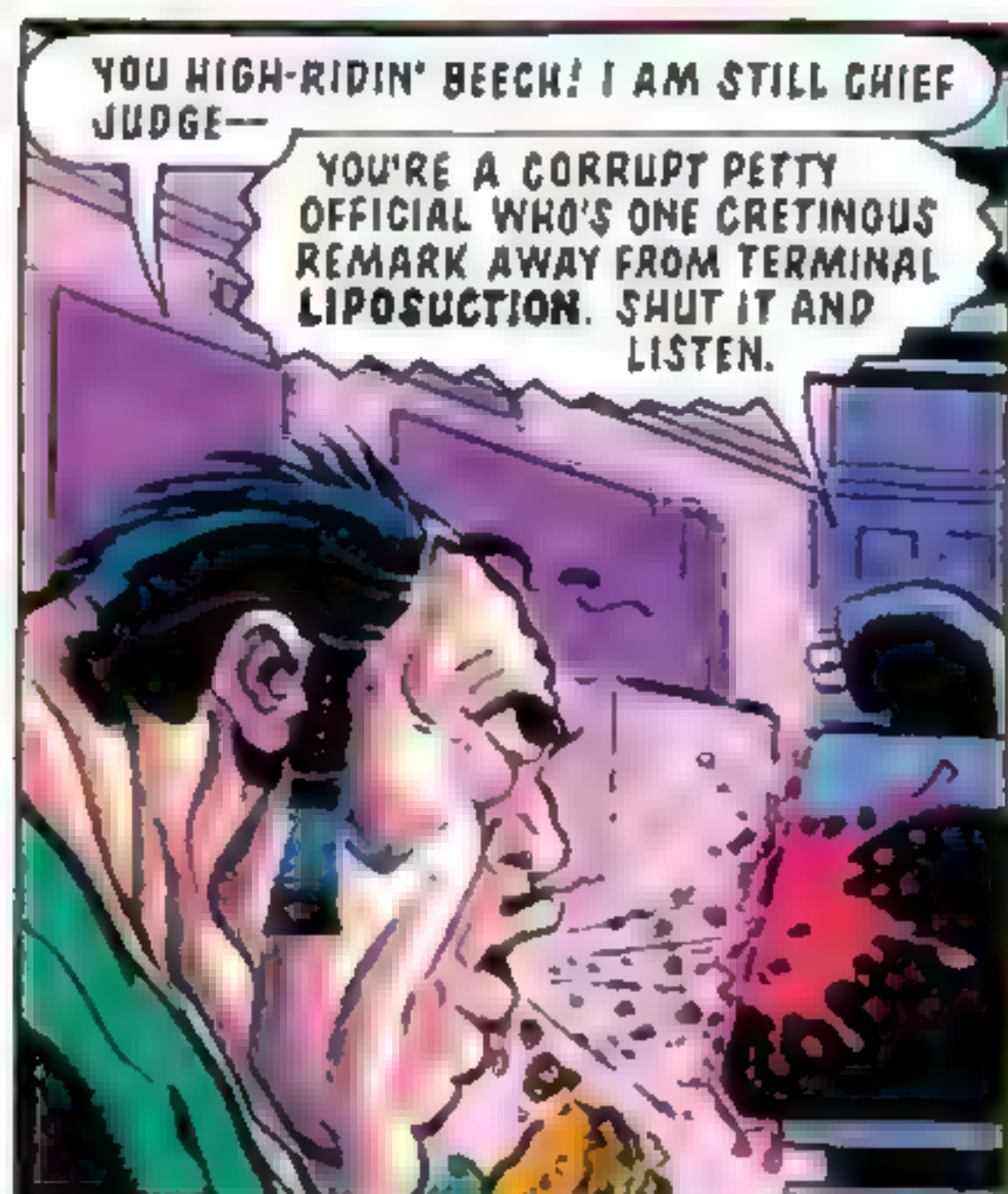
SCRIPT **Sonny Steelgrave**  
ART **Ron Smith  
Steve White**  
LETTERS **Tom Frame**



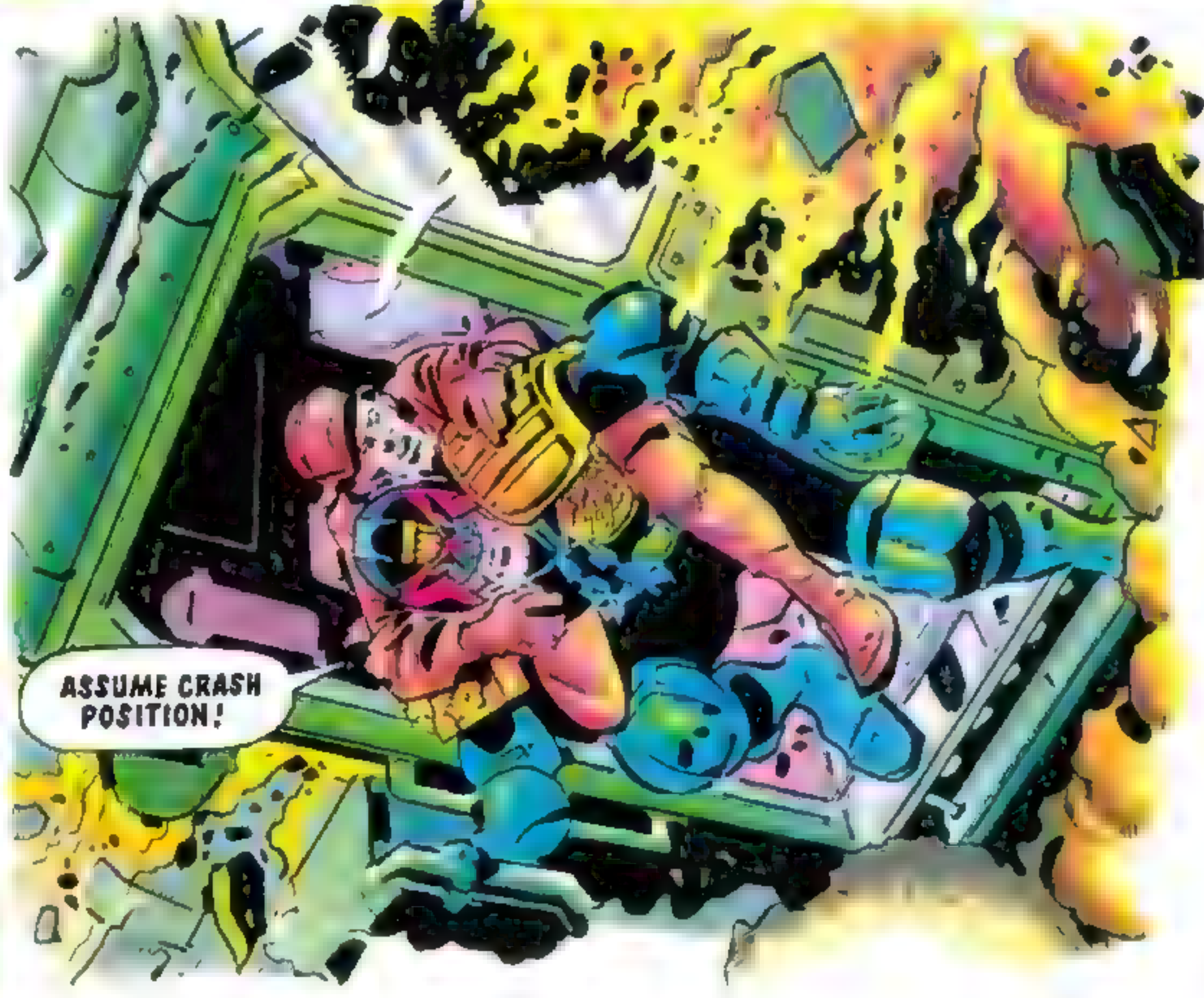
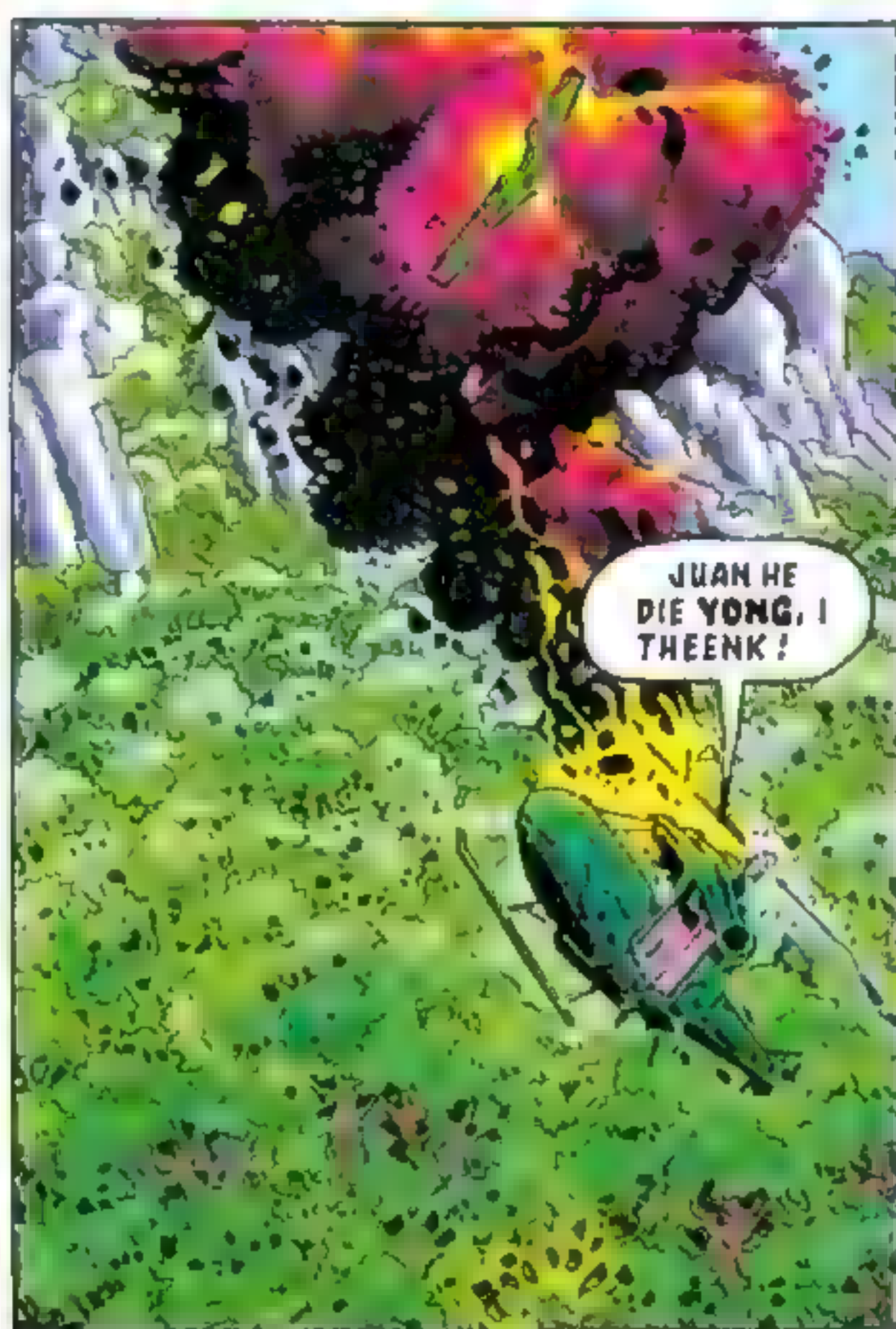
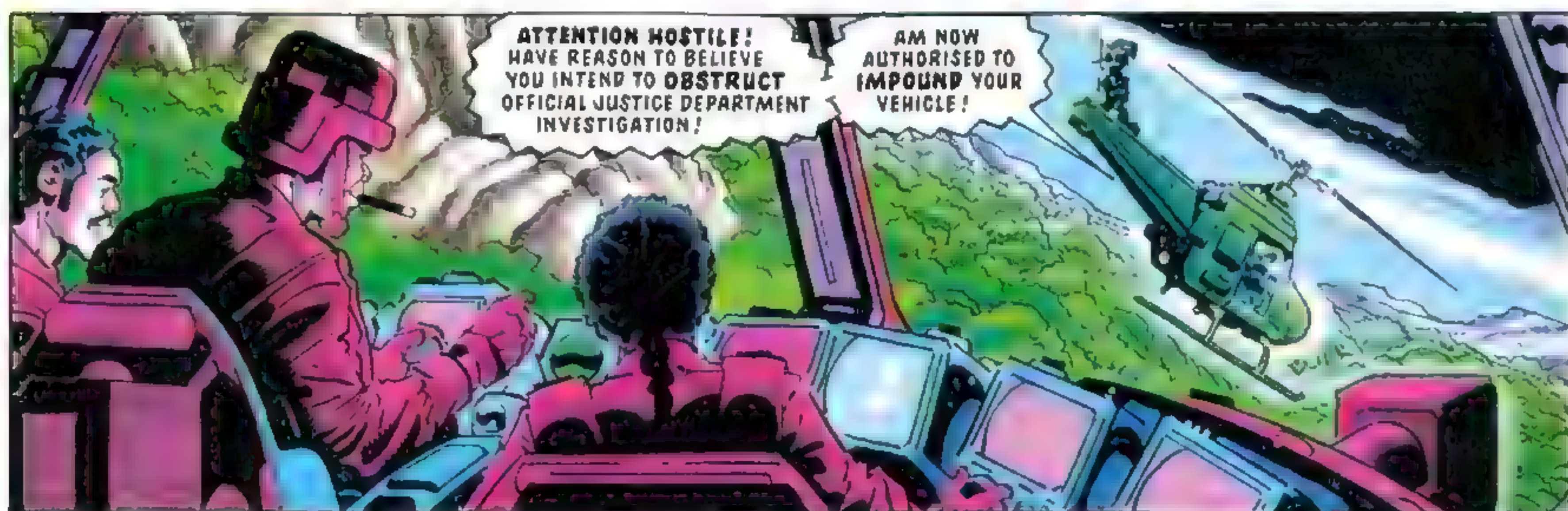












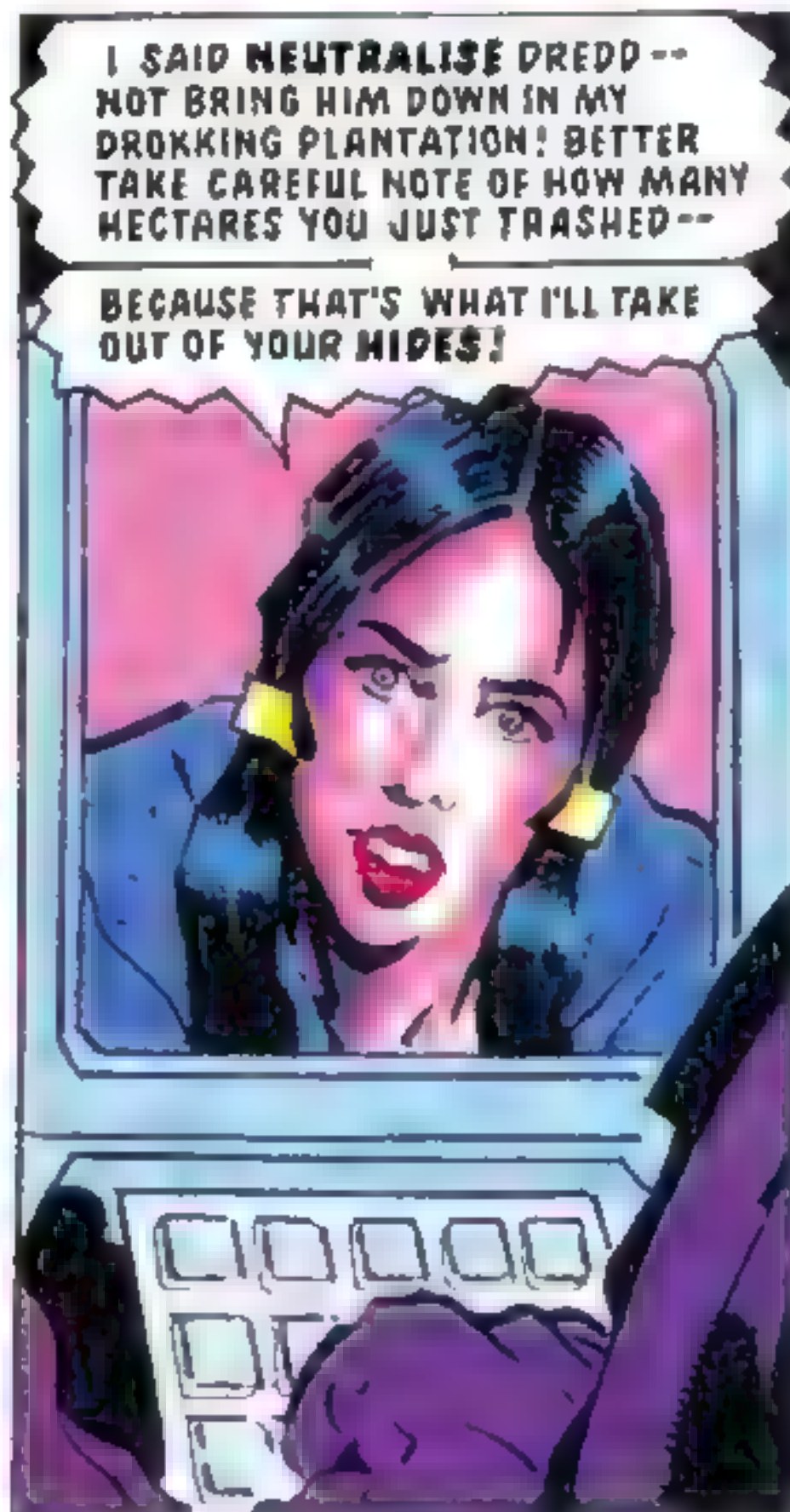




HAHAHAHA! OLE!

GRUD, BUT I LOVE  
THEES JOB!

YOU CRETINS!



I SAID NEUTRALISE DREDD --  
NOT BRING HIM DOWN IN MY  
DROKKING PLANTATION! BETTER  
TAKE CAREFUL NOTE OF HOW MANY  
HECTARES YOU JUST TRASHED --

BECAUSE THAT'S WHAT I'LL TAKE  
OUT OF YOUR HIDES!



"AT LEAST HE'S DEAD. NOTHING  
COULD SURVIVE THAT..."

HHUM.  
H-HHUM



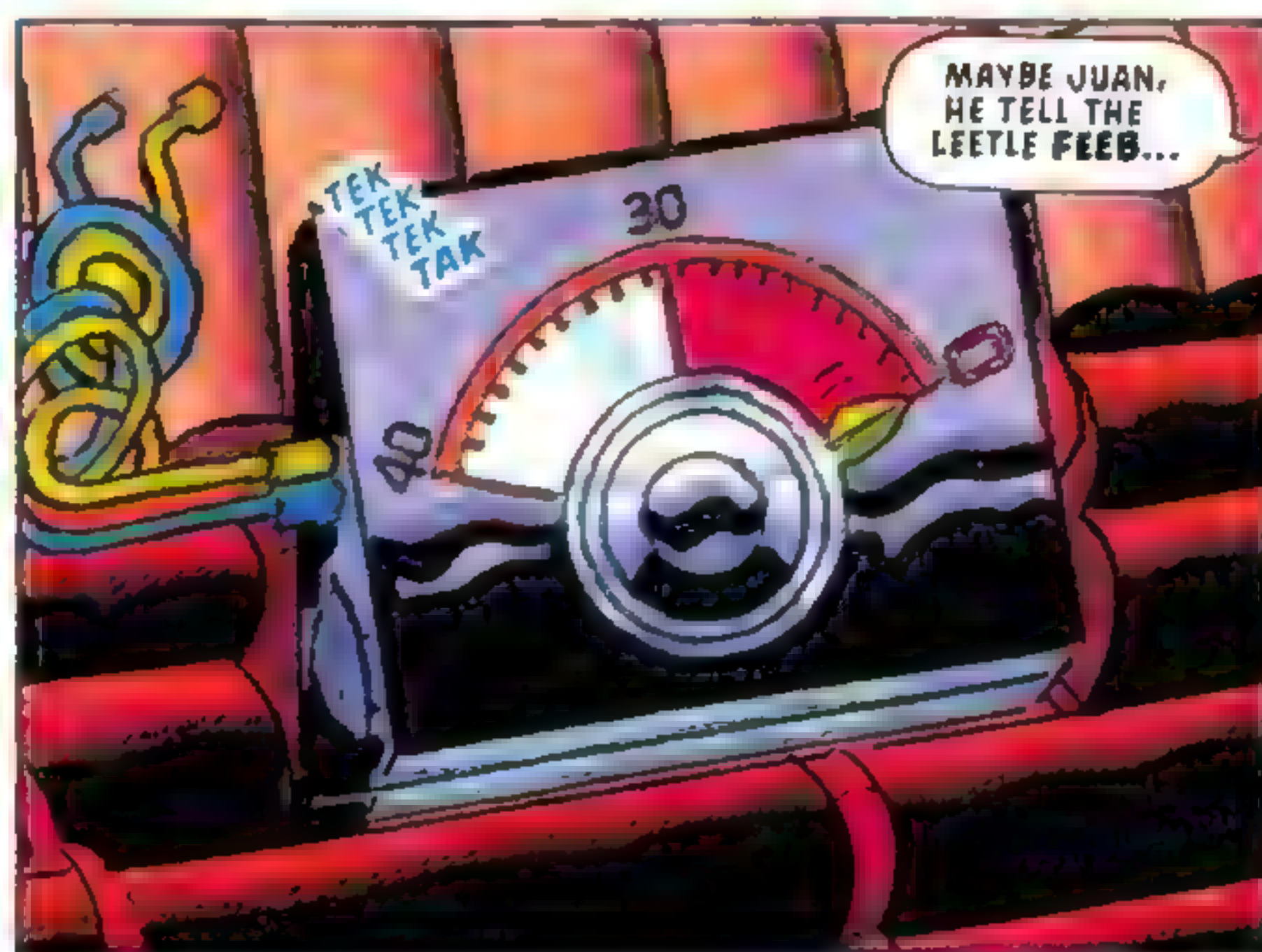
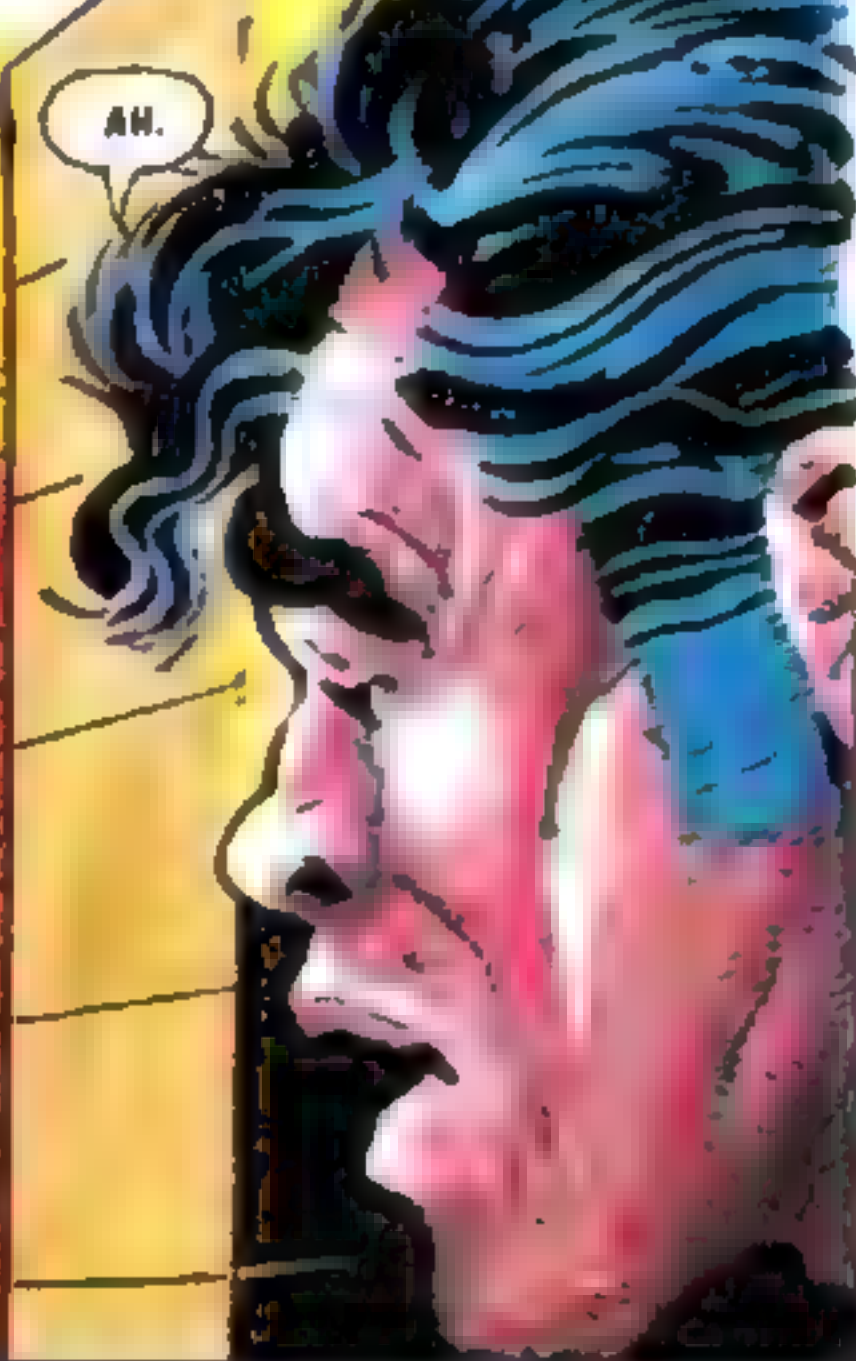
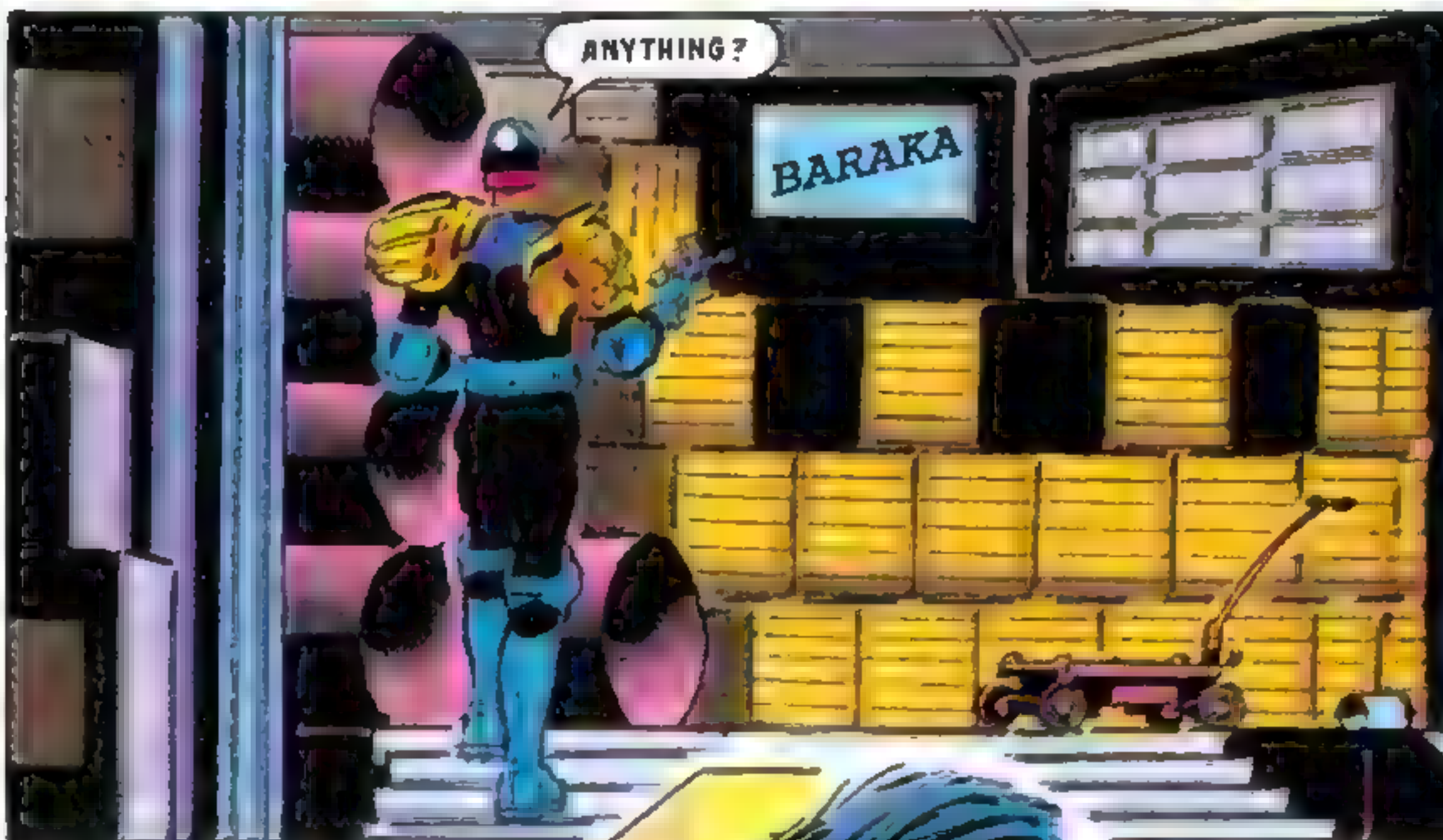
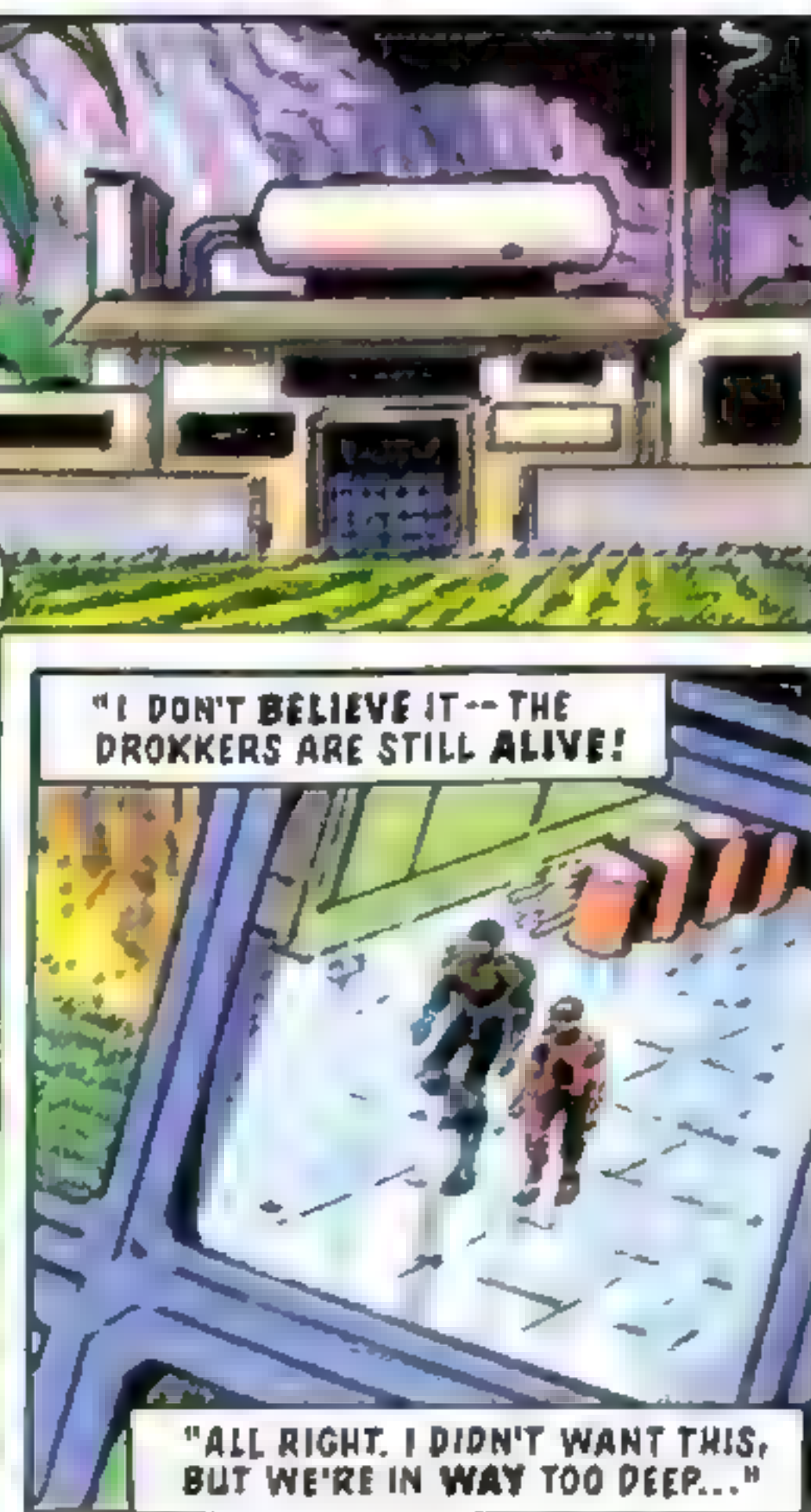
JODGE-?

Koff!!  
J-JODGE DREDD?



HUKK-!



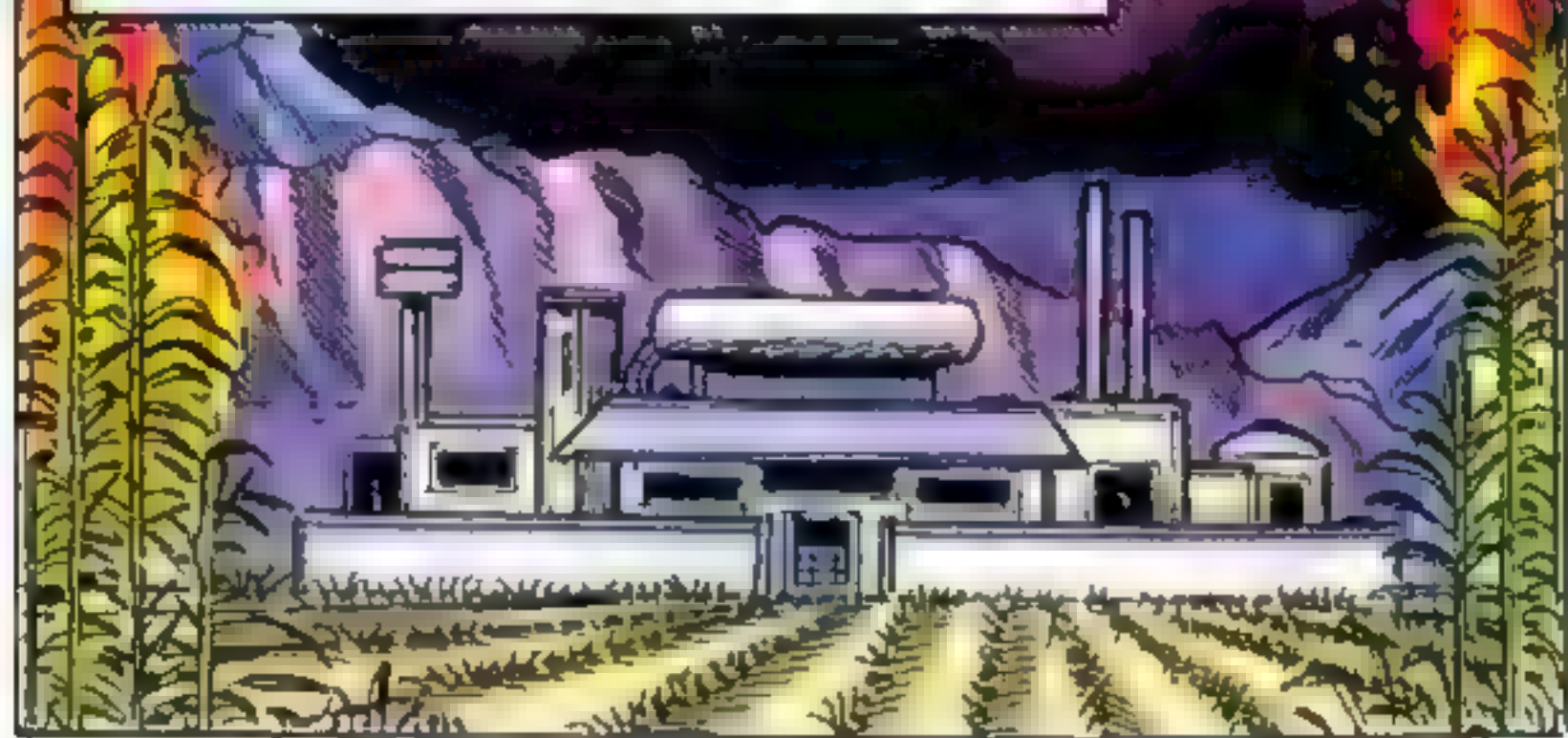




# JUDGE DREDD

PAN ANDES CONURB; RURAL SECTOR.  
AN ILLEGAL SUGAR REFINERY OWNED BY  
THE TESTAROSSA CORP.

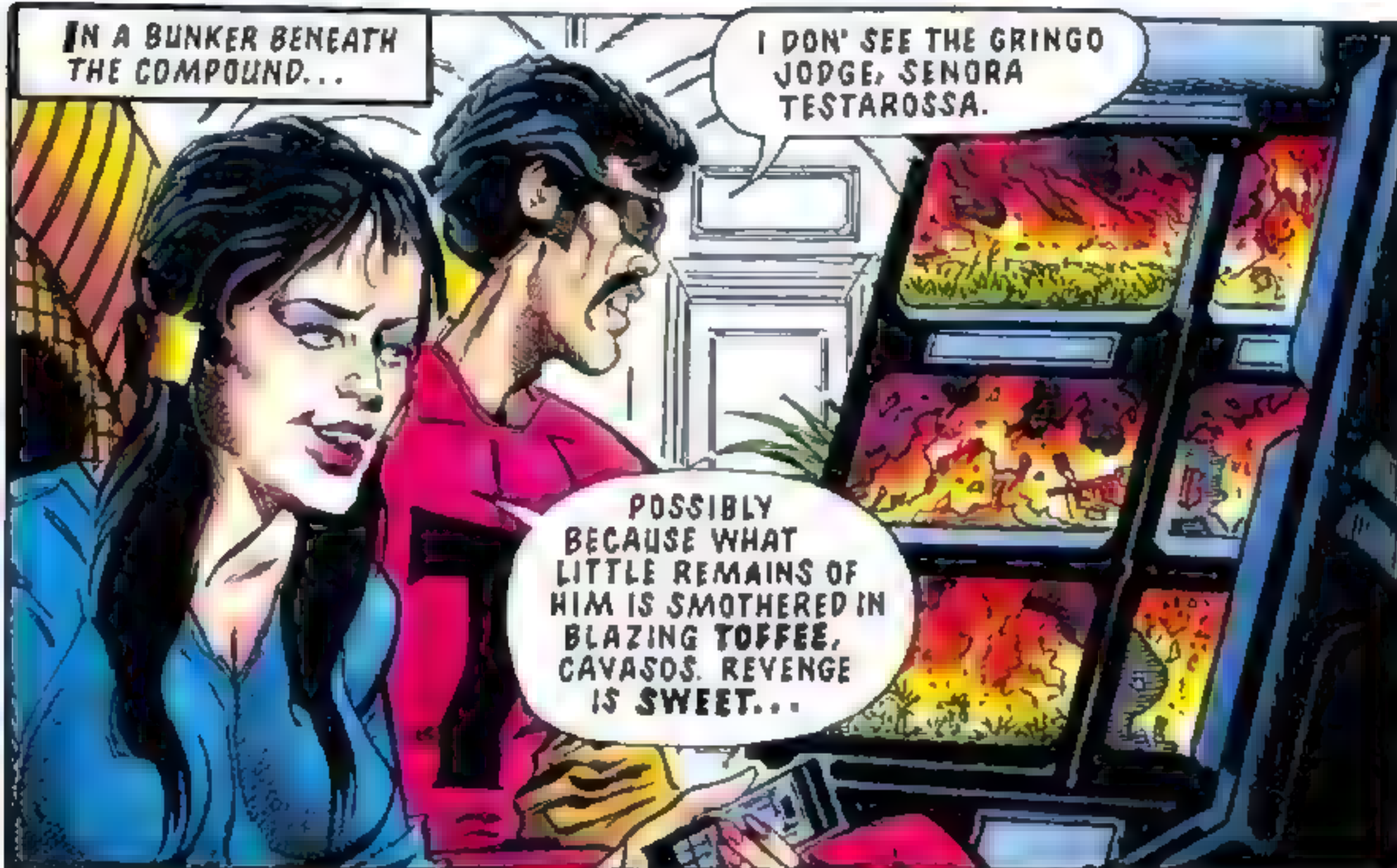
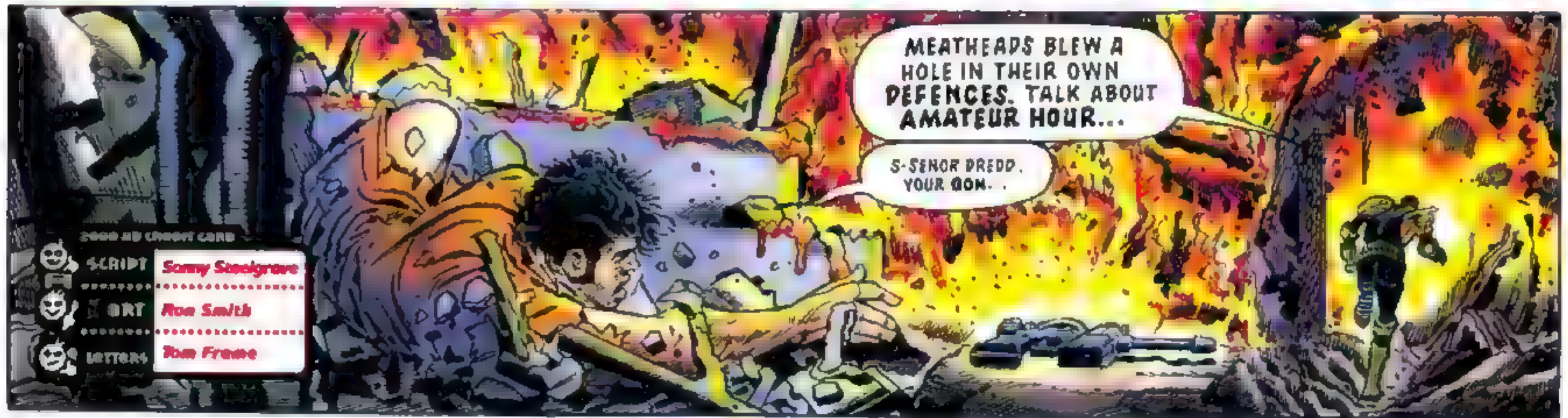
INSIDE IS JUDGE DREDD, DESPATCHED  
SOUTH OF THE BORDER TO INVESTIGATE...



UNFORTUNATELY, BOTH DREDD AND  
NUMEROUS KILOS OF CRUCIAL EVIDENCE  
ARE ABOUT TO BE VERY SERIOUSLY  
CARAMELISED.



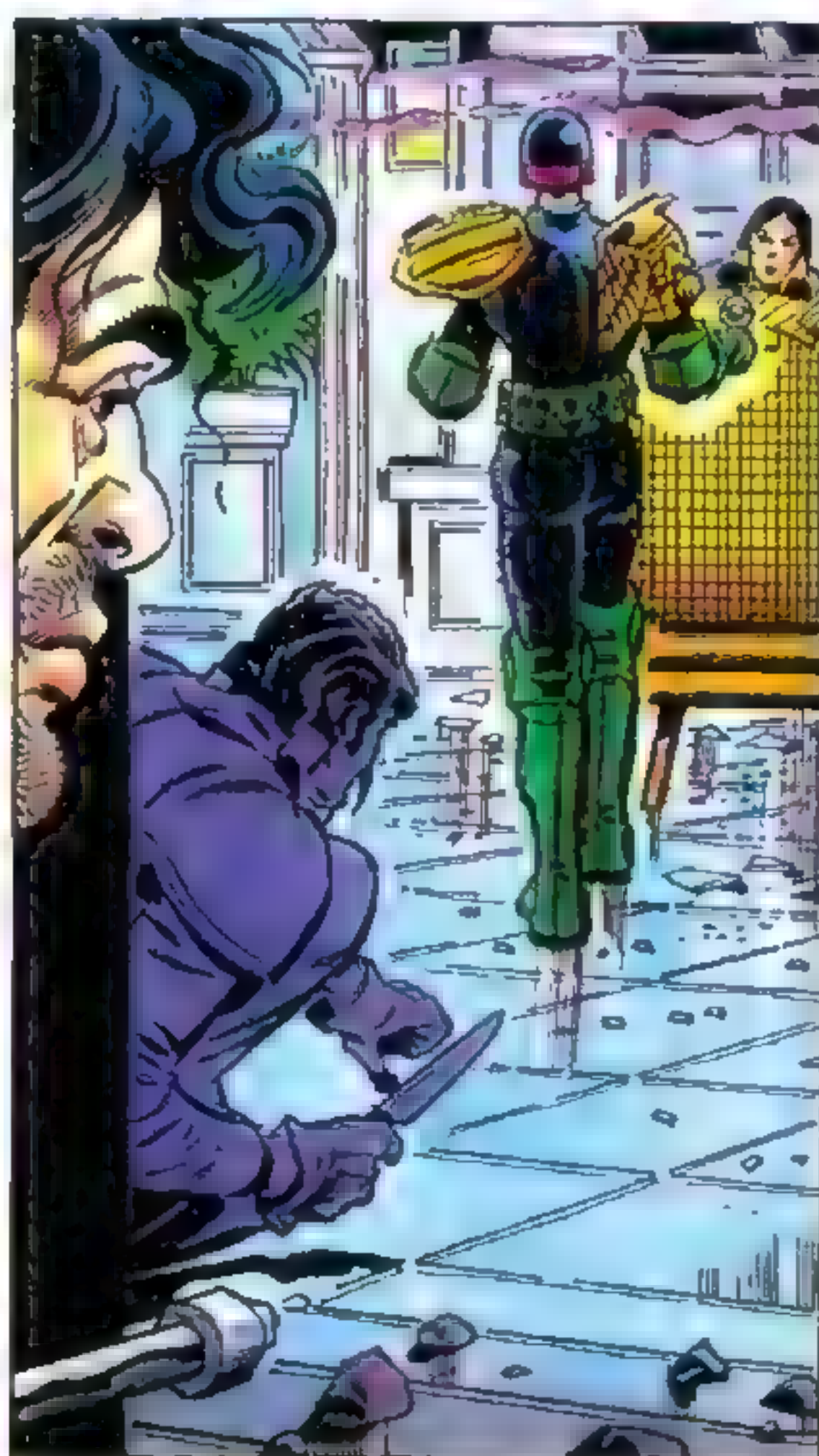
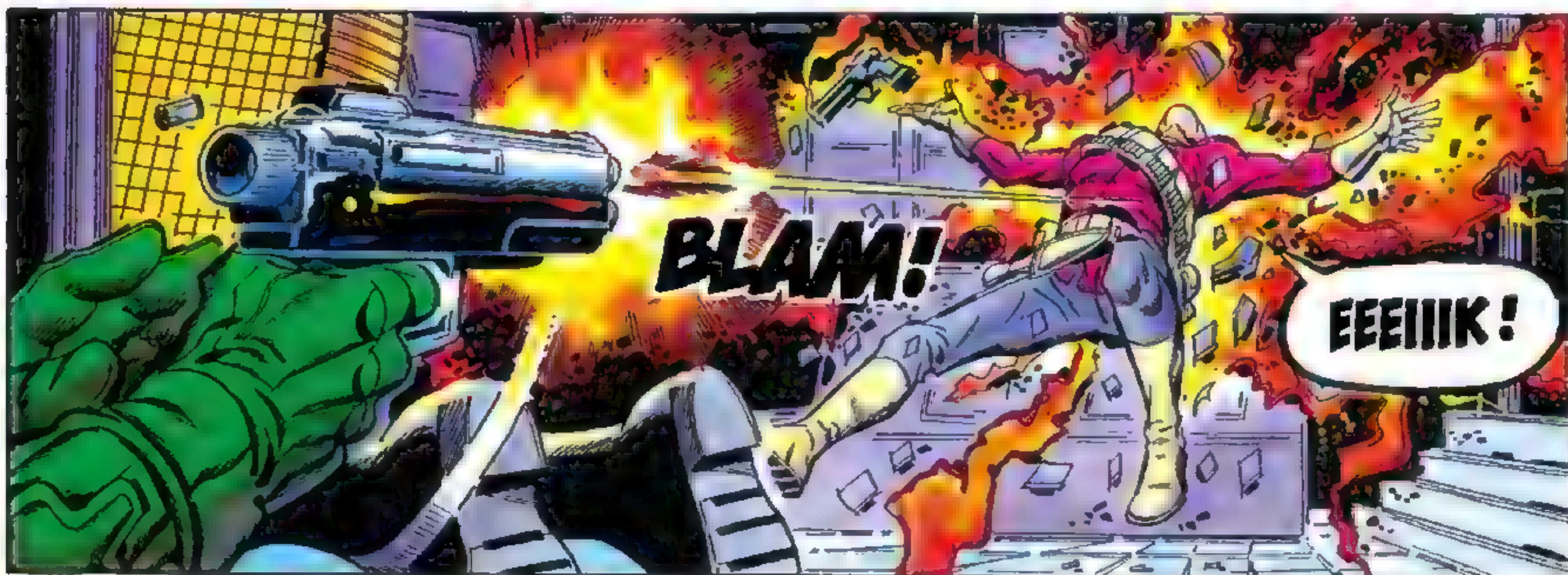
# FRA-CHA-BOOM!



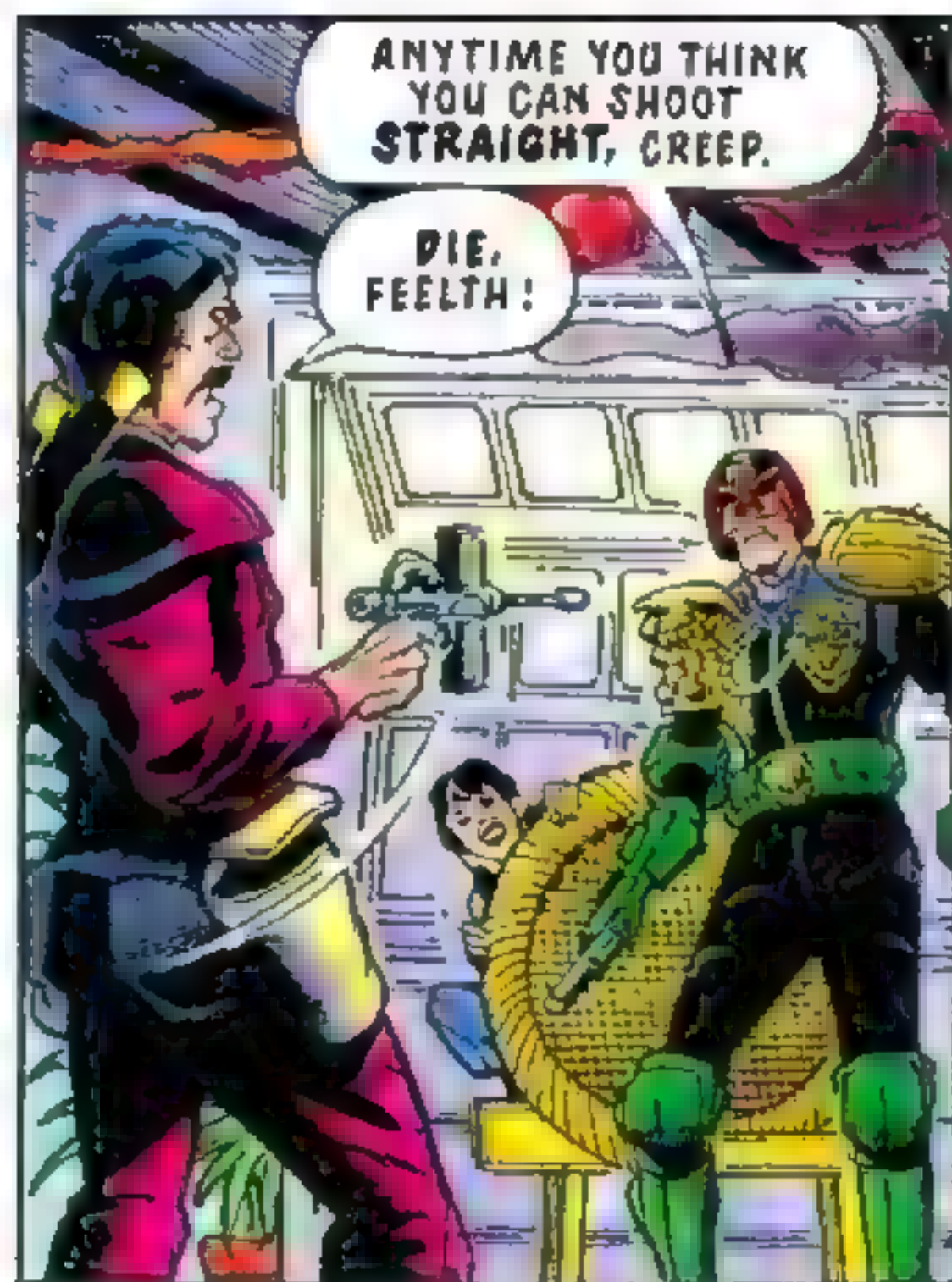












ANYTIME YOU THINK  
YOU CAN SHOOT  
STRAIGHT, CREEP.

DIE,  
FEELTH!



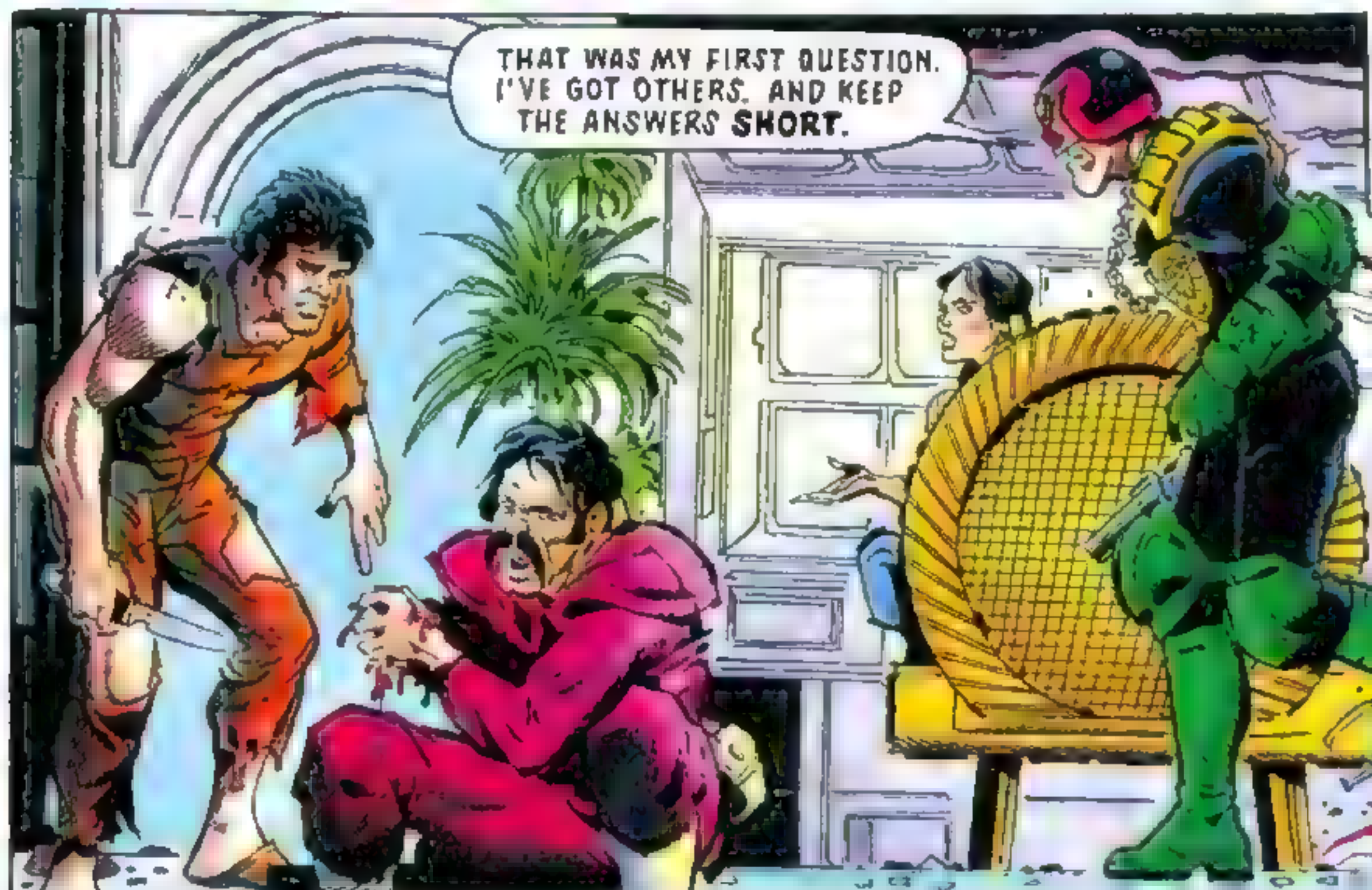
EEEEGH!

JUSTICE DEPT. LAWGIVERS ARE PALM-PRINTED  
TO GUARD AGAINST UNAUTHORISED USE...



A PETTY  
VICTORY, PIG.  
YOU CAN'T  
ARREST ME.

PERHAPS YOU  
ARE ACQUAINTED  
WITH MY FAMILY?  
I AM SENORA  
CORNELIA ELENA  
ISABELLA VITTORIA  
JOSELITA ALEXANDRIA  
TESTAROSSA!



THAT WAS MY FIRST QUESTION.  
I'VE GOT OTHERS. AND KEEP  
THE ANSWERS SHORT.



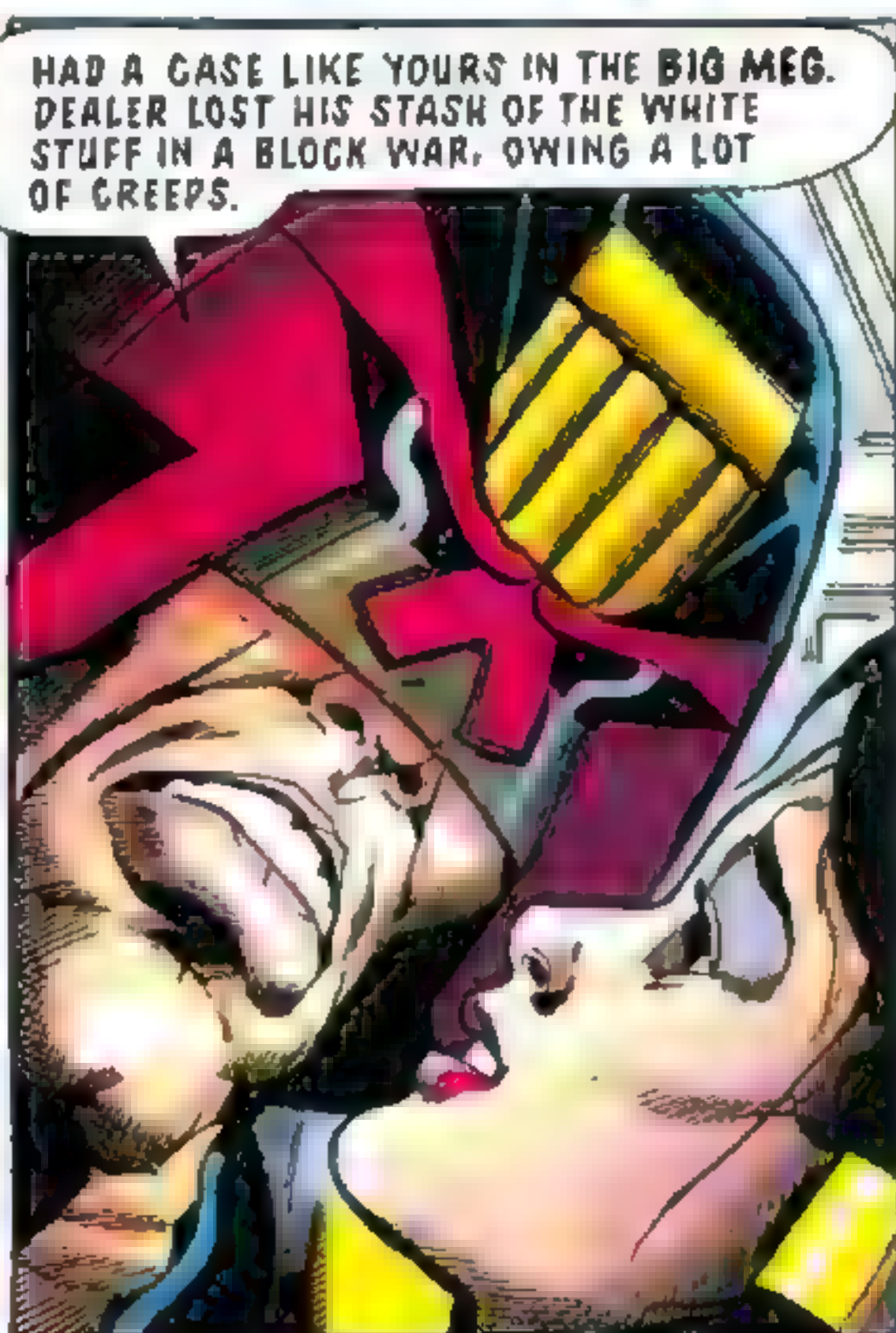
FIRST OFF, RELAX. I'M NOT GOING TO  
ARREST YOU. YOUR FREIGHTER SANK  
WITHOUT TRACE\* AND YOU'VE  
CONVENIENTLY TORCHED THE REST OF  
THE EVIDENCE. I'D NEVER MAKE  
IT STICK.

\*THARGNOTE: PROG 876



OF COURSE, YOUR CLIENTS  
MAY BE LESS FORGIVING.

WHAT?



HAD A CASE LIKE YOURS IN THE BIG MEG.  
DEALER LOST HIS STASH OF THE WHITE  
STUFF IN A BLOCK WAR, OWING A LOT  
OF CREEPS.

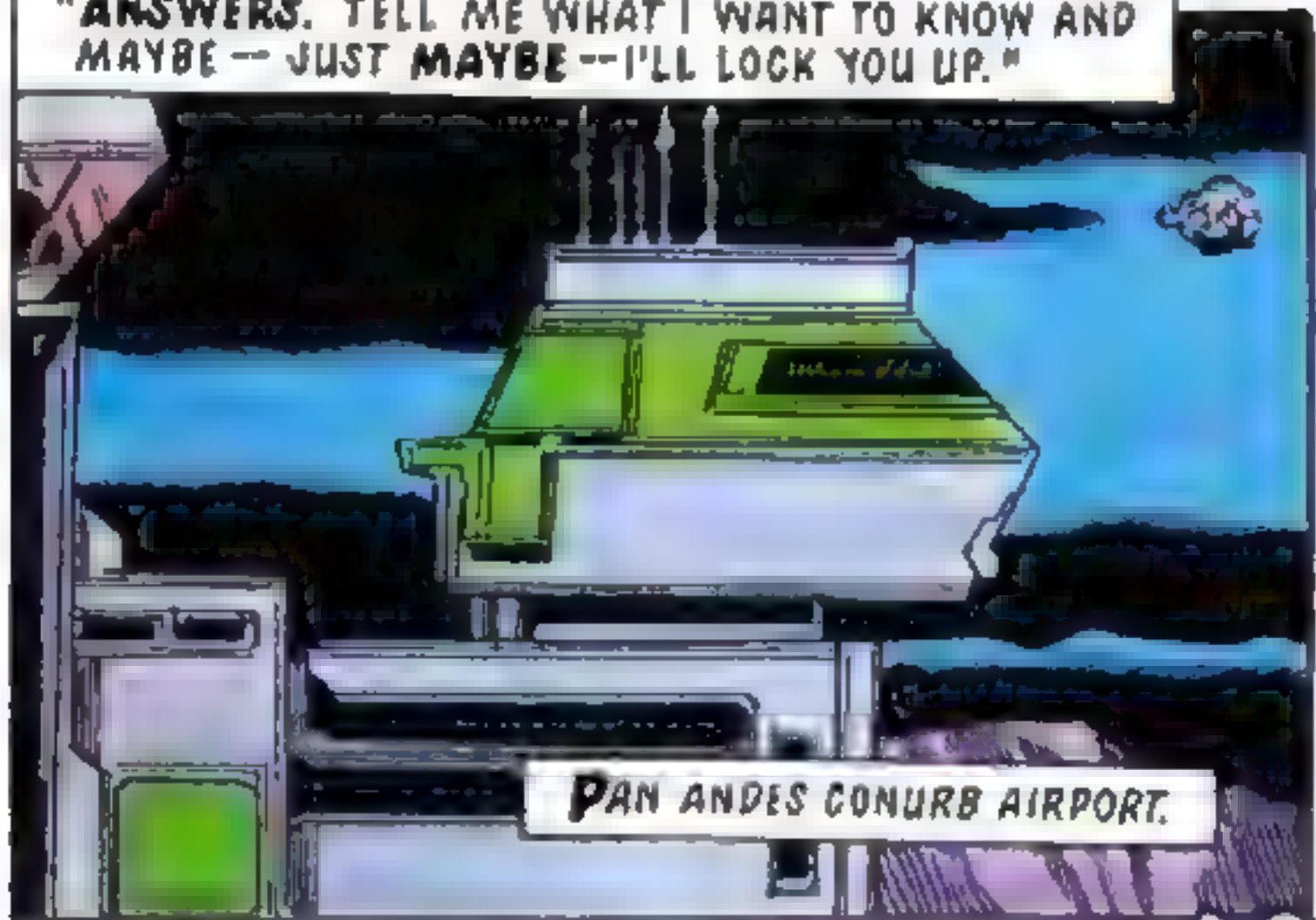


QUITE A MESS THEY MADE OF  
HIM. CREATIVE. AND YOU KNOW  
WHAT? THEY DIDN'T CARE  
WHO HE WAS.

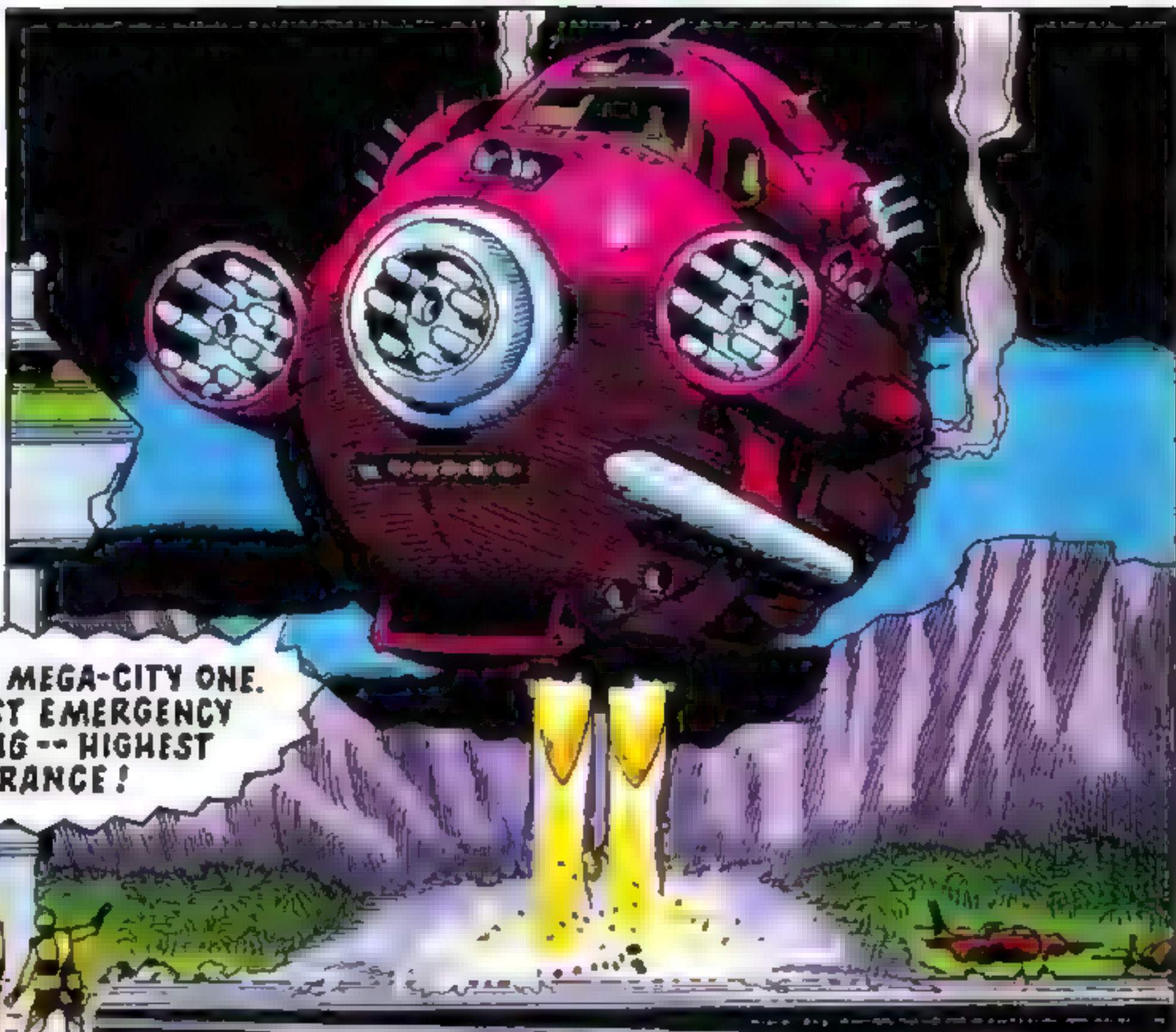
ALL RIGHT.  
ALL RIGHT.  
CURSE YOU! JUST  
TELL ME WHAT  
YOU WANT!



"ANSWERS. TELL ME WHAT I WANT TO KNOW AND MAYBE -- JUST MAYBE -- I'LL LOCK YOU UP."



PAN ANDES CONURB AIRPORT.



DREDD, MEGA-CITY ONE.  
REQUEST EMERGENCY  
LANDING -- HIGHEST  
CLEARANCE!

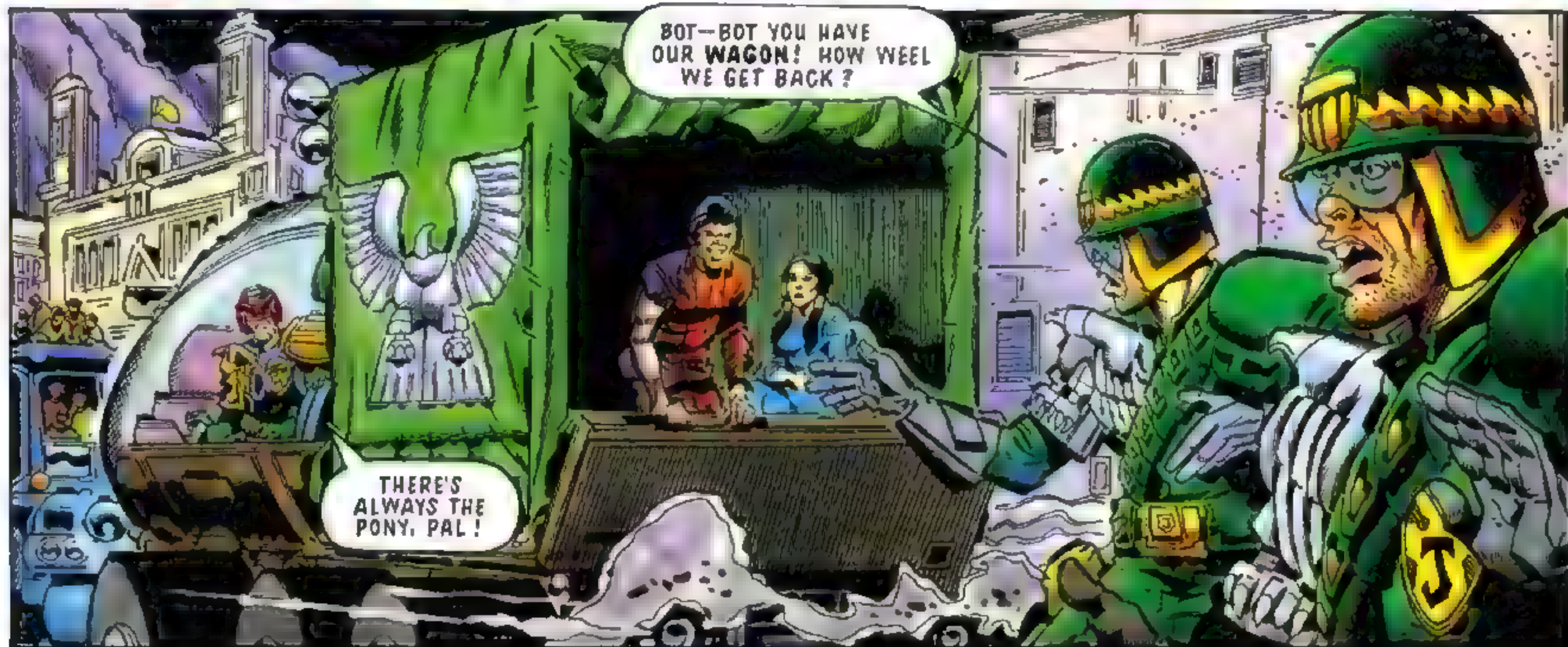


YOU! I'M COMMANDEERING  
THAT CATCHWAGON. CONSIDER  
YOURSELVES UNDER ARREST  
PENDING TOP-LEVEL INQUIRY.

QUE-?



AND REPORT IMMEDIATELY  
TO SECTOR HOUSE 12 --OR  
YOU'RE UP ON A CHARGE  
RIGHT NOW.



BOT--BOT YOU HAVE  
OUR WAGON! HOW WEEL  
WE GET BACK?

THERE'S  
ALWAYS THE  
PONY, PAL!



SECTOR HOUSE 12.

THEES IS A DROKKIN' OUTRAGE! YOU GOT NO JURISPECTION!

WHAT I GOT IS A SWORN TESTIMONY TELLIN' ME THERE'S ENOUGH DIRTY JUDGES IN THIS DUMP TO KEEP THE TITAN TOURIST BOARD WORKING NIGHTS FOR A YEAR.

THAT GIVES ME JURISDICTION.



HAVE MERCY, DREDD. I WAS A CHIEF JUDGE! I'LL GET A HUNDRED YEARS FOR THIS!



THINK OF IT AS A CHANCE TO GET IN SHAPE. GARCIA. YOUR SUGAR'S GONNA BE CUBED FROM NOW ON.

HOOO, YOU ARE ONE TOFF HOMBRE. JUDGE! JUAN HE IS GLAD HE EES ON THE SIDE OF THE ANGELS. ADIOS, AMIGO!

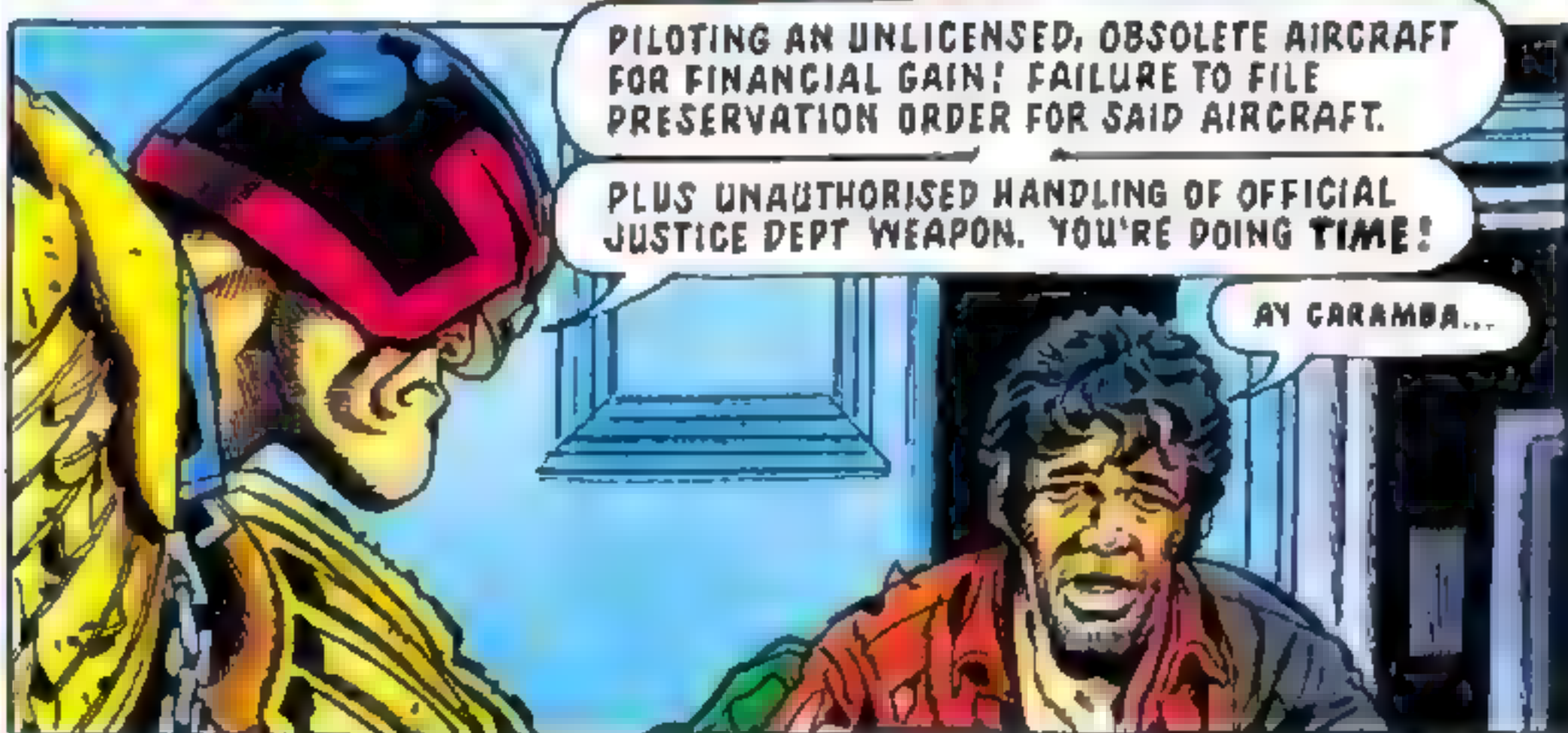
HOLD IT!



PILOTING AN UNLICENSED, OBSOLETE AIRCRAFT FOR FINANCIAL GAIN! FAILURE TO FILE PRESERVATION ORDER FOR SAID AIRCRAFT.

PLUS UNAUTHORISED HANDLING OF OFFICIAL JUSTICE DEPT WEAPON. YOU'RE DOING TIME!

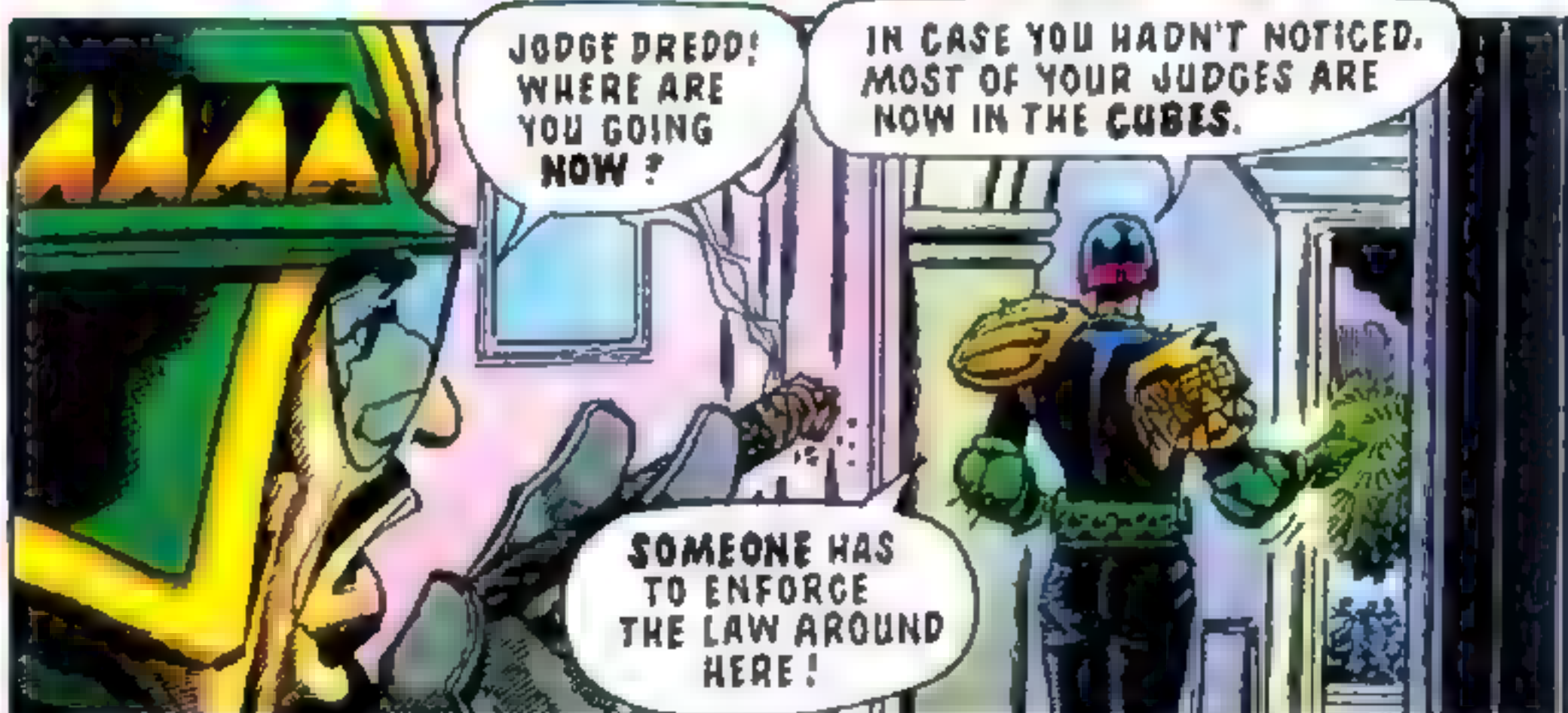
AY CARAMBA...



JUDGE DREDD! WHERE ARE YOU GOING NOW?

IN CASE YOU HADN'T NOTICED, MOST OF YOUR JUDGES ARE NOW IN THE CUBES.

SOMEONE HAS TO ENFORCE THE LAW AROUND HERE!





TEK-DIVISION HQ,  
MEGA-CITY ONE.

# JUDGE DREDD

THIS IS OUR NEW  
PROTO-TYPE LAWGIVER,  
JUDGE DREDD.  
IT'S TWICE AS  
ACCURATE AND TEN TIMES  
MORE POWERFUL THAN THE  
GUN YOU CURRENTLY  
USE.

## TOP GUN

HARDWARE  
IS ONLY AS GOOD  
AS THE JUDGE WHO  
USES IT, JUDGE  
STONE.

THAT'S WHY  
WE WANT YOU TO  
TEST IT OUT, DREDD--  
YOU'RE THE BEST  
THERE IS.

HMPH. WHAT  
ABOUT THE NEW  
LAWMASTER?

500000 CREDIT CARD

SCRIPT Mark Millar

ART Ron Smith

EDITOR Elfre DeVille

TEK-DIVISION ARE  
JUST APPLYING THE FINISHING  
TOUCHES, DREDD.

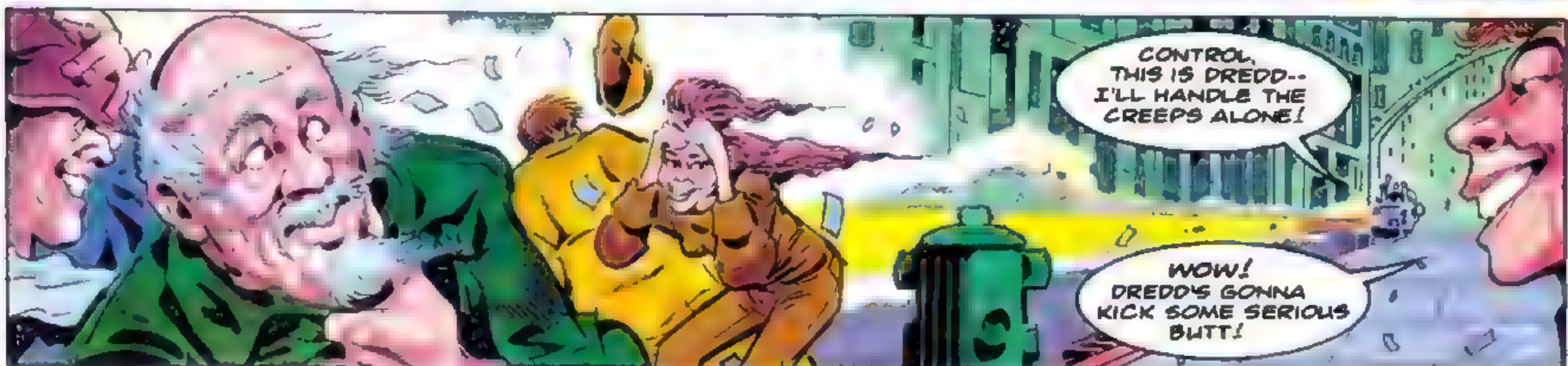
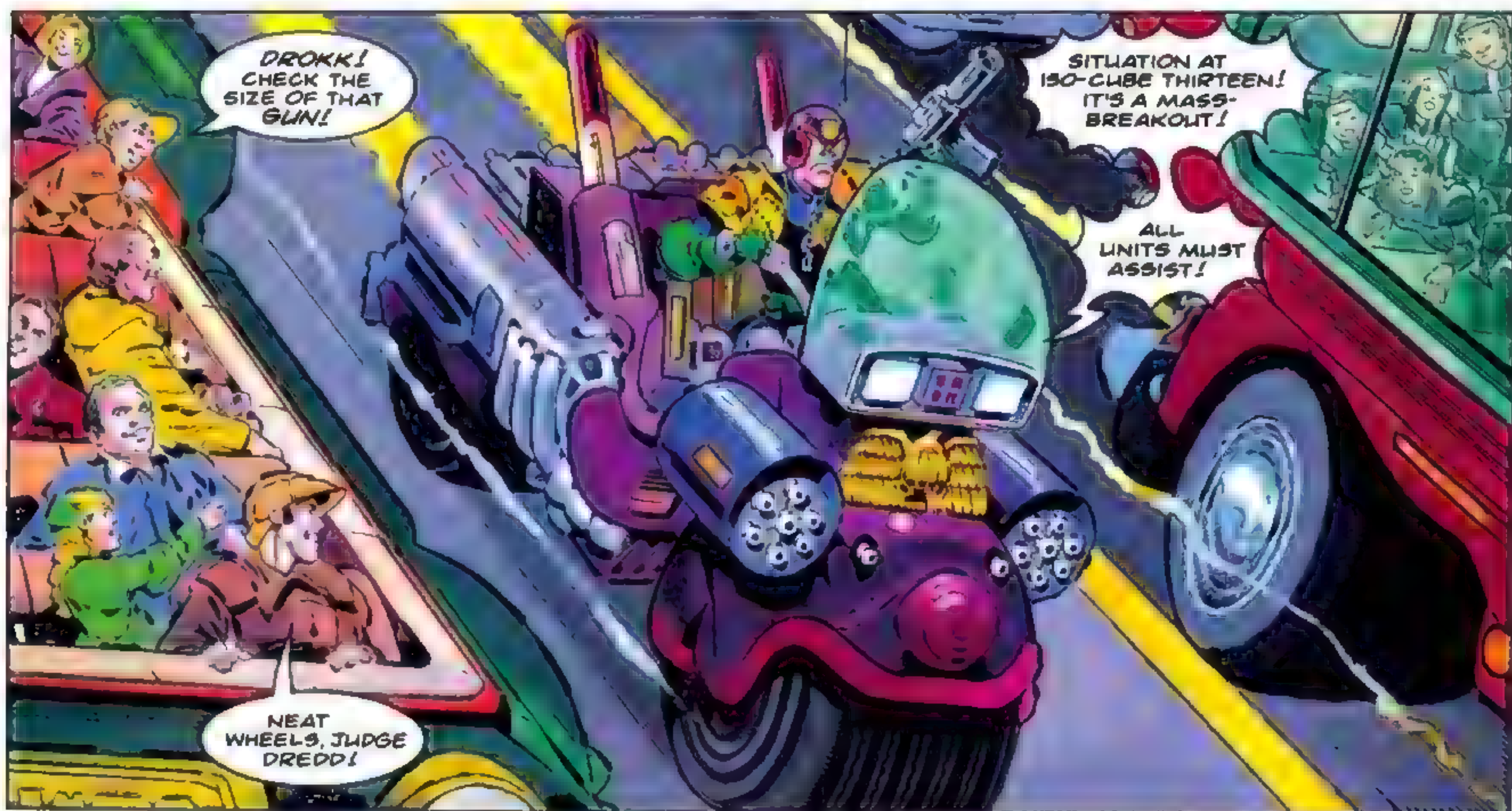
THIS MODEL IS FITTED  
WITH GROUND-TO-AIR MISSILES  
AND JET-SKI OPTION--

BOYS RECKON  
IT'S CAPABLE OF ANY-  
THING UP TO SIX HUNDRED  
KILOMETRES AN  
HOUR!

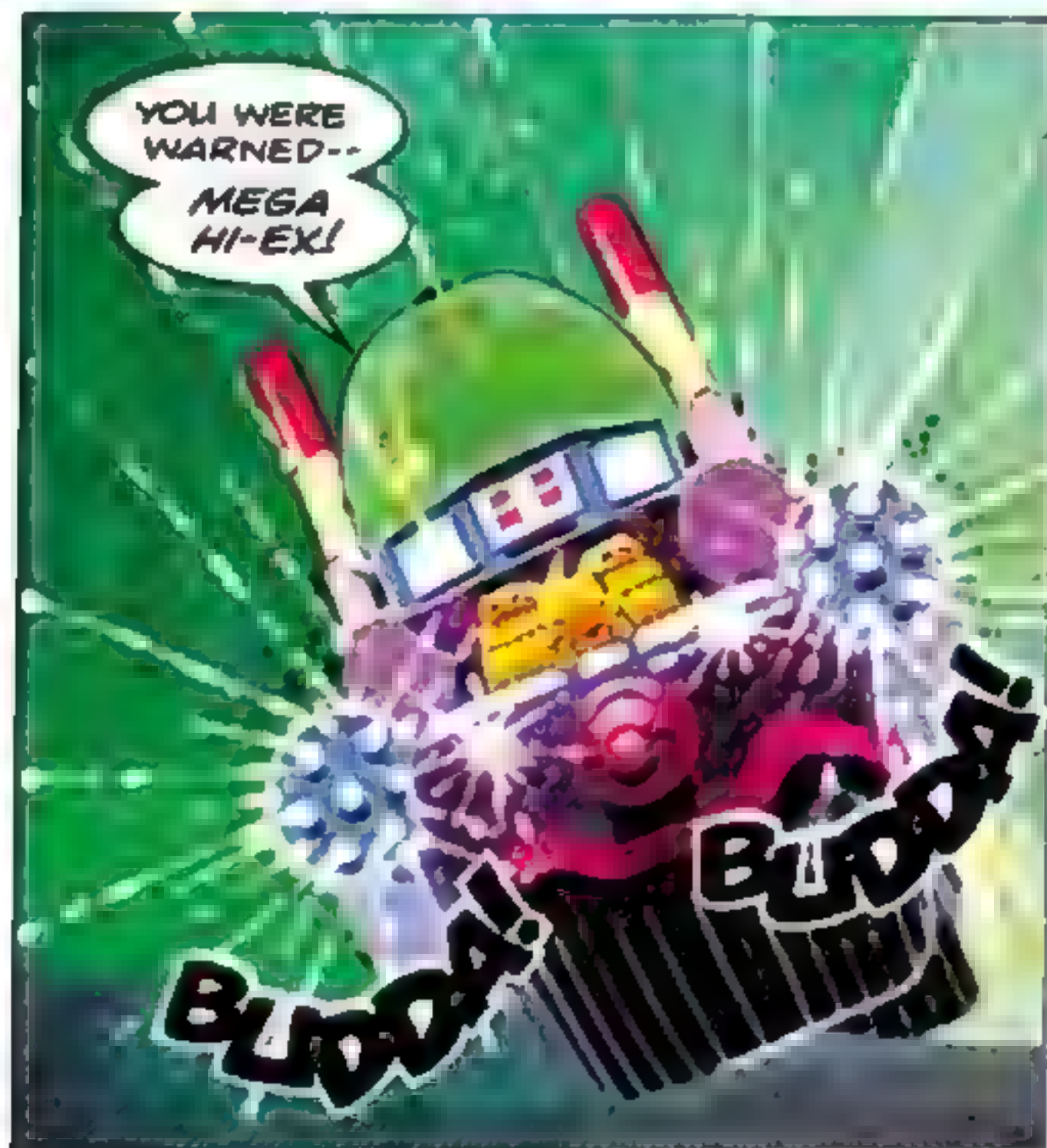
IT LOOKS  
OKAY.

NOTHING IMPRESSES  
JUDGE DREDD!

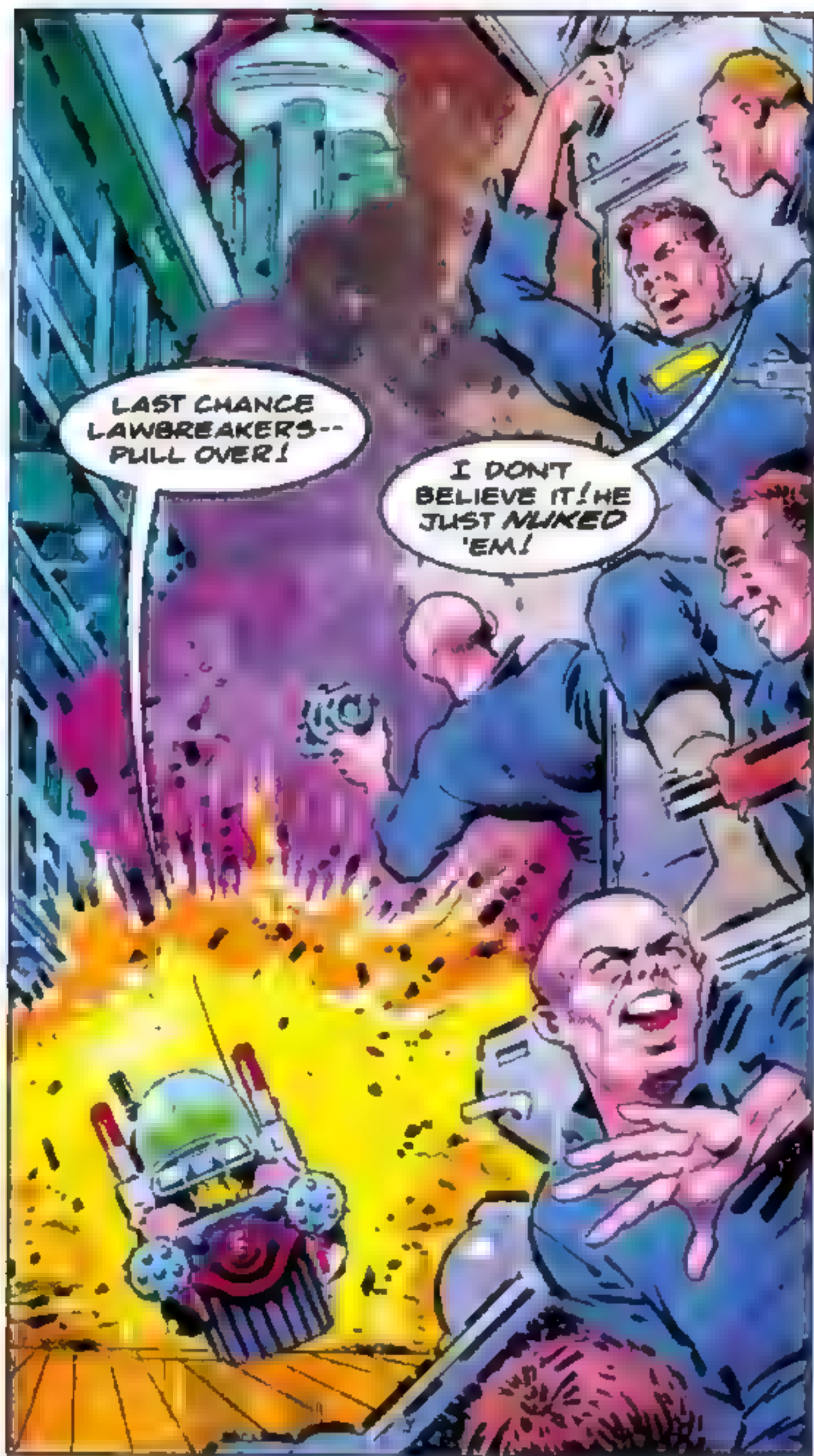




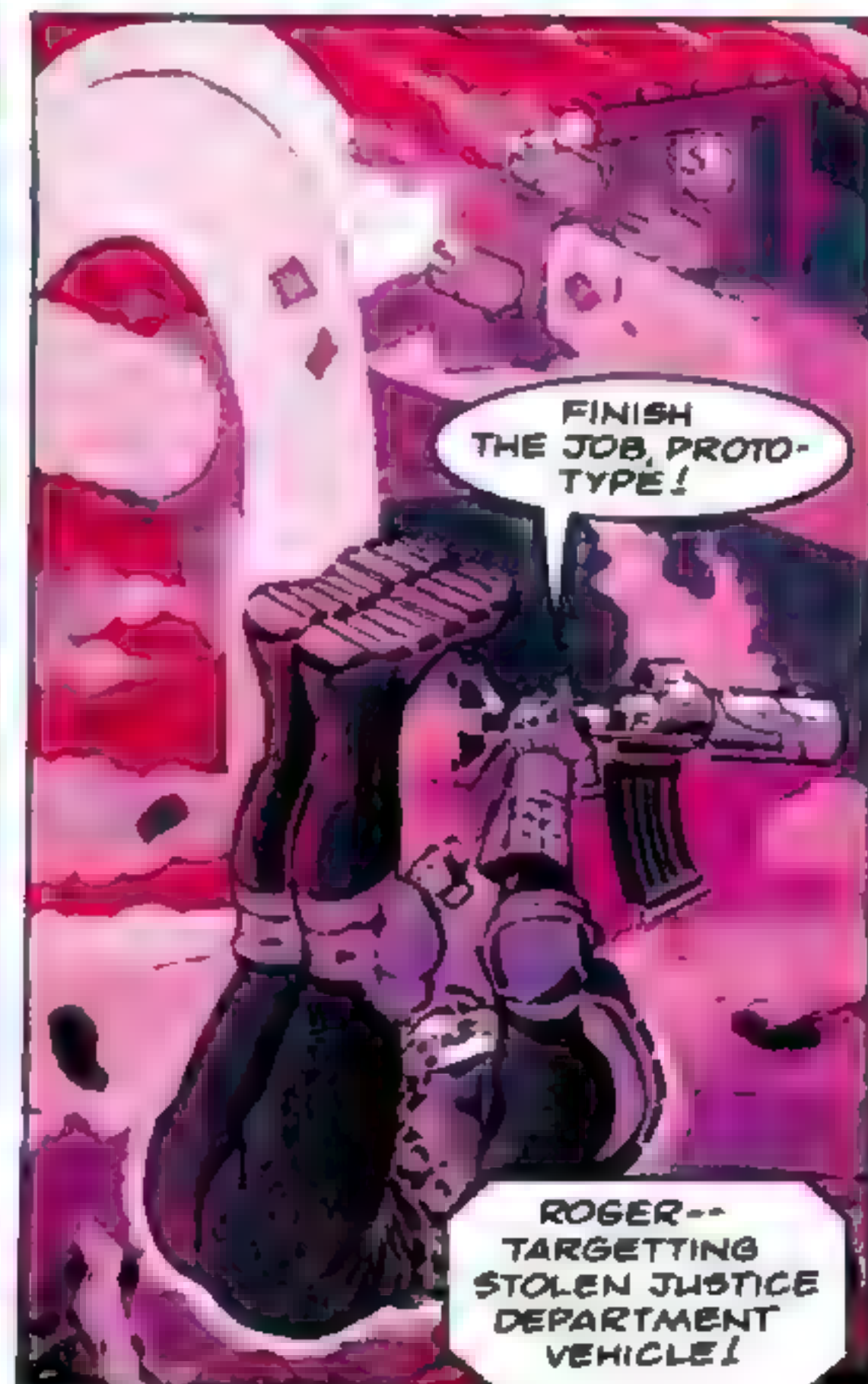
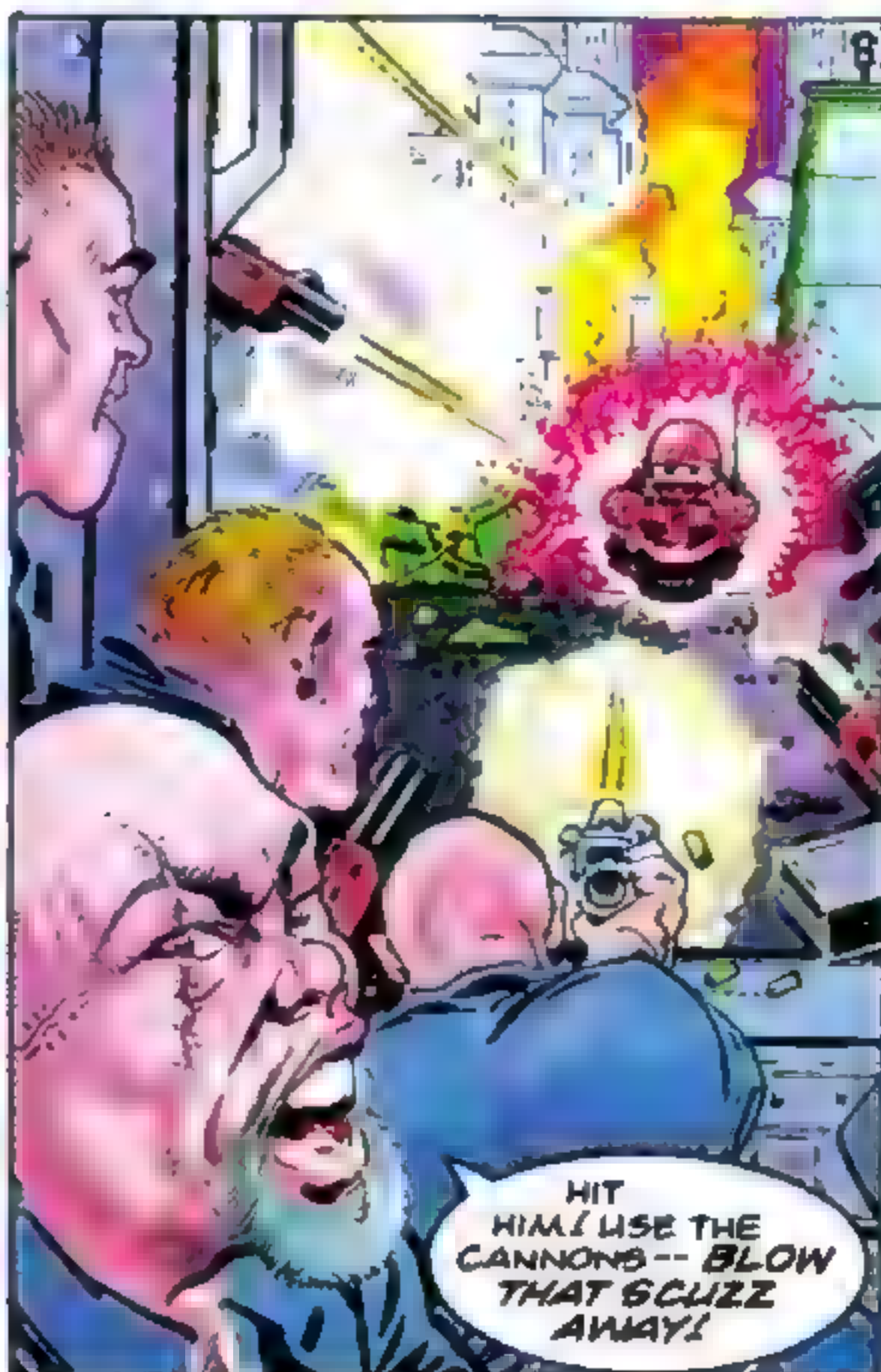
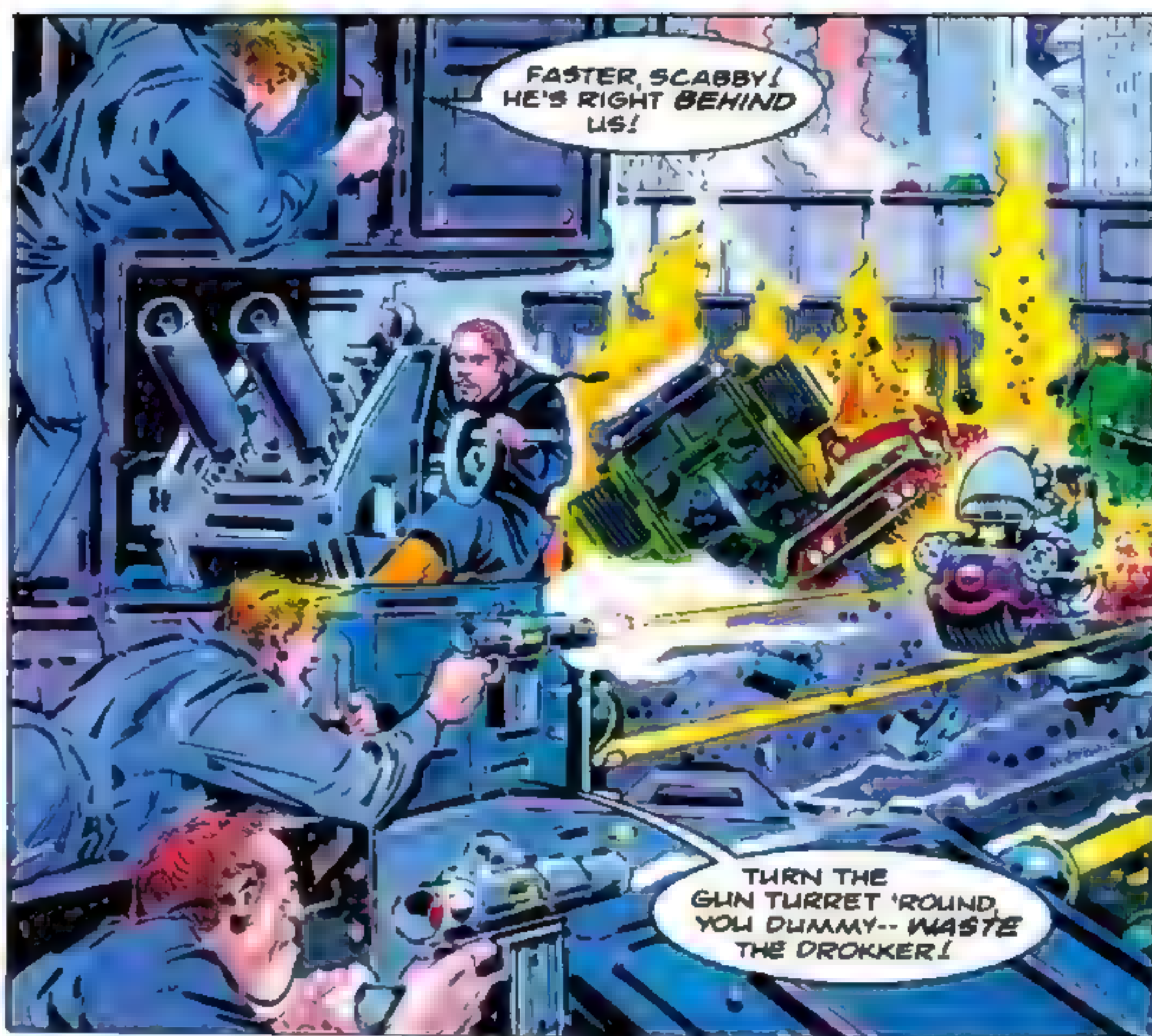


















# JUDGE DREDD

## UNDER SIEGE

**MICHAEL PORTILLO BLOCK --  
A HAVEN FOR THE SUPER-RICH.**

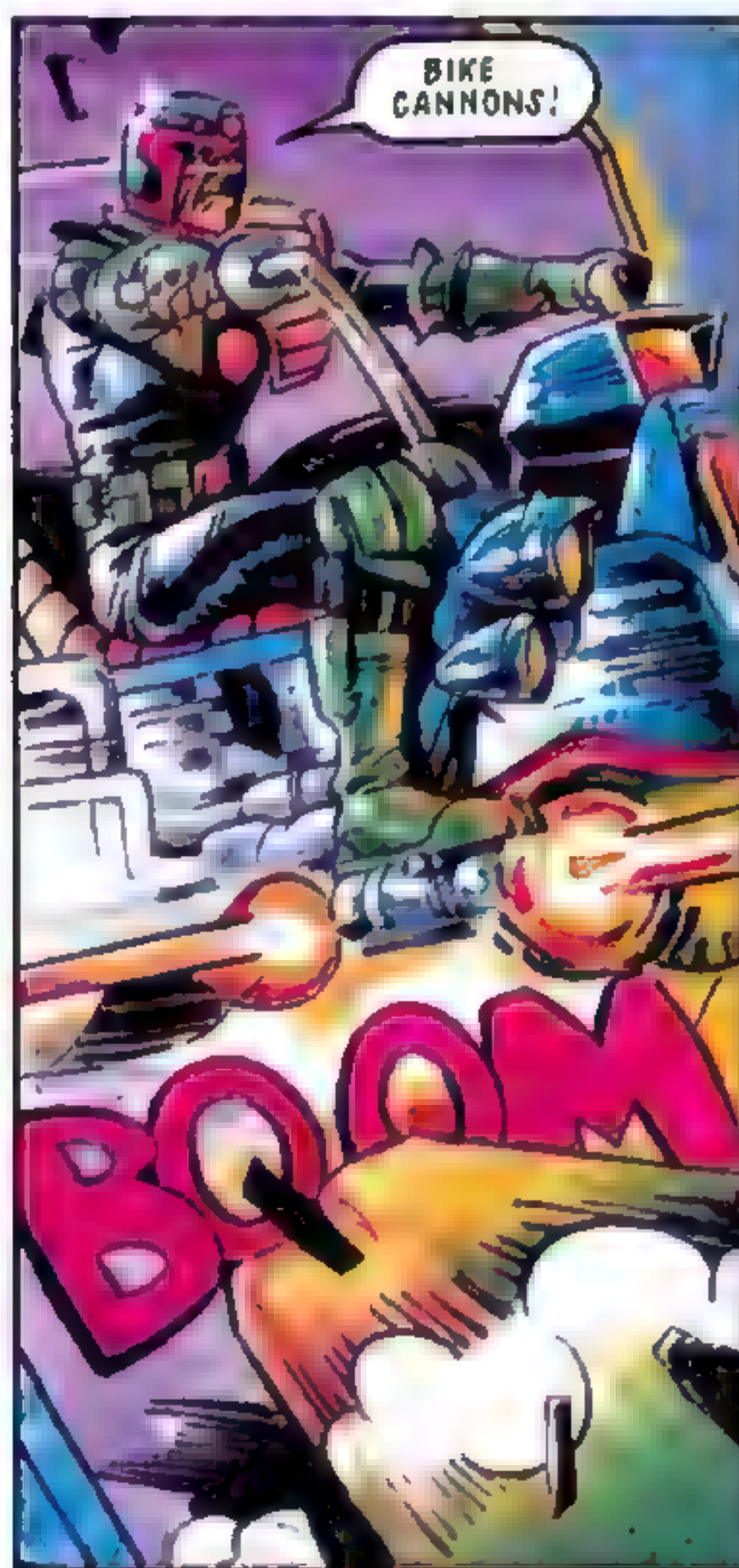
**WHERE THE CREAM OF MEGA-CITY ONE  
WERE SAFE FROM THE STENCH OF THE POOR.**

**A MECHANISED HEAVEN -- TURNED, BY  
COMPUTER DYSFUNCTION, INTO A FUTURE HELL.**

**WRITER** Mark Miller  
**ART** Paul Peart  
**COLORS** Tom Frame







BIKE  
CANNONS!



WHAT'S THE  
SITUATION,  
DREDD?

COOLERS HAVE  
BEEN WORKING  
OVER-TIME!

PLACE LOOKS  
LIKE A  
FREEZER!



CASUALTIES?

PLENTY!

SWIMMING POOL'S  
BEEN SEALED OFF  
AND FLOODED!

RECKON RESYK'S  
GOING TO BE  
BUSY TONIGHT!



KEEP AN EYE OUT  
FOR THE FAMILY,  
DREDD.

YOU SHOULD FIND  
THEM HOLED UP IN  
THE SHOPPING  
COMPLEX...



LOOK, DAD!  
IT'S JUDGE  
DREDD!

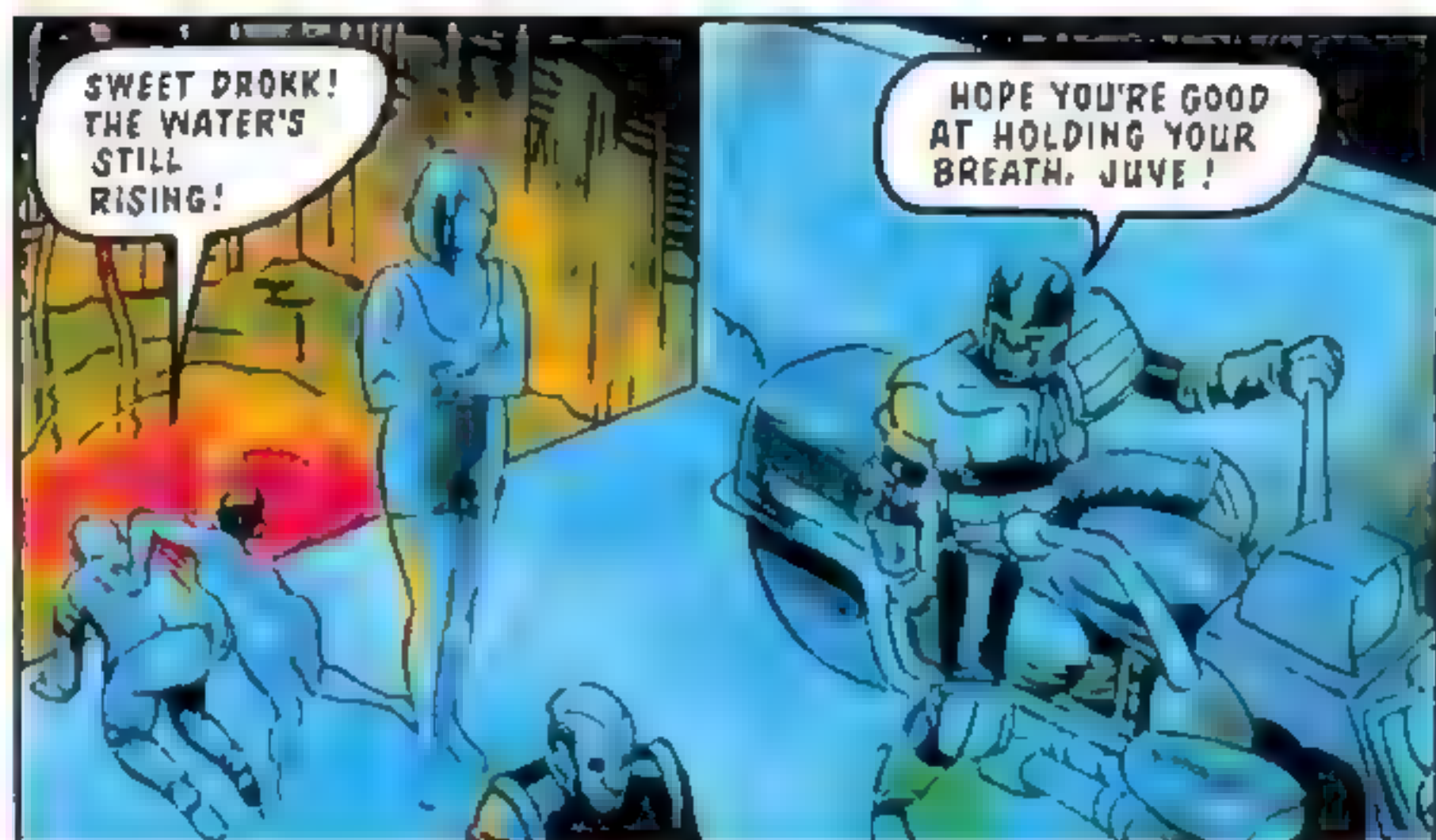
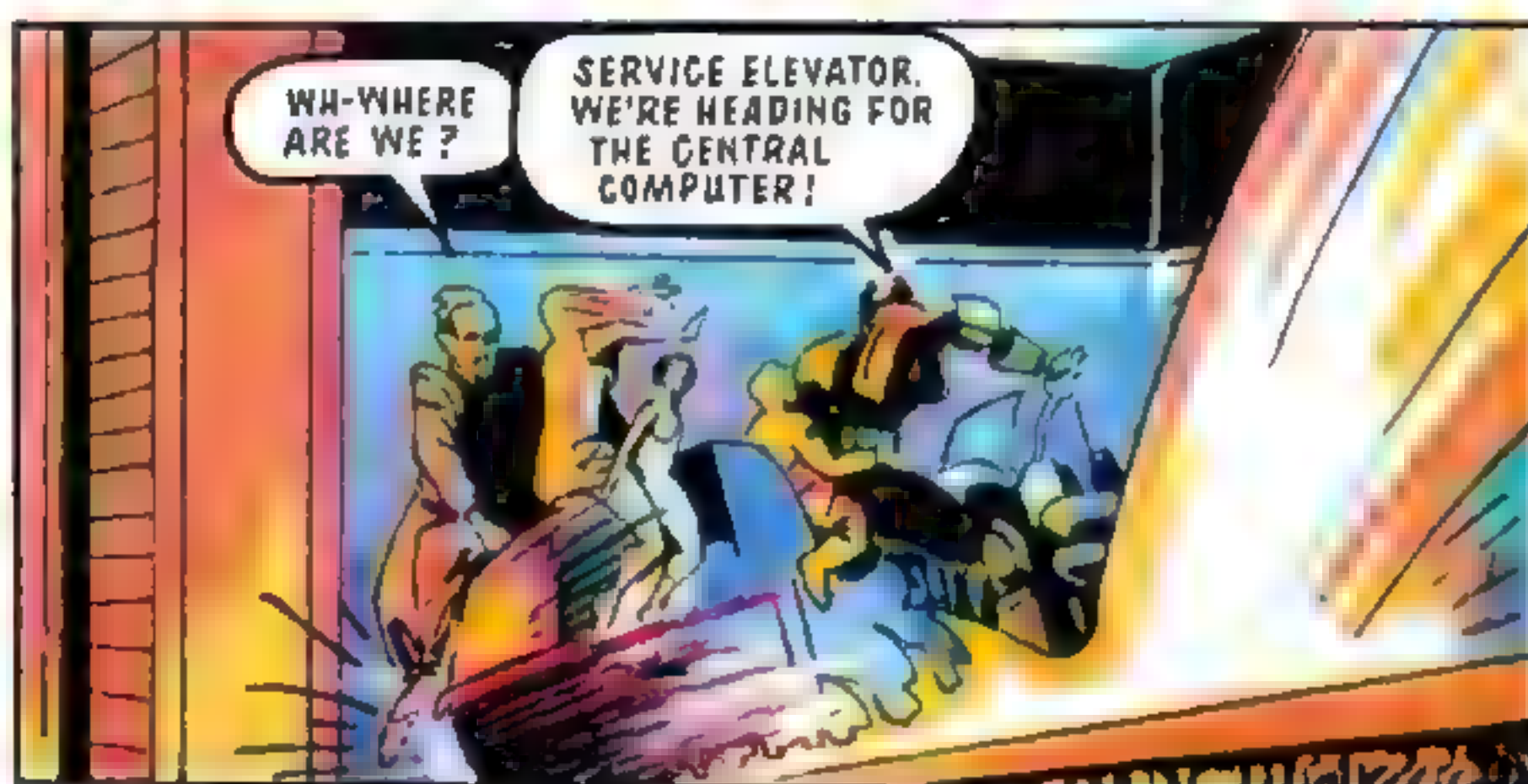
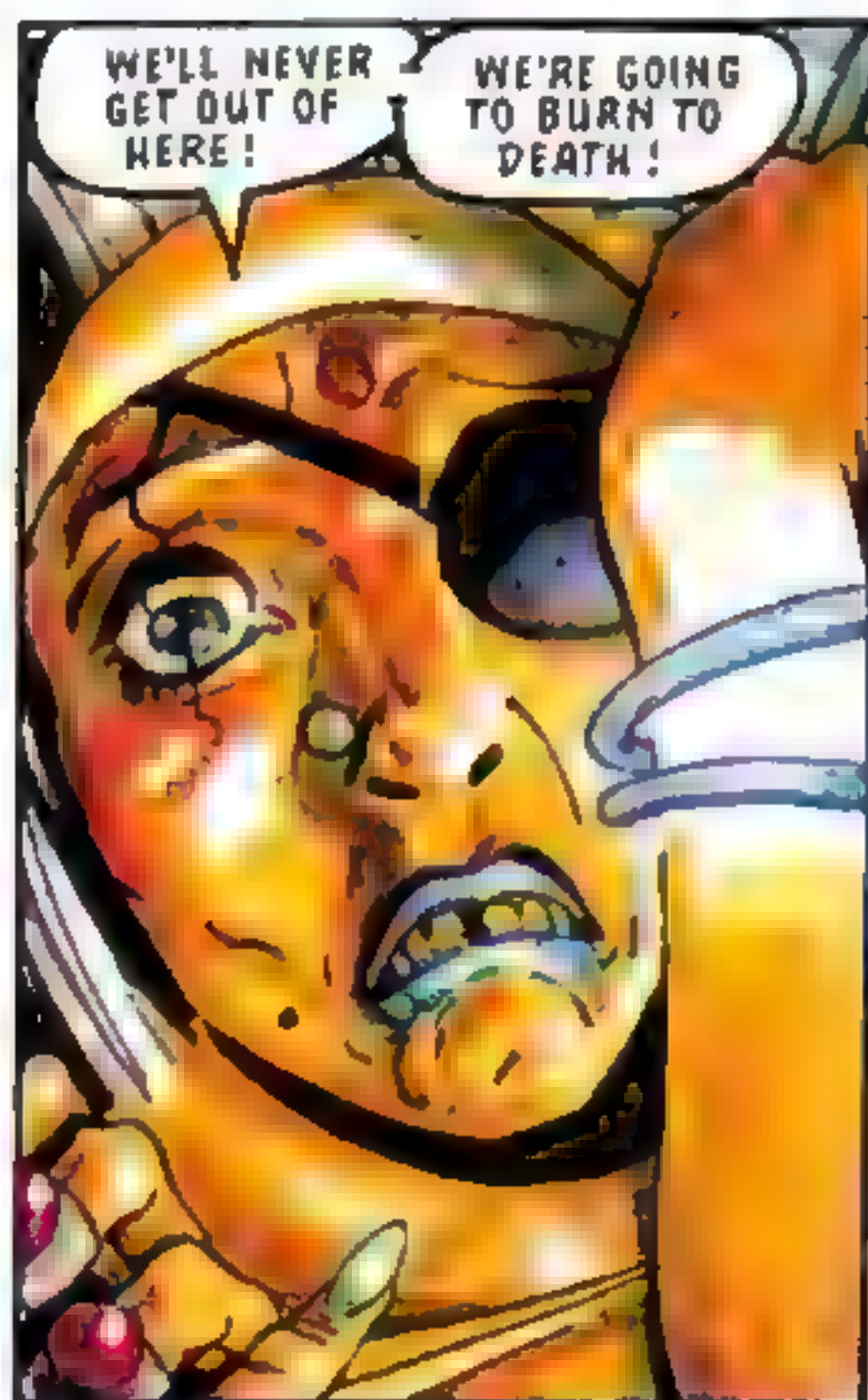
WATCH OUT FOR  
THE FIRE-DOOR!



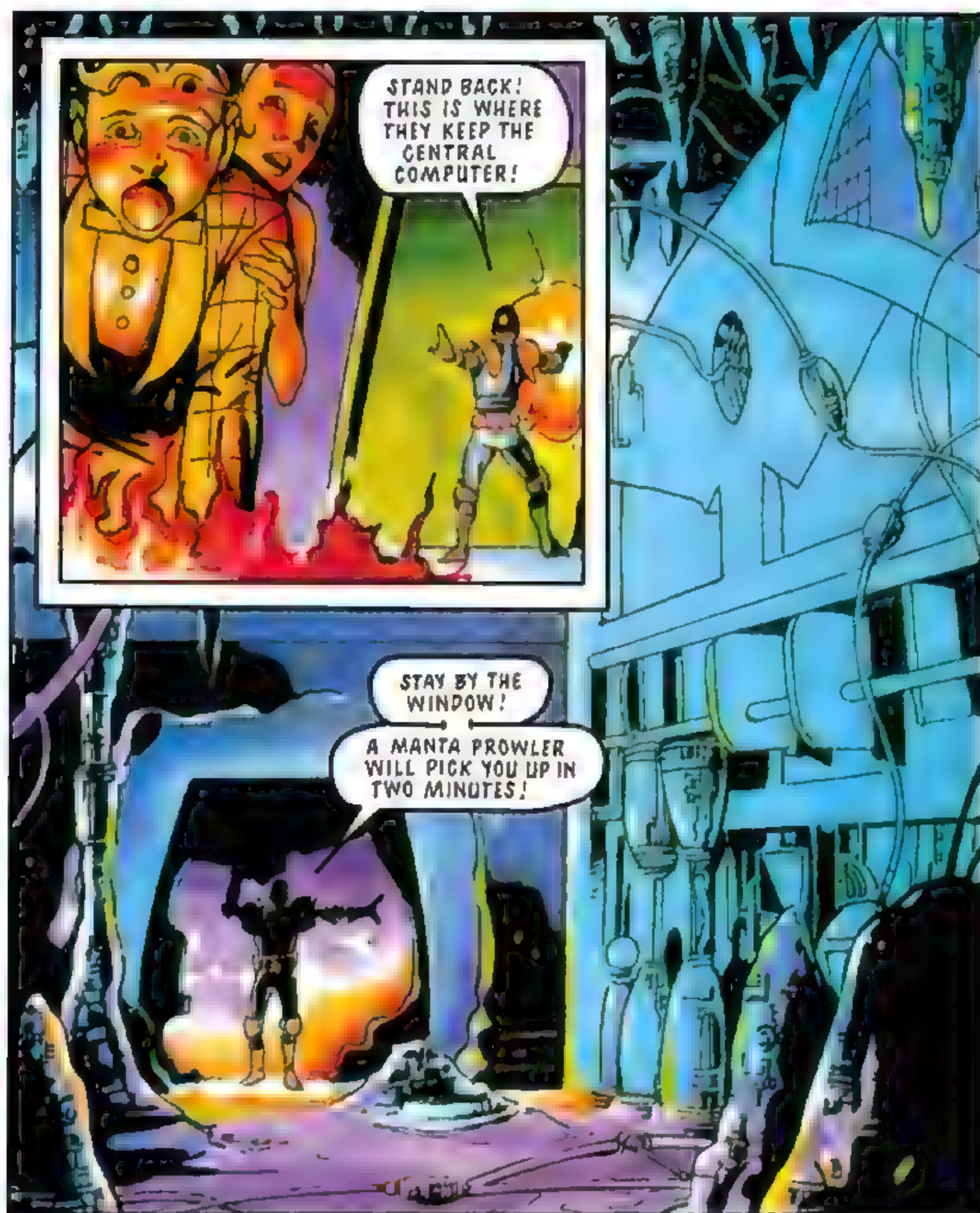
SHOOT!

DROKK IT!











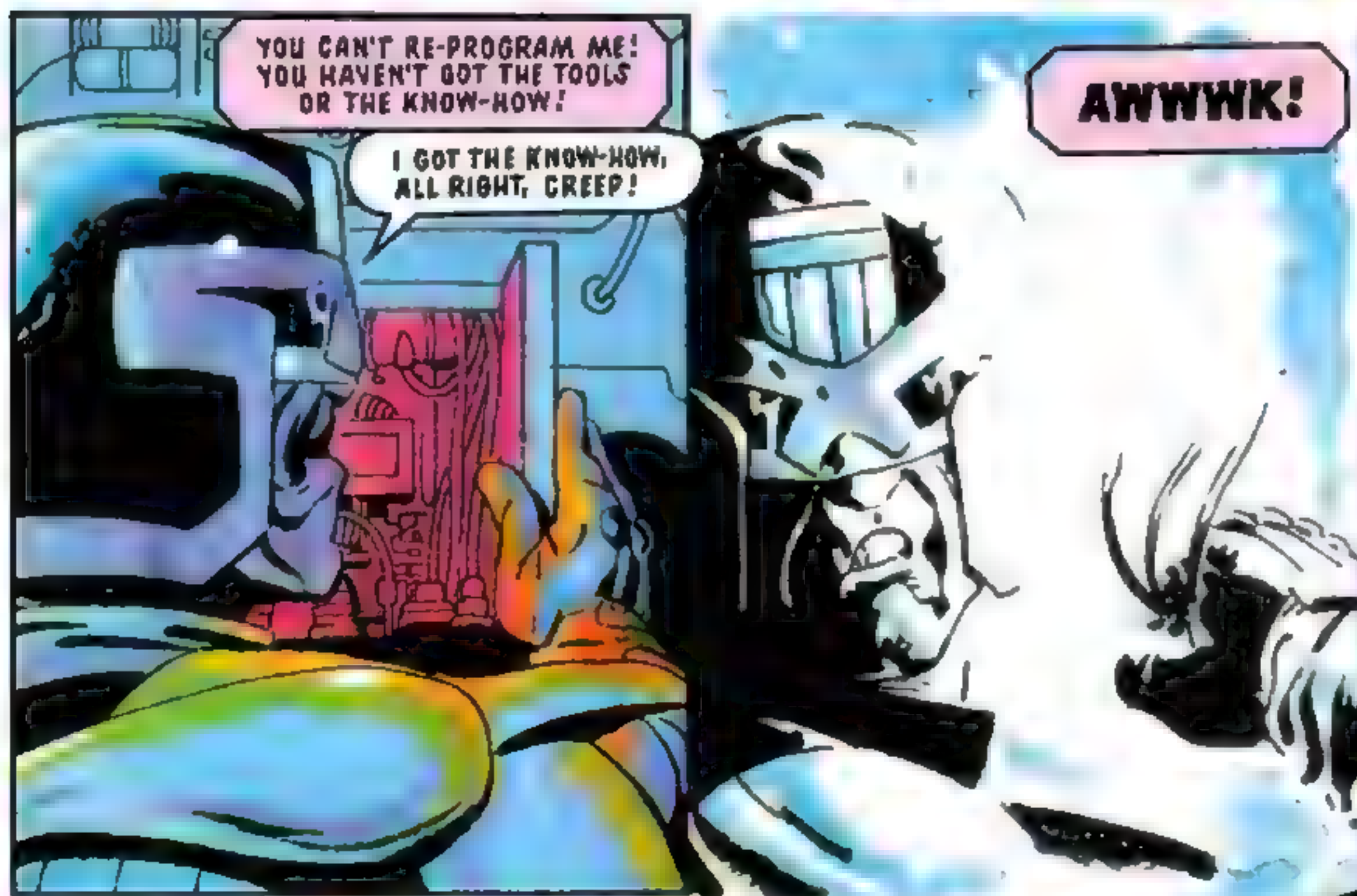


YOU'RE BUSTED, COMPUTER!

I'M BOOKING YOU FOR  
MASS MURDER AND POOR  
HOUSING CONDITIONS!

WHAT ARE YOU  
GOING TO DO,  
JUDGE DREDD?

THROW ME IN  
THE CUBES?



YOU CAN'T RE-PROGRAM ME!  
YOU HAVEN'T GOT THE TOOLS  
OR THE KNOW-HOW!

I GOT THE KNOW-HOW,  
ALL RIGHT, CREEP!

AWWWK!



SELF-DESTRUCT...  
TEN SECONDS.

SELF-DESTRUCT...  
NINE SECONDS

OH, DROKK!



JUDGE DREDD!  
WHAT'S WRONG?

COMPUTER'S GOING  
TO TOP ITSELF...  
AND US WITH IT!

SELF-DESTRUCT...  
SIX SECONDS.

SELF-DESTRUCT...  
FIVE SECONDS.



GRAB A FIRE-CHUTE!  
DON'T LOOK BACK!

SELF-DESTRUCT...  
TWO SECONDS.

SELF-DESTRUCT...  
ONE SECOND.



ATTENTION, CITIZENS.  
CLEAR THE AREA.  
THIS BUILDING IS  
CONDEMNED--BY ORDER!



KROOOM!

MY LIFE'S WORK...  
REDUCED TO NOTHING.

MY BEAUTIFUL  
DESIGN IN A  
MILLION PIECES!

FIFTY THOUSAND  
PEOPLE ARE  
HOMELESS  
THANKS TO YOU.  
CREEP!

MICHAEL PORTILLO  
BLOCK IS  
COMIN' DOWN!

YOU'RE DOING  
FIFTY YEARS  
HARD LABOUR!

GRAB A TROWEL AND  
START REBUILDING.

THE  
END



MEGA-CITY ONE. THE BIGGEST METROPOLIS ON EARTH. UNEMPLOYMENT RUNS AT 90%. CRIME IS WIDESPREAD. EVERYONE IS A POTENTIAL PERP. OR CRIMINAL.

HEY, YOU... FEEB!  
I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU  
NOT TO COME AROUND  
HERE ANYMORE!

BUT I LIVE  
HERE!

I SEE YOU AGAIN  
AND YOU'RE GONNA  
DIE HERE.

# JUDGE DREDD

THE manchU candidate



WHAT'S  
GOING ON  
HERE?

|        |                  |
|--------|------------------|
| SCRIPT | Sonny Steelgrave |
| ART    | Mick Austin      |
| EDITOR | Tom Frame        |





LISTEN GOOD, CREEPS.  
IF ANYONE'S GOING TO DO  
ANY BULLYING AROUND HERE,  
IT'LL BE ME.



AND YOU... ANY MORE TROUBLE  
FROM THIS SCUM AND YOU REPORT  
IT TO THE JUSTICE DEPT.  
GOT IT?

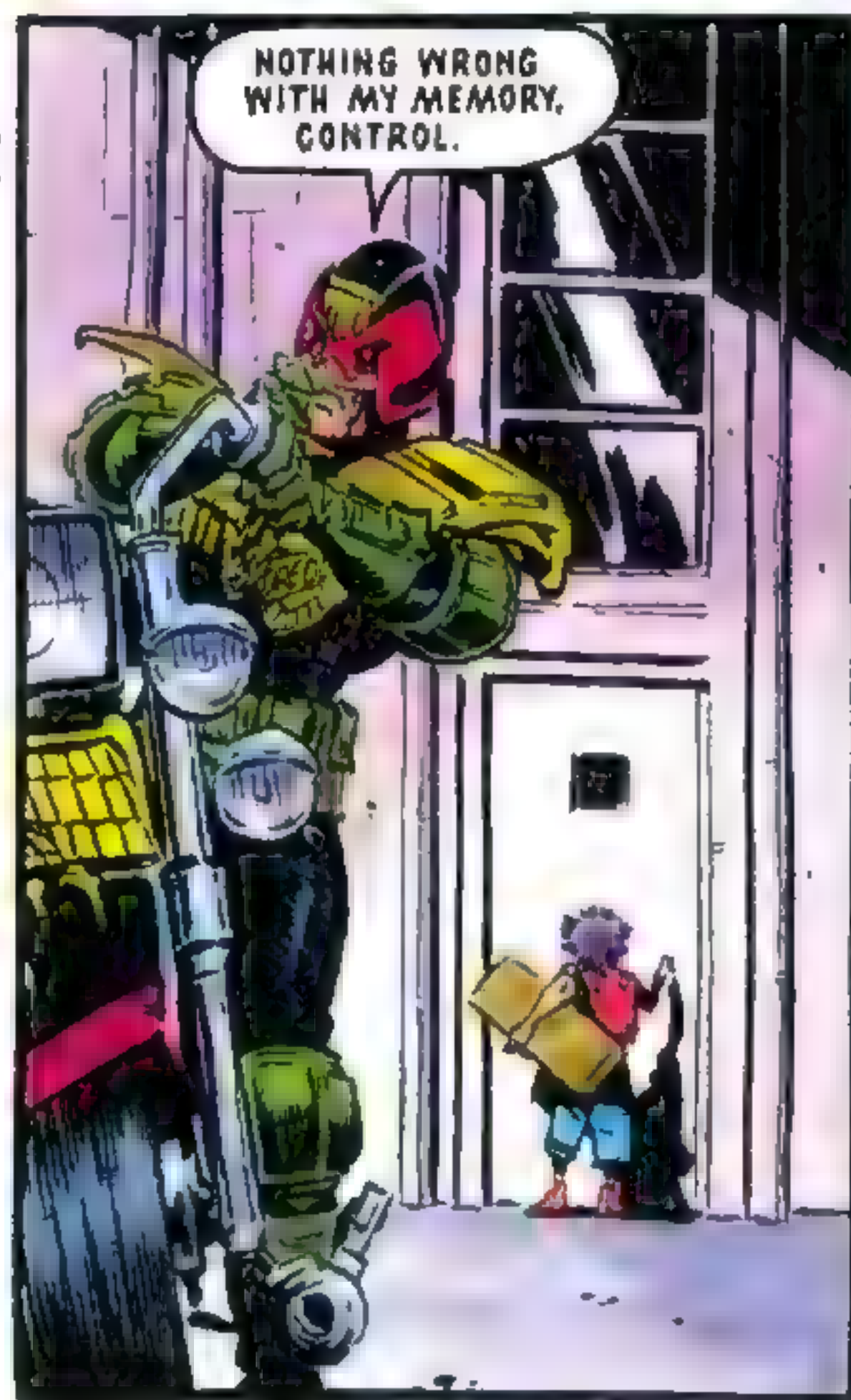
Y-YES, JUDGE.

CONTROL TO  
DREDD.



DREDD.  
GO AHEAD.

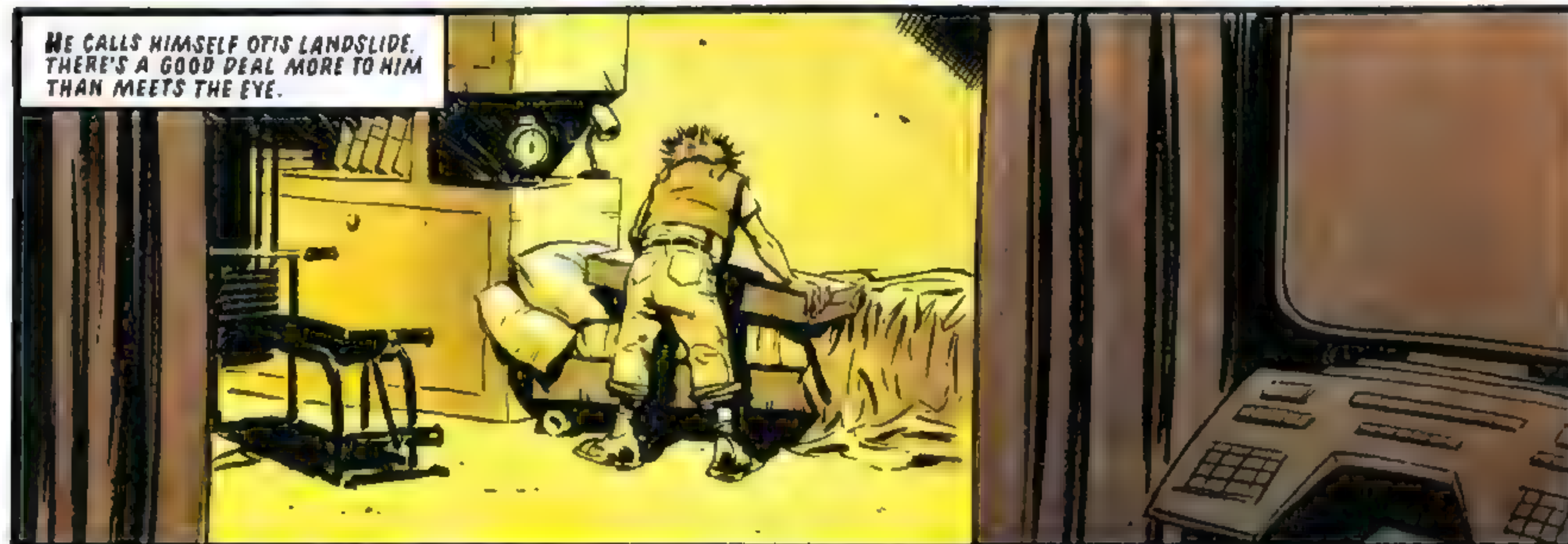
THE CHIEF JUDGE IS  
CONCERNED YOU MAY  
HAVE FORGOTTEN YOU'RE  
ACCOMPANYING HER TO  
THE ACADEMY OF LAW AT  
14.30.



NOTHING WRONG  
WITH MY MEMORY,  
CONTROL.



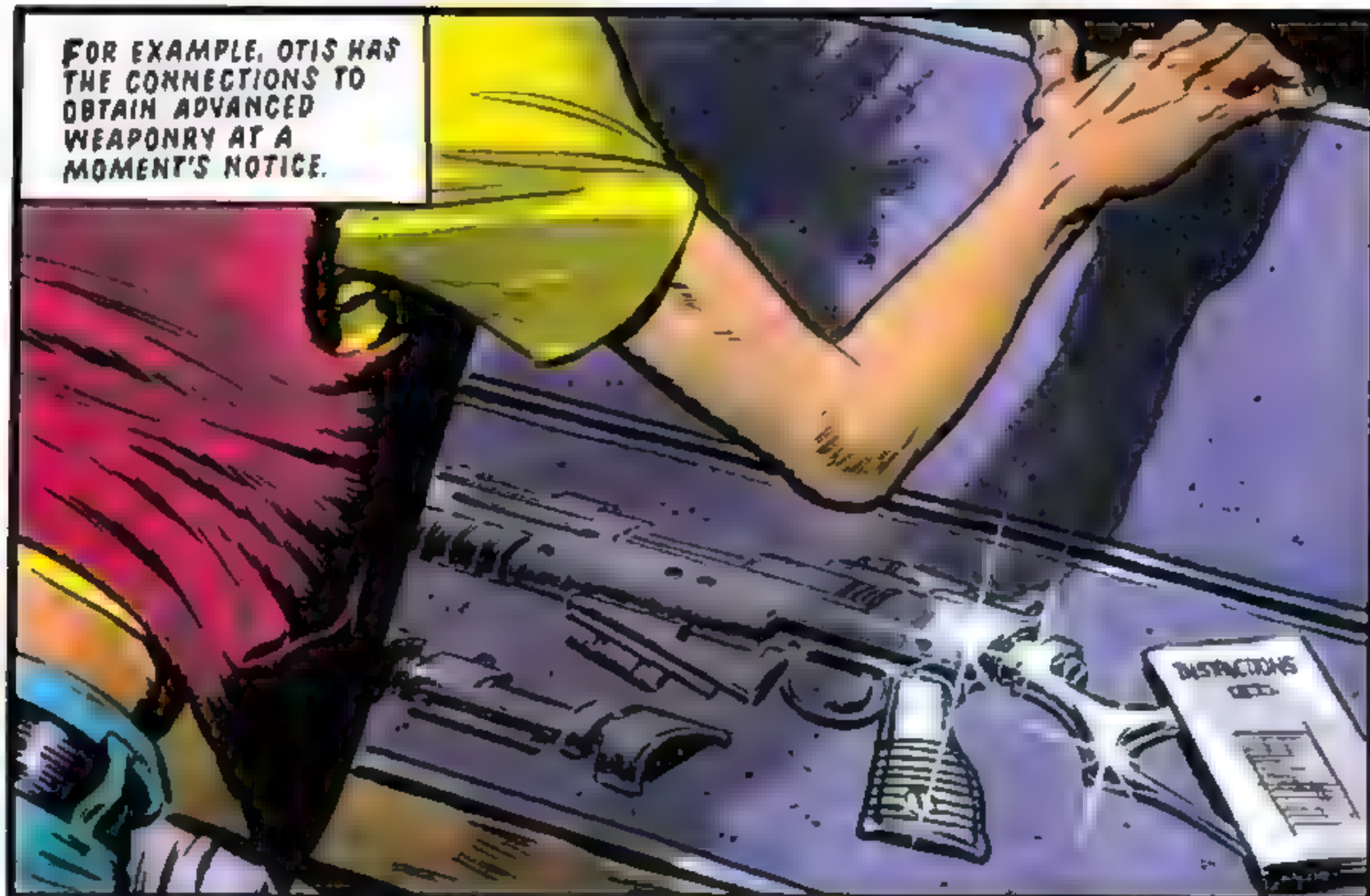
DREDD  
OUT.



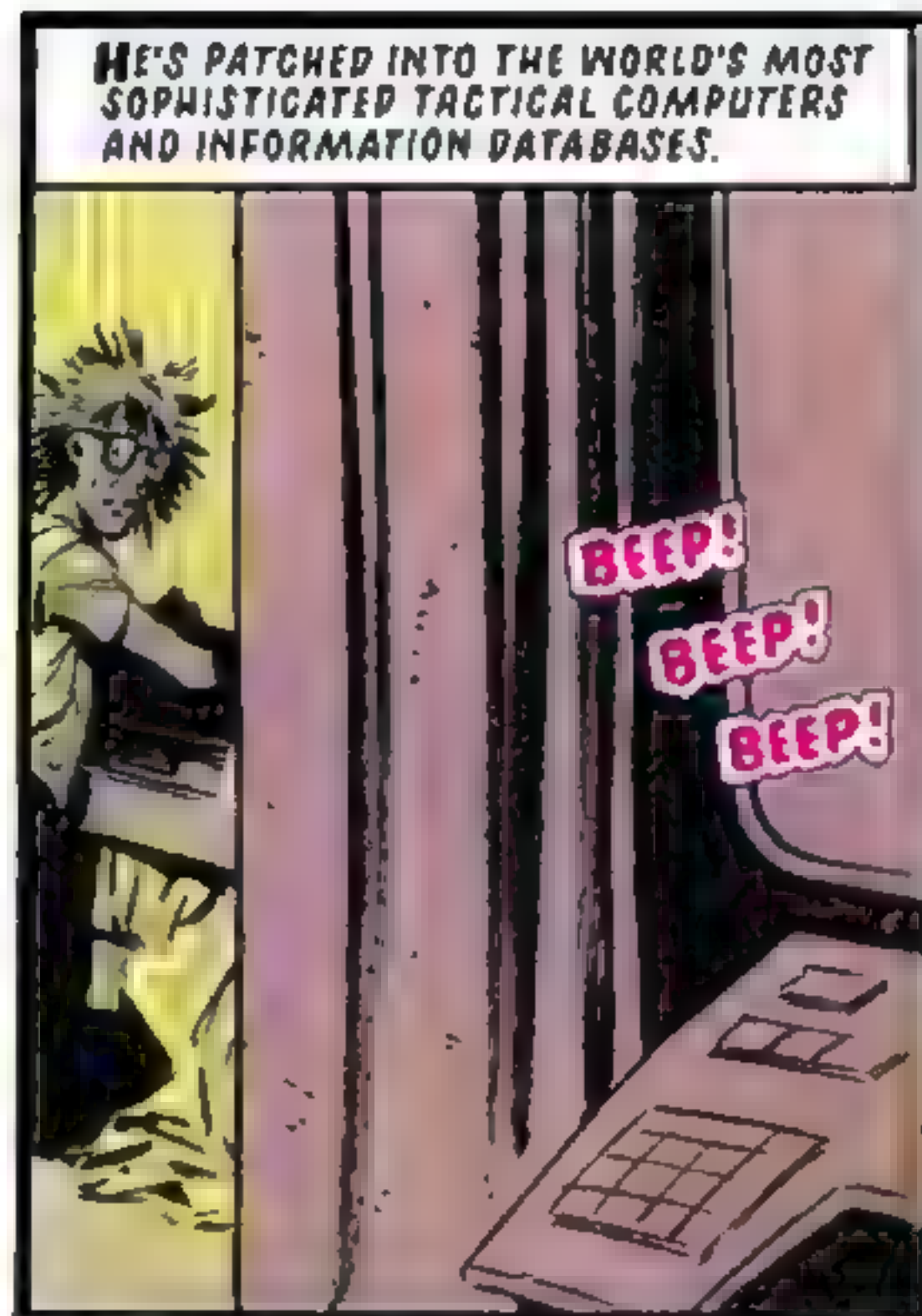
HE CALLS HIMSELF OTIS LANDSLIDE.  
THERE'S A GOOD DEAL MORE TO HIM  
THAN MEETS THE EYE.



FOR EXAMPLE, OTIS HAS THE CONNECTIONS TO OBTAIN ADVANCED WEAPONRY AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE.



HE'S PATCHED INTO THE WORLD'S MOST SOPHISTICATED TACTICAL COMPUTERS AND INFORMATION DATABASES.

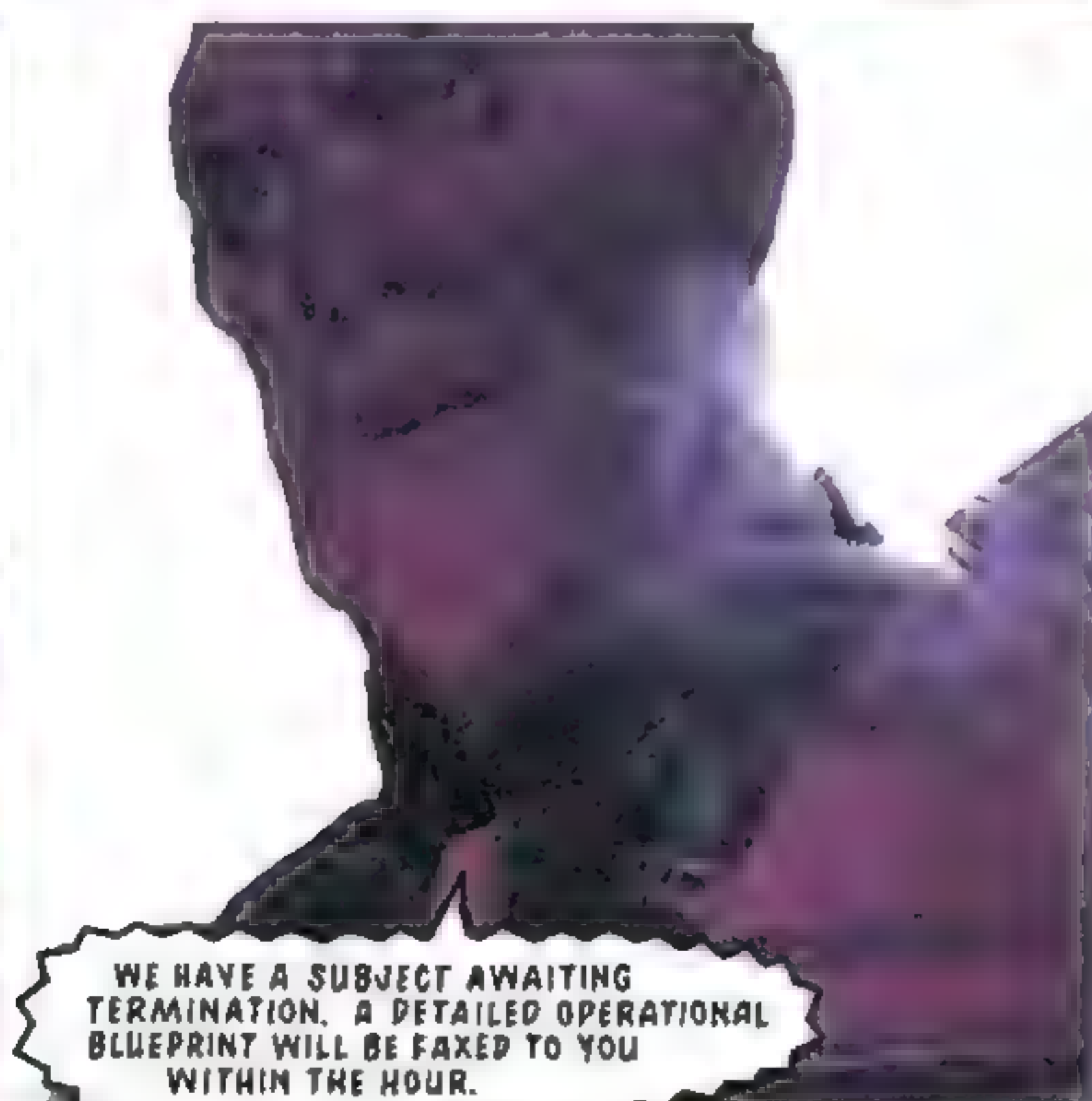


WHY DON'T YOU PASS THE TIME BY PLAYING A LITTLE SOLITAIRE, OTIS?

CUT THE THEATRICALS, CONTROL. WHAT'S THE ASSIGNMENT?

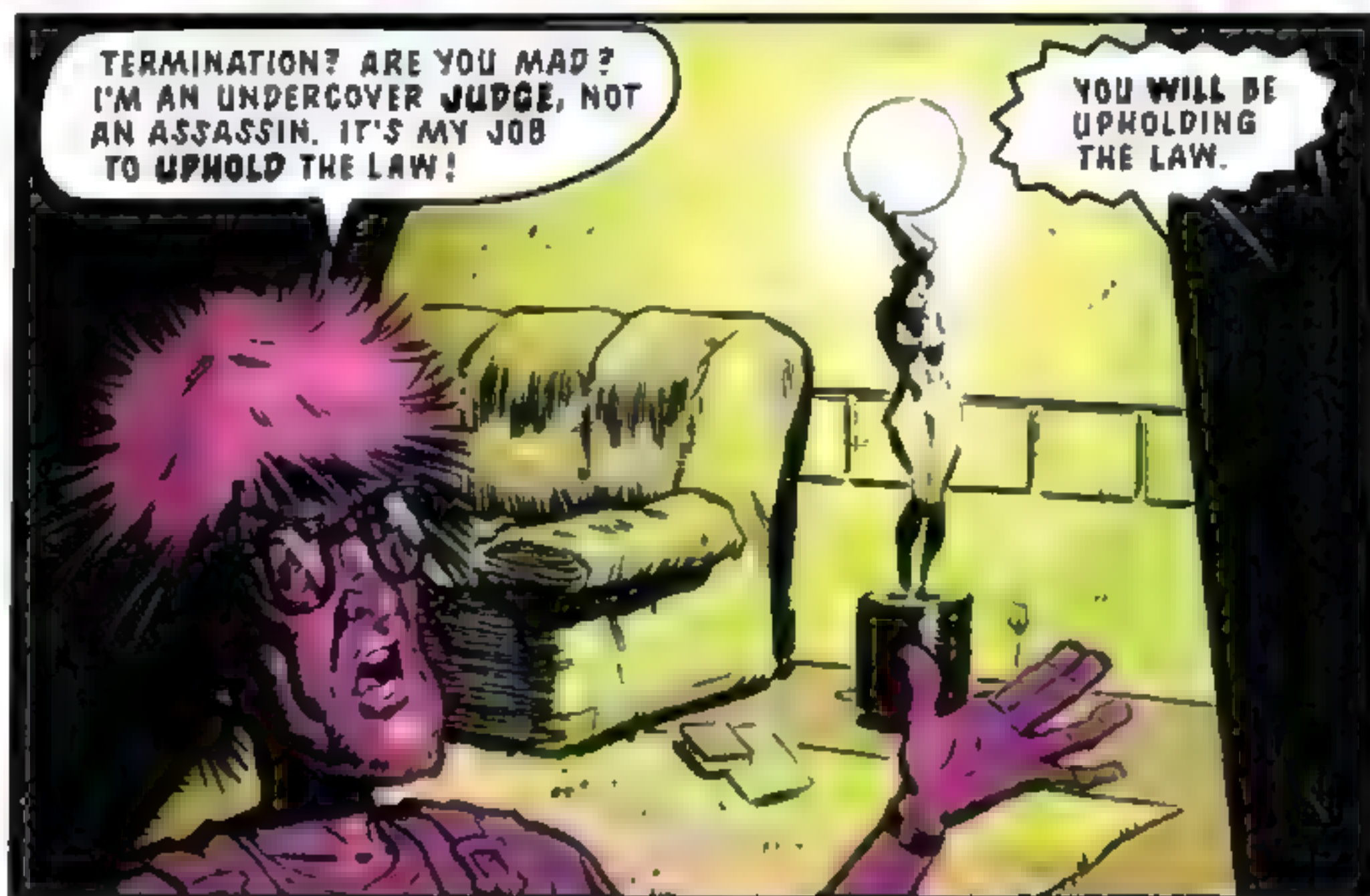


WE HAVE A SUBJECT AWAITING TERMINATION. A DETAILED OPERATIONAL BLUEPRINT WILL BE FAXED TO YOU WITHIN THE HOUR.



TERMINATION? ARE YOU MAD? I'M AN UNDERCOVER JUDGE, NOT AN ASSASSIN. IT'S MY JOB TO UPHOLD THE LAW!

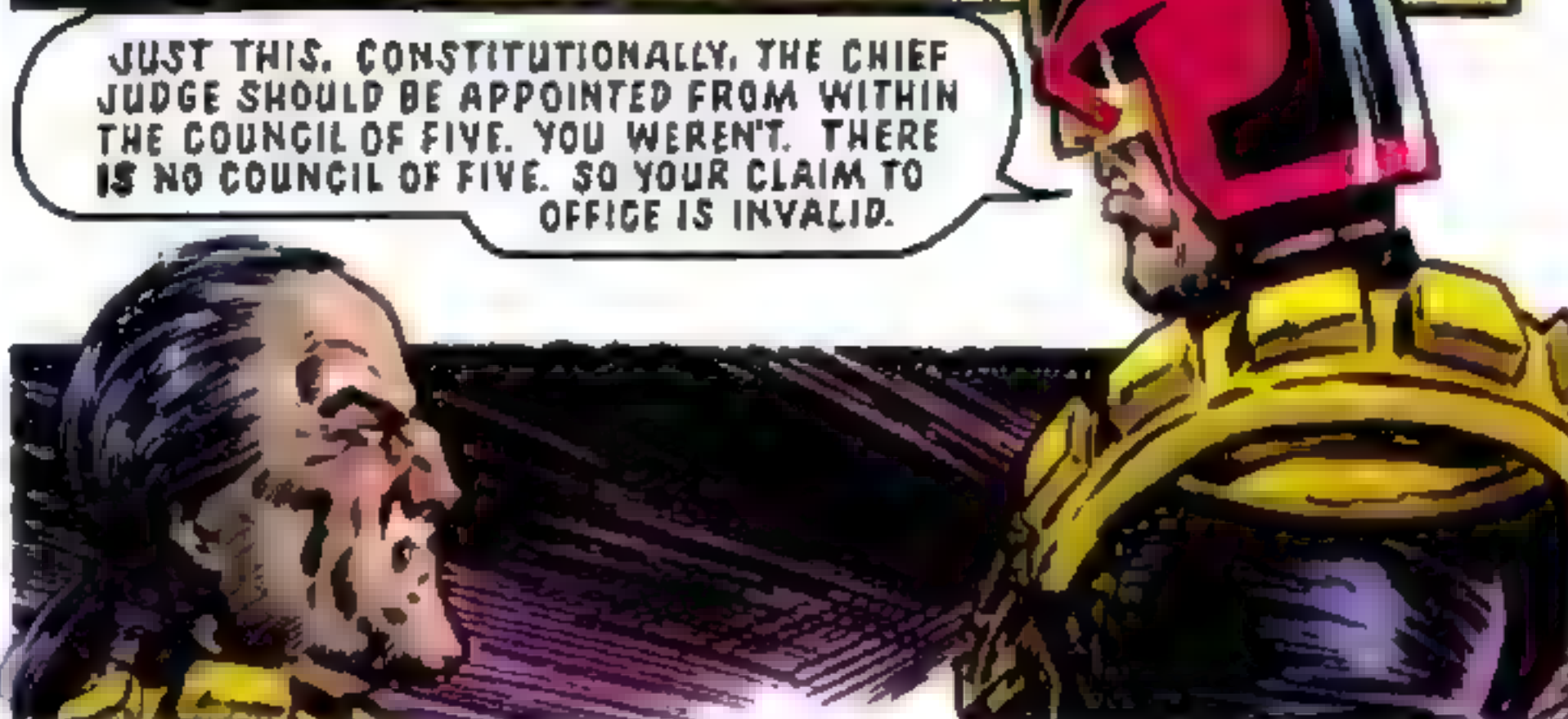
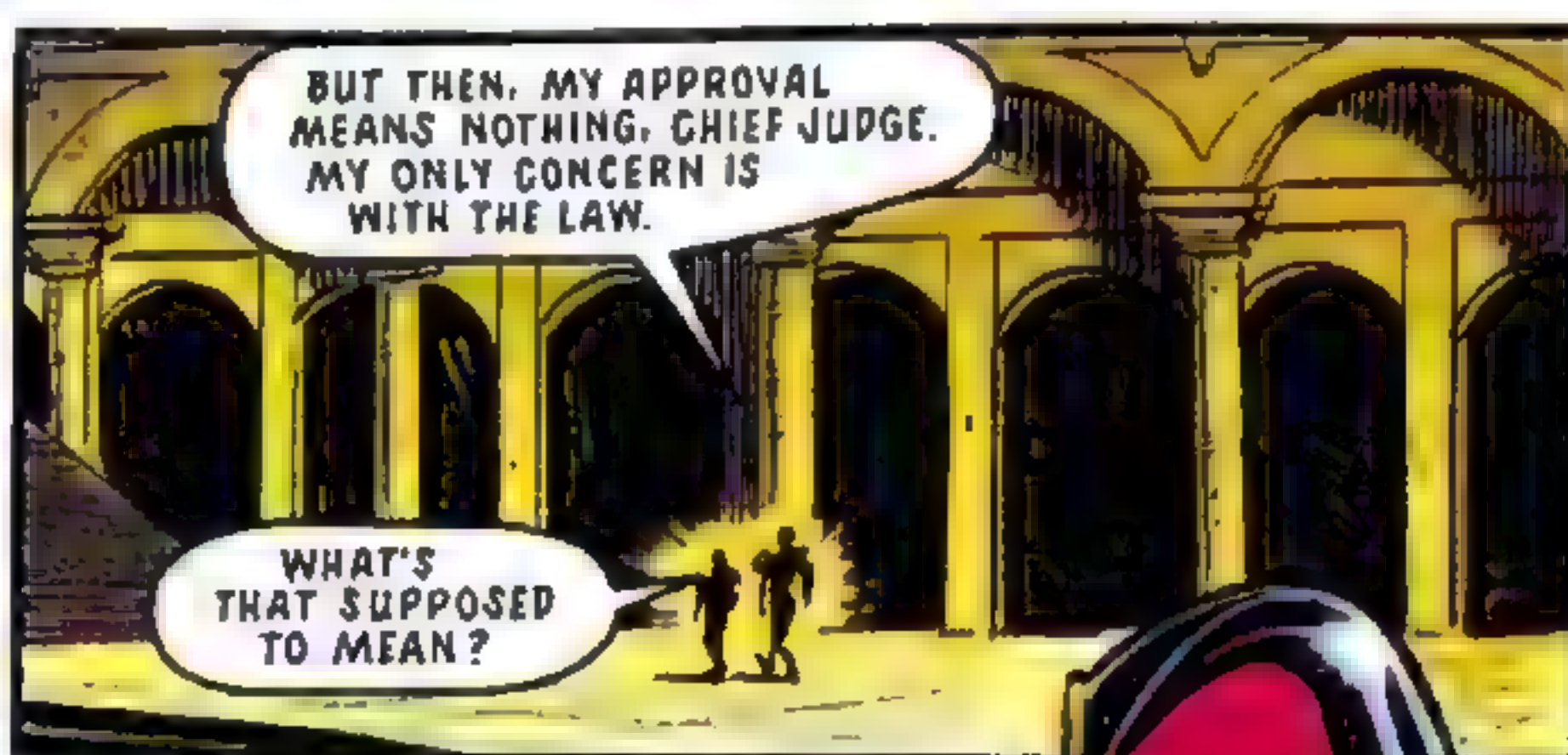
YOU WILL BE UPHOLDING THE LAW.



THIS IS YOUR TARGET.  
CHIEF JUDGE McGRUDER.











WHAT DOES THAT SOUND  
LIKE TO YOU? DOES THAT  
SOUND LIKE WE HAVE  
NO SUPPORT?



WE'RE NOT POLITICIANS, McGRUDER.  
OUR JOB IS TO UPHOLD THE LAW,  
NOT COURT POPULAR OPINION.

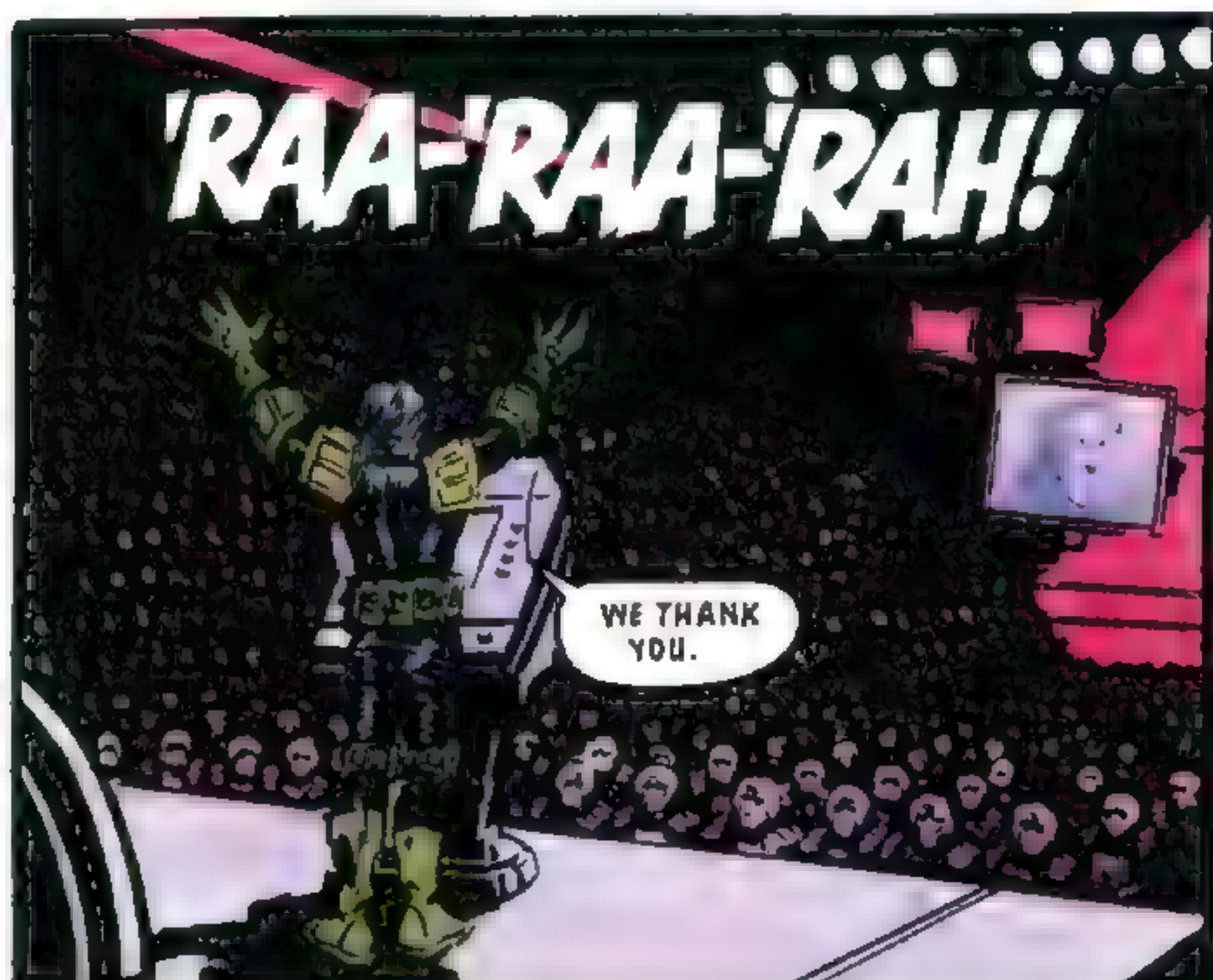


Y'KNOW, PREDD, YOU'RE NO FUN  
TO BE AROUND ANY MORE. WHERE'S  
YER SENSE OF HUMOUR?

I'M A JUDGE. I HAVE NO  
SENSE OF HUMOUR.

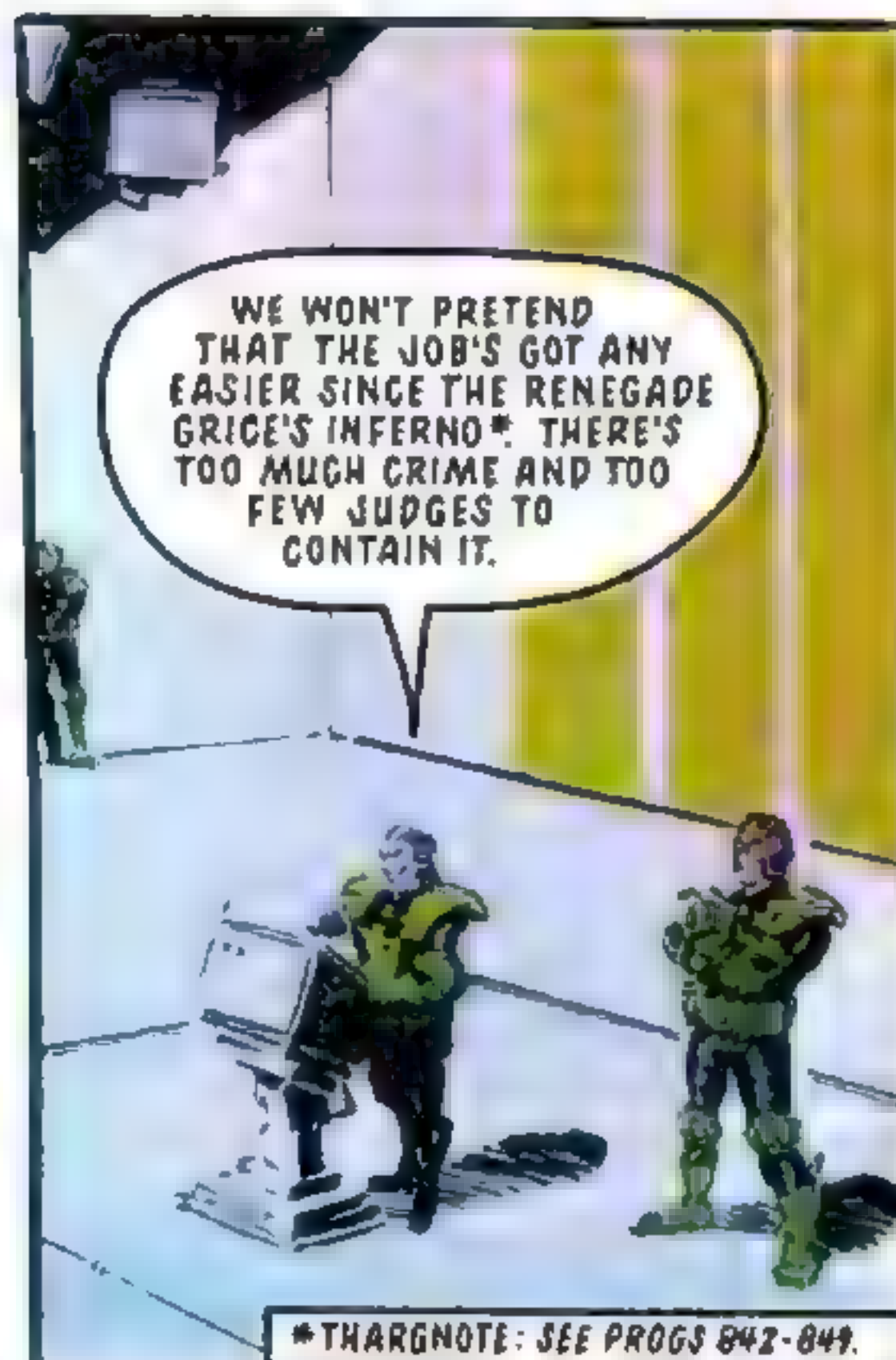


CADETS, TUTORS AND JUDGES  
WE WELCOME A VERY SPECIAL  
GUEST TO OUR GRADUATION  
DAY... CHIEF JUDGE McGRUDER.



WE THANK  
YOU.







# JUDGE DREDD

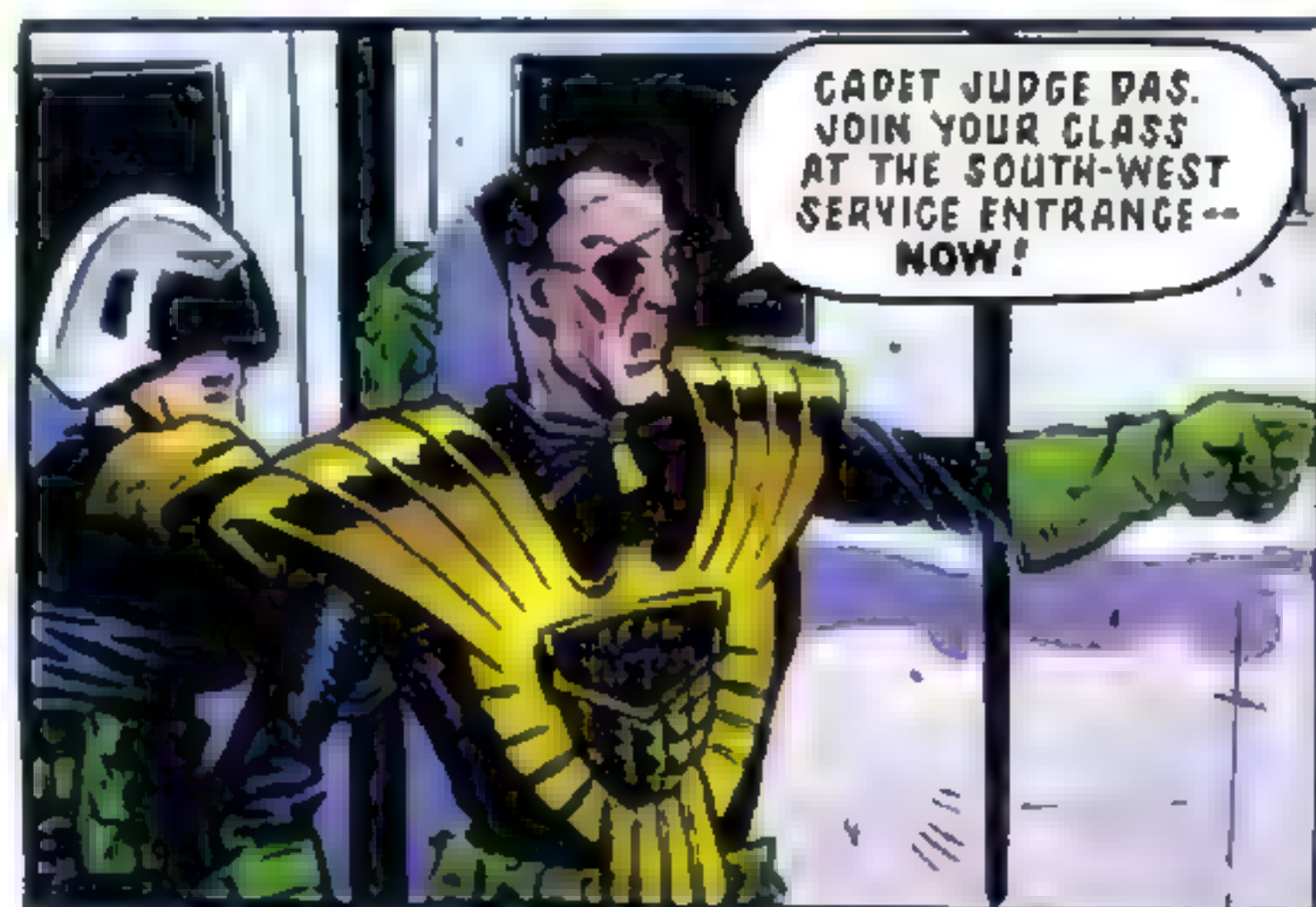
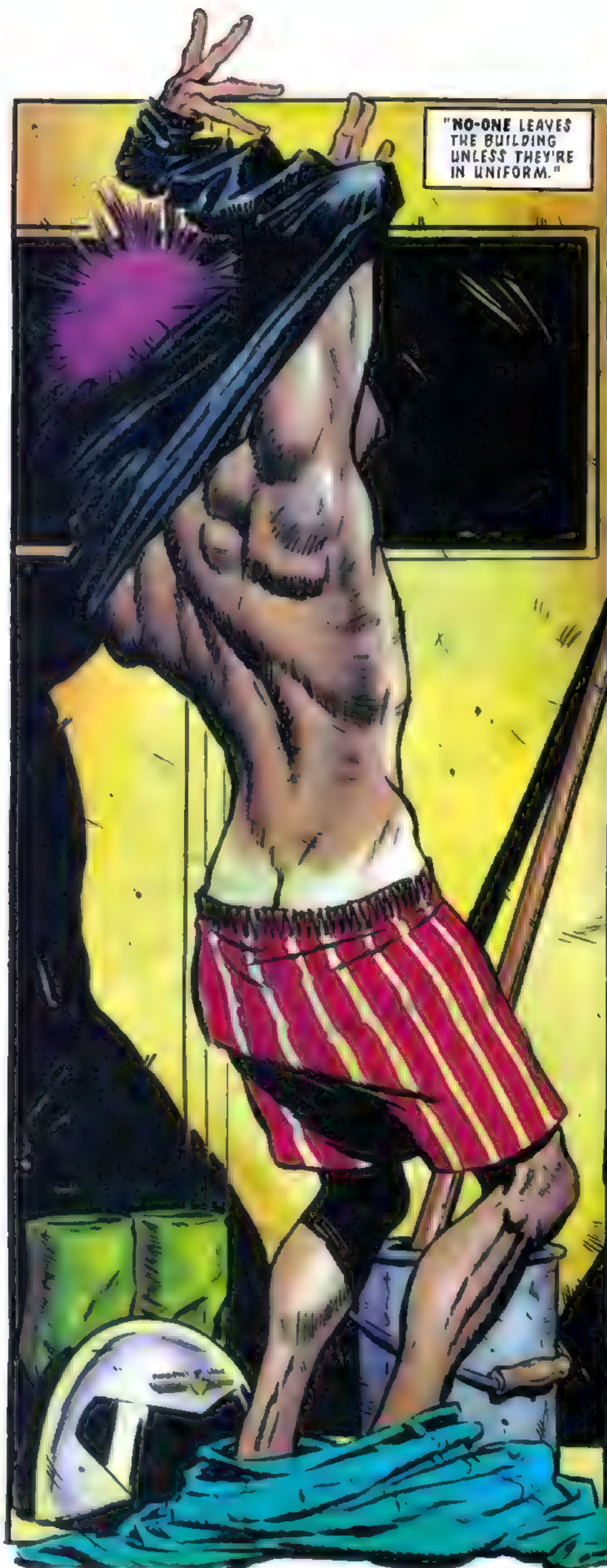
THE manchU candidate

part  
2

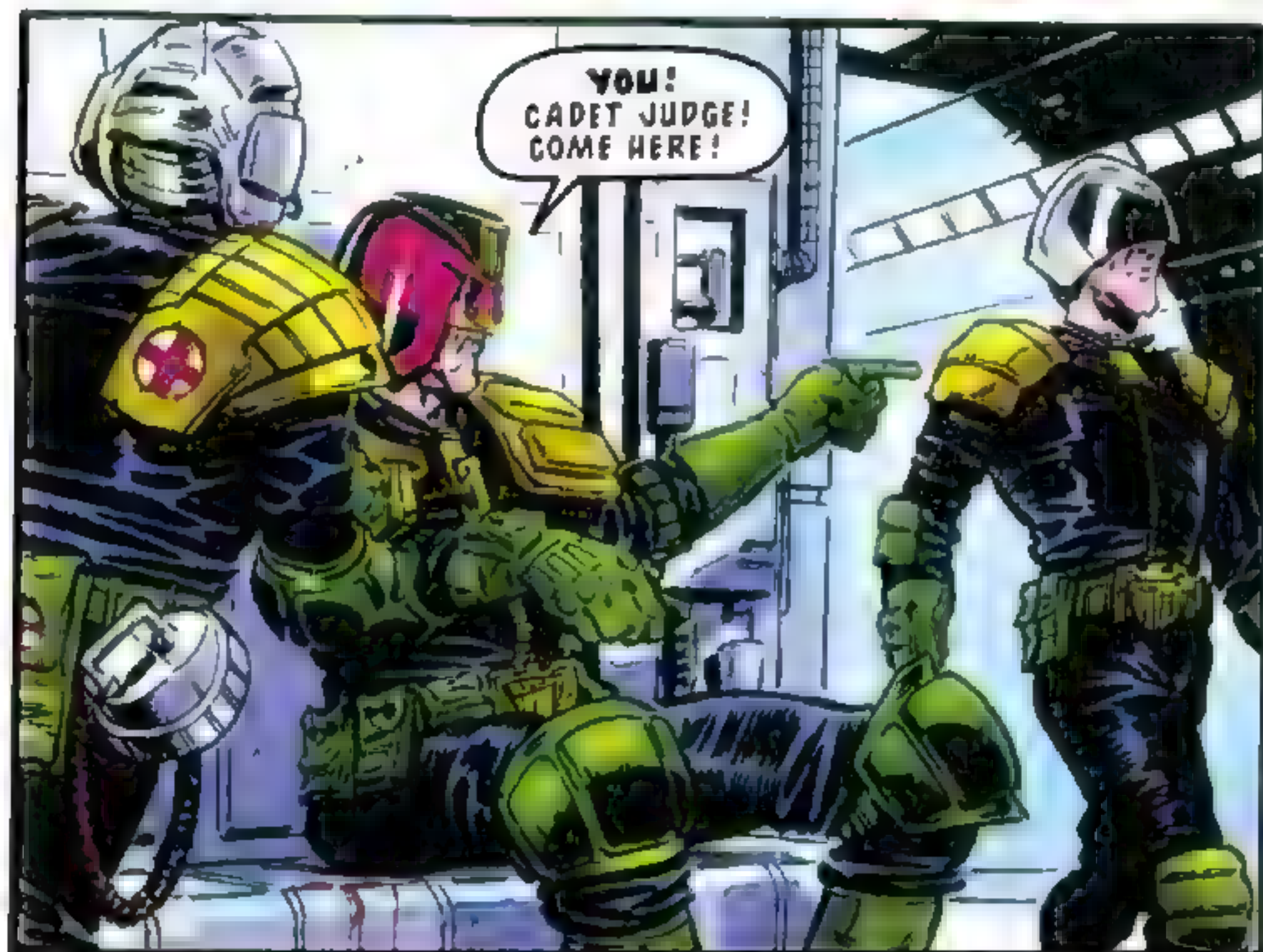
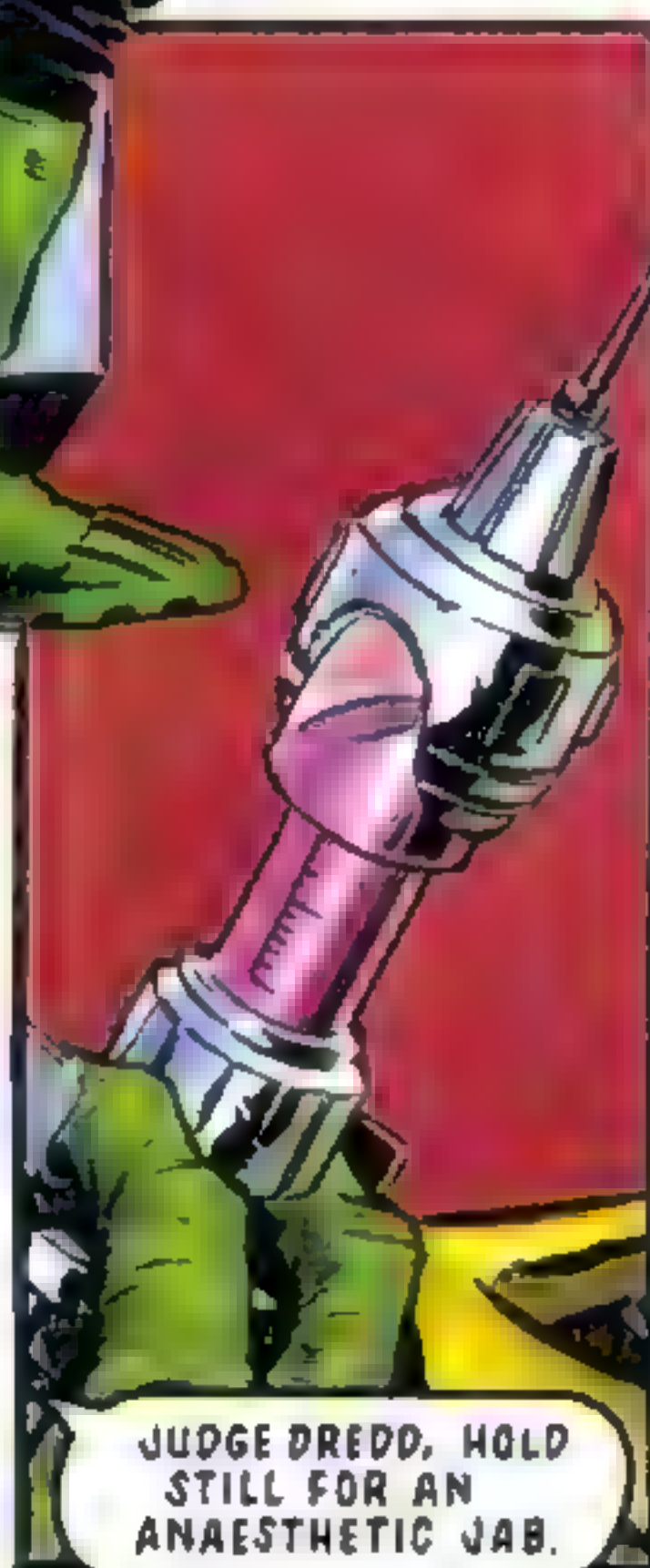
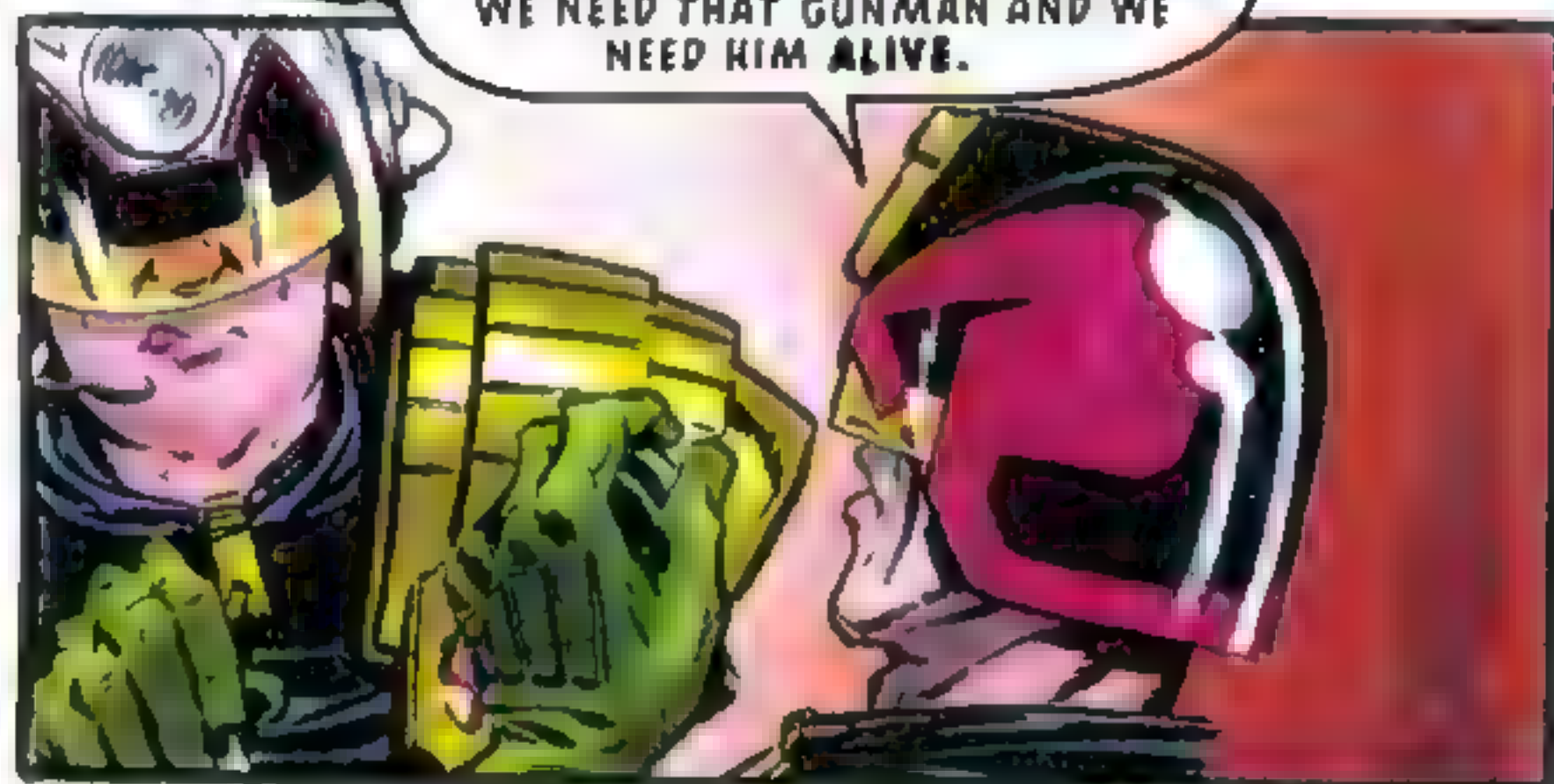
SPEAKING AT THE ACADEMY OF LAW GRADUATION CEREMONY, CHIEF JUDGE McGRUDER COMES UNDER FIRE FROM AN UNSEEN ASSASSIN.















WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN ASSIGNED, CADET?

S-SOUTH-WEST SERVICE ENTRANCE, SIR.

UNNECESSARY. THERE'S ALREADY ADEQUATE COVERAGE. I'M COUNTERMANDING YOUR ORDERS. GET YOURSELF DOWN TO THE BASEMENT VEHICLE ENTRANCE.

WHY AM I ORDERING THIS?

IT'S THE MOST OBVIOUS ESCAPE ROUTE FOR OUR PERP. EVEN THE SMART ONES WILL SOMETIMES GO FOR THE OBVIOUS.

GOOD ANSWER. DISMISSED.

STILL SOMETHING FAMILIAR ABOUT THAT KID...





GOOD.  
REINFORCEMENTS.



CADET OTIS  
REPORTING,  
SIR.



KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED.  
NO-ONE LEAVES. DETAIN  
ANYONE WHO TRIES TO  
PASS. GOT IT?

YESSIR!



YEAH, RIGHT. GOOD  
THINKING, OTIS.



LET'S TAKE A LOOK AROUND.  
WE'LL KEEP THE ENTRANCE  
IN SIGHT.



KRAK!



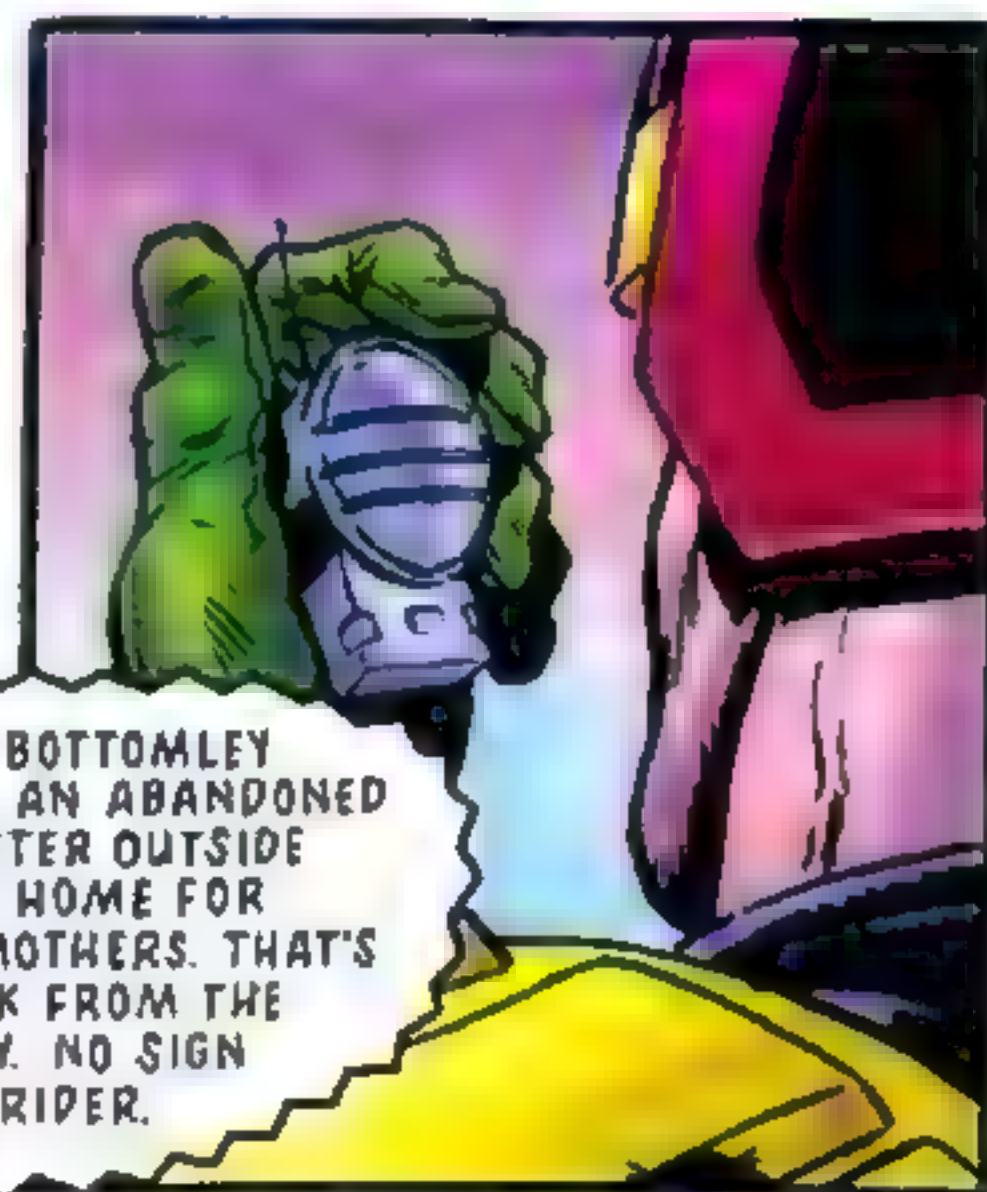


TOO EASY

RRRRRR



CONTROL TO DREDD.  
GO AHEAD



JUDGE BOTTOMLEY  
REPORTS AN ABANDONED  
LAWMASTER OUTSIDE  
THE YEO HOME FOR  
SINGLE MOTHERS. THAT'S  
JUST 15K FROM THE  
ACADEMY. NO SIGN  
OF THE RIDER.



THAT UNIT WAS ASSIGNED TO  
JUDGE SMITH, WHO'S HERE  
WITH ME. WHAT YOU GOT  
THERE IS OUR ASSASSIN'S  
ESCAPE VEHICLE.



OUR PERP HAS KNOWLEDGE OF  
JUSTICE DEPT PROCEDURE. COULD WE  
WE'RE LOOKING FOR A JUDGE.



# JUDGE DREDD

## THE MANTHU CANDIDATE

PART  
3

Sonny Steelgrave

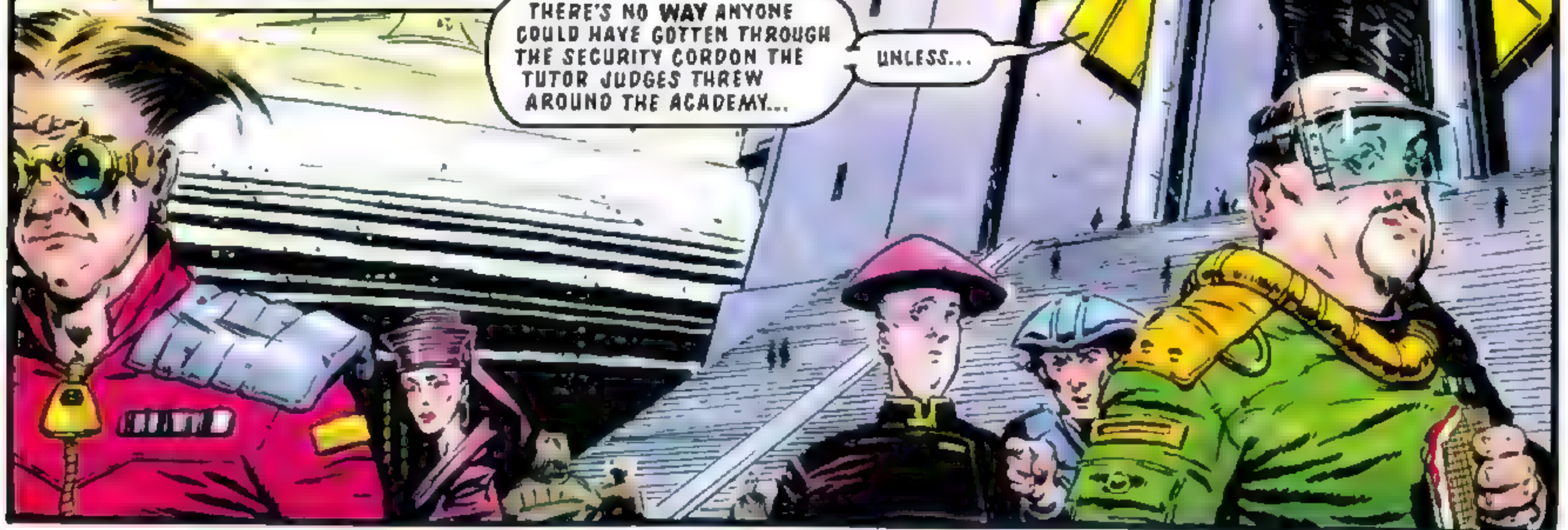
Mick Austin

Tom Frame

AN ASSASSINATION ATTEMPT ON CHIEF JUDGE MCGRUDER AT THE ACADEMY HAS BEEN THWARTED BY JUDGE DREDD. NOW DREDD AND MCGRUDER SPECULATE ON THE IDENTITY OF THE WOULD-BE KILLERS...

THERE'S NO WAY ANYONE COULD HAVE GOTTEN THROUGH THE SECURITY CORDON THE TUTOR JUDGES THREW AROUND THE ACADEMY...

UNLESS...



SPIT IT OUT, JOE. WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?

THERE'S NO DOUBT THAT OUR WOULD-BE ASSASSIN HAD KNOWLEDGE OF JUSTICE DEPT PROCEDURE.

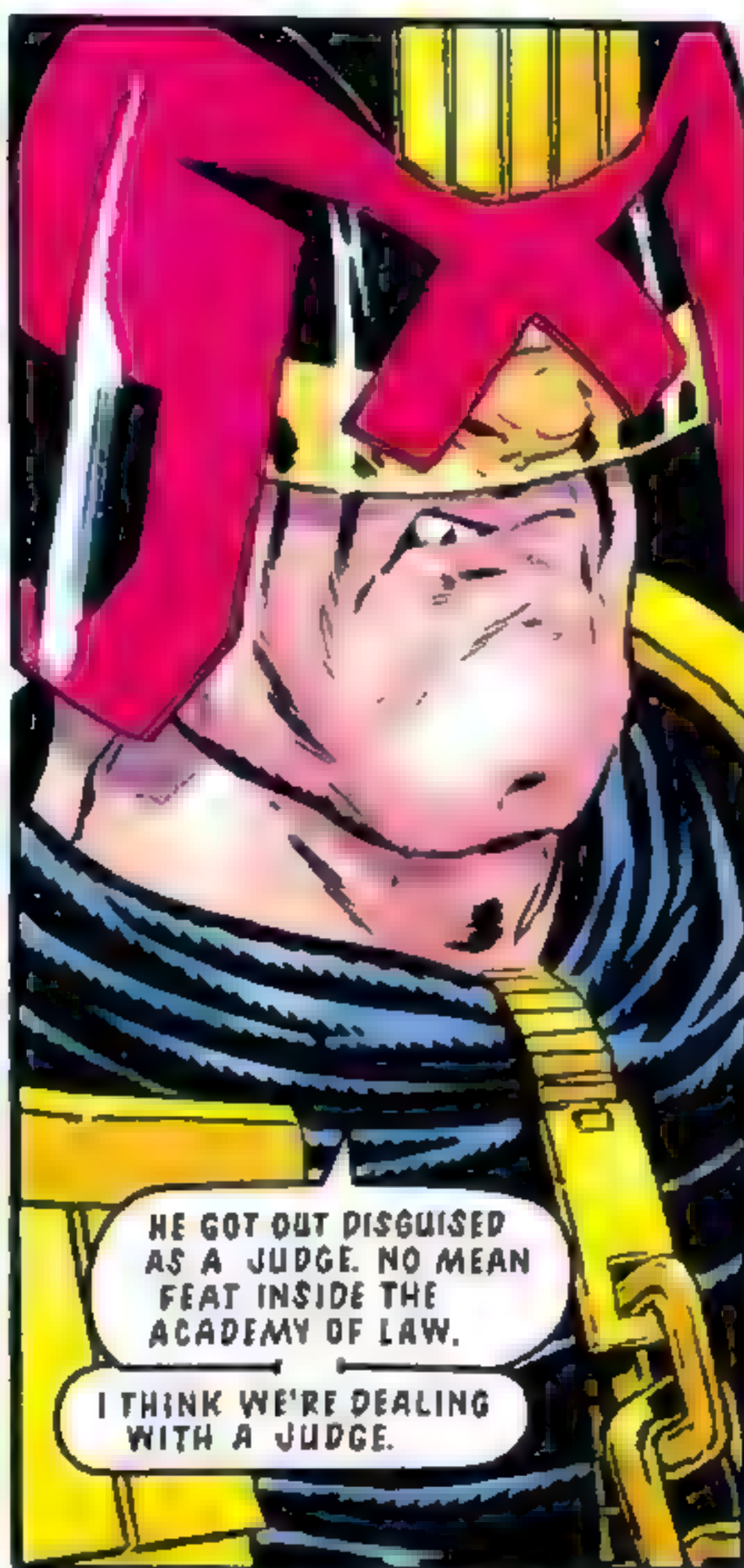


IT'S VERY LIKELY THERE IS A FACTION WITHIN THE DEPARTMENT THAT IS UNHAPPY WITH THE JOB YOU'RE DOING. THAT'S WHO IS TRYING TO ASSASSINATE YOU.

AND YOU'D LIKE THAT, WOULDN'T YOU?

HE GOT OUT DISGUISED AS A JUDGE. NO MEAN FEAT INSIDE THE ACADEMY OF LAW.

I THINK WE'RE DEALING WITH A JUDGE.

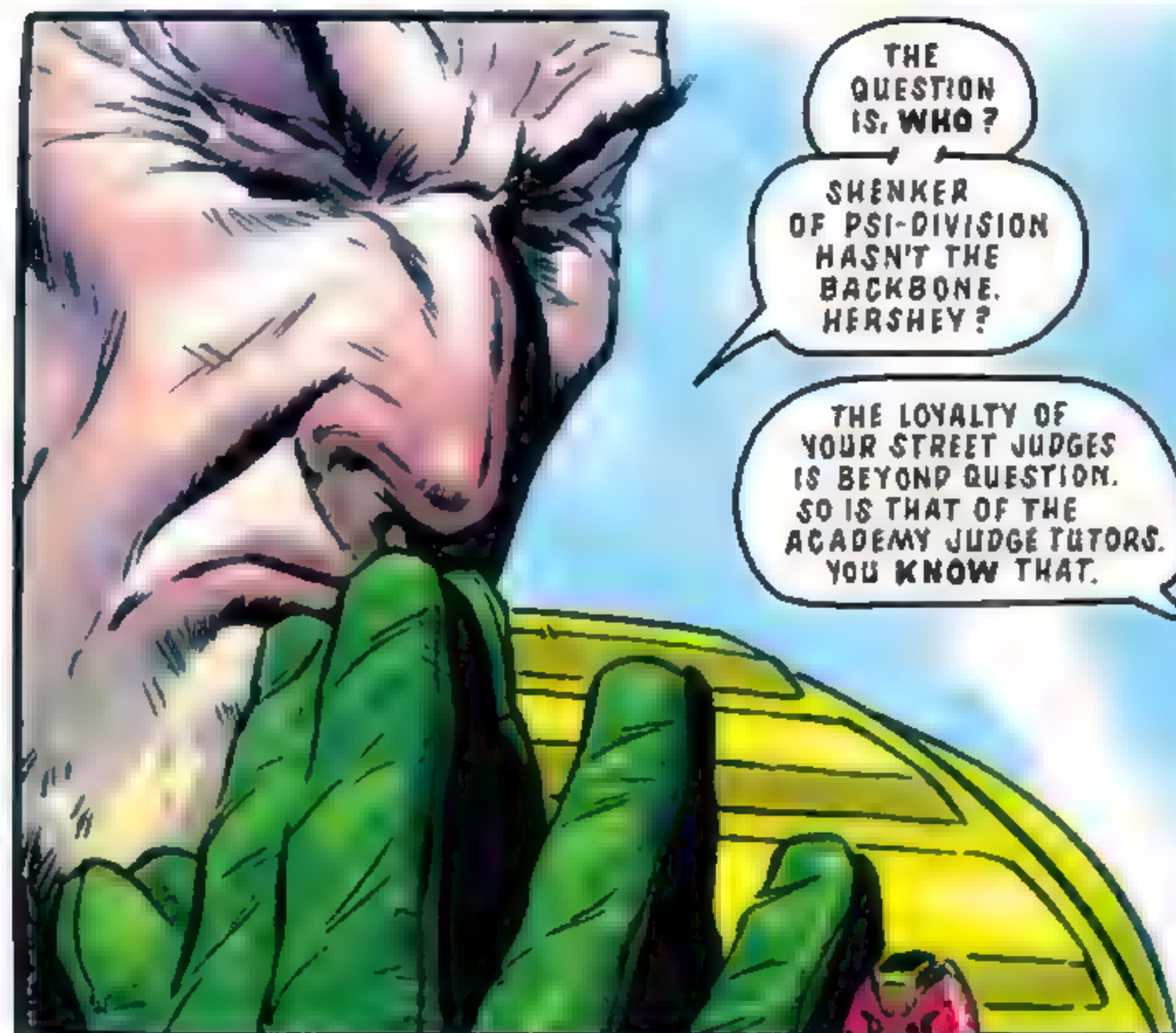






I'M A JUDGE. MY JOB IS UPHOLD THE LAW. ANY ATTEMPT ON YOUR LIFE WOULD BE ILLEGAL.

ONLY IF IT FAILS, JOE.



THE QUESTION IS, WHO?

SHENKER OF PSI-DIVISION HASN'T THE BACKBONE. HERSHEY?

THE LOYALTY OF YOUR STREET JUDGES IS BEYOND QUESTION. SO IS THAT OF THE ACADEMY JUDGE TUTORS. YOU KNOW THAT.



AND WE STILL HAVE A LOT OF FRIENDS IN THE S.J.S. THAT LEAVES UNDERCOVER DIVISION--THE WALLY SQUAD.

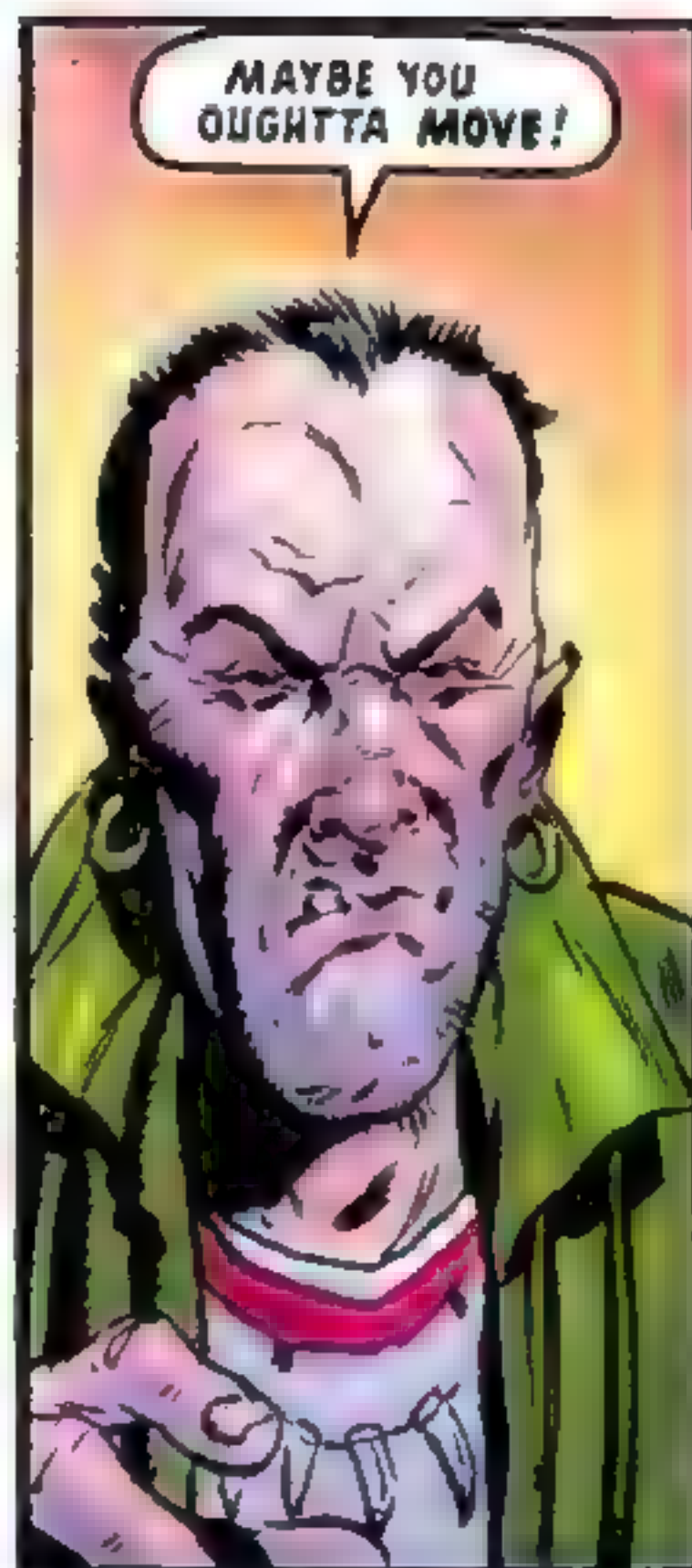
SEEMS LOGICAL. I'LL HAVE THE TEK BOYS START COMBING THE COMPUTERS FOR LIKELY CANDIDATES. BUT IT'S LARGELY A WASTE OF TIME...



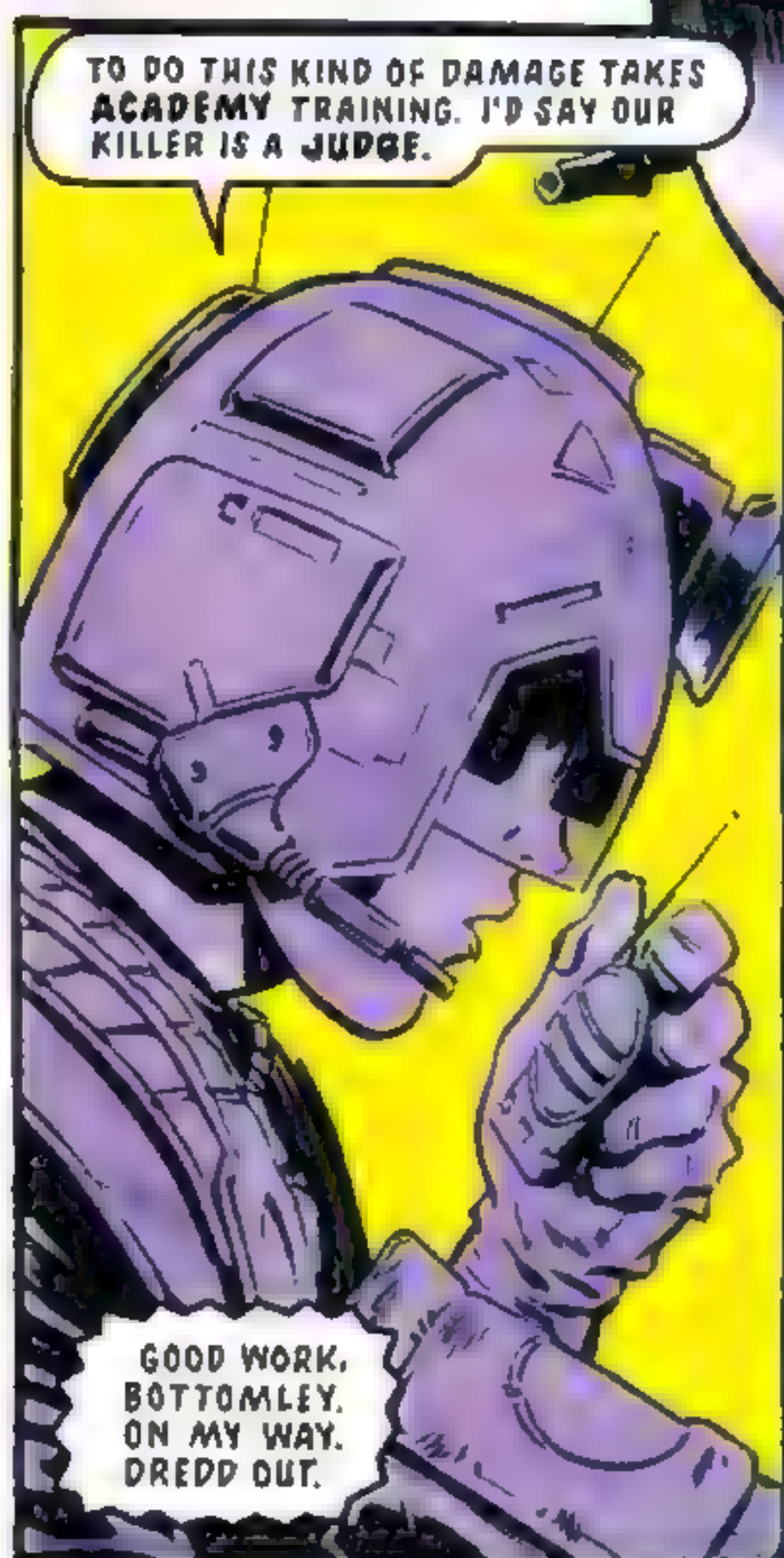
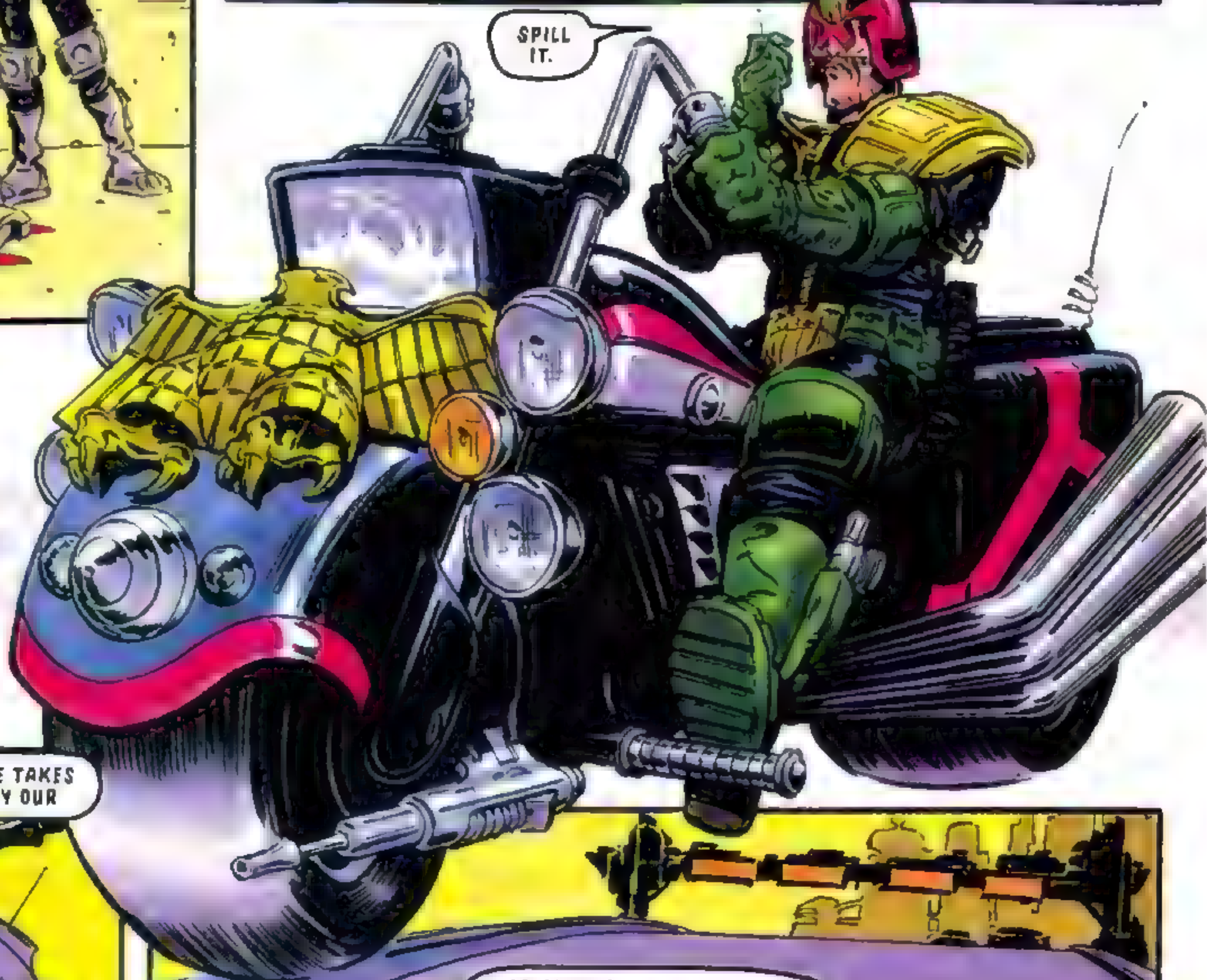
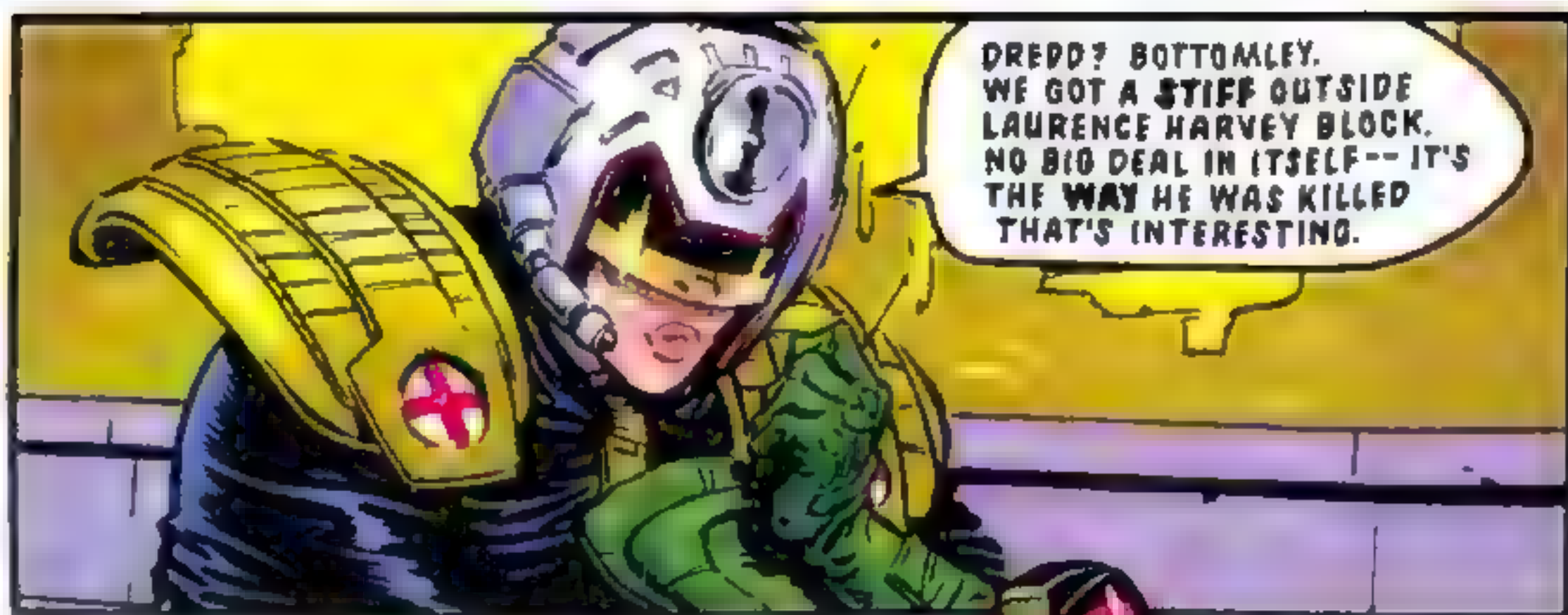
WE NEED WHOEVER GAVE THE ASSASSIN HIS ORDERS.

GET THE GUNMAN ALIVE AND WE'LL GET THAT INFORMATION OUT OF HIM.

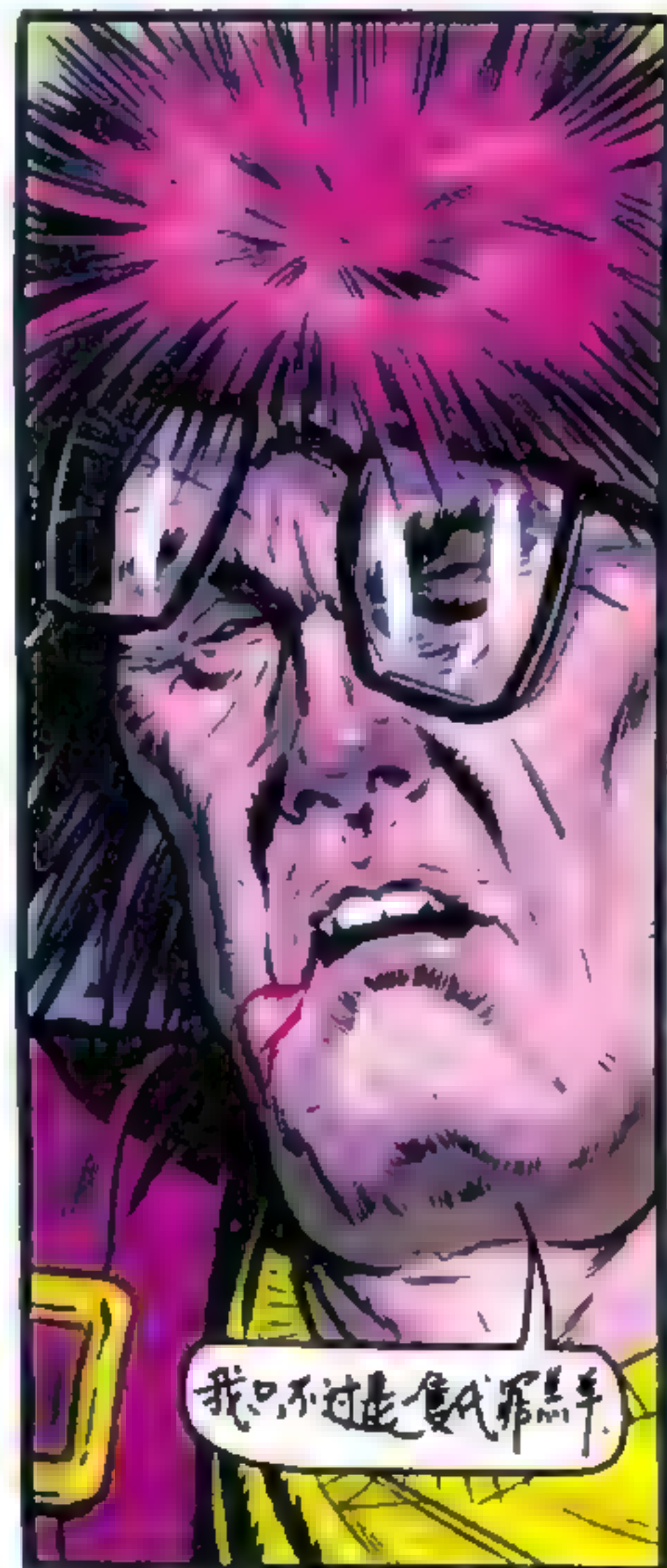
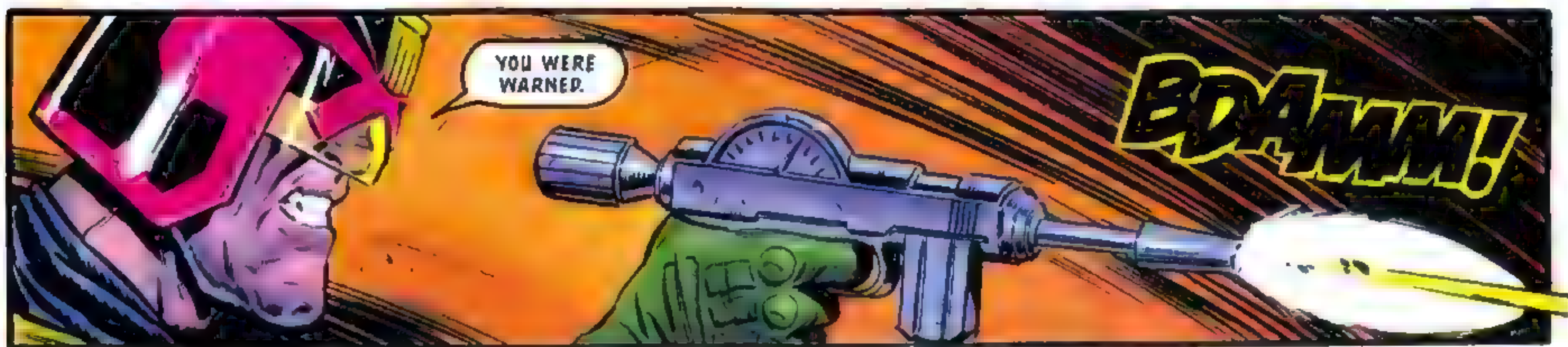




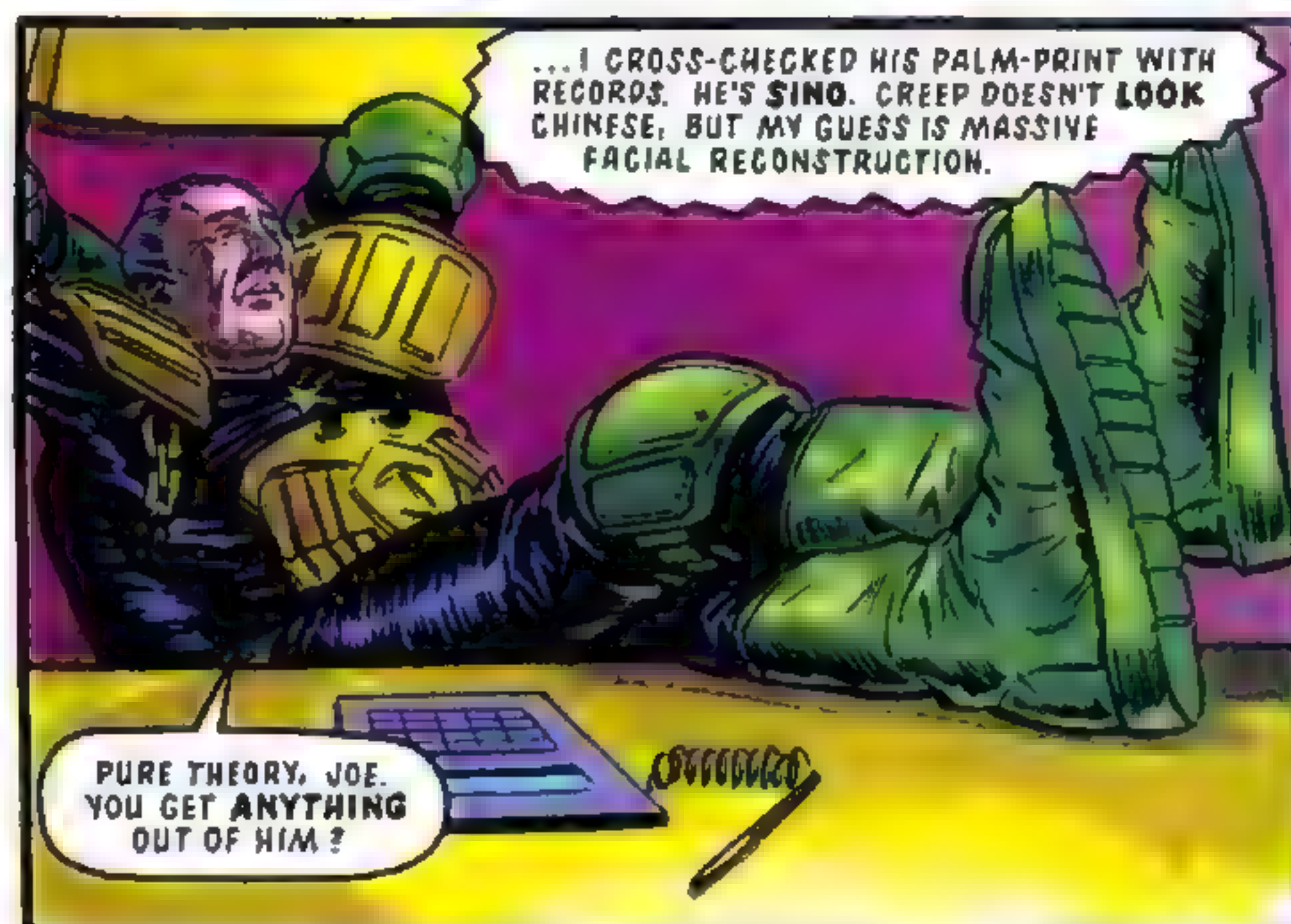














**THE CURSED EARTH. THE TREACHEROUS WASTELAND  
BETWEEN MEGA-CITY ONE AND MEGA-CITY TWO.  
A SMOULDERING DESERT LEFT OVER FROM THE ATOMIC  
WARS.**

**YET STILL THERE IS LIFE HERE; TWISTED, MUTATED  
LIFE, DRIVEN BY AN UNQUENCHABLE THIRST FOR  
SURVIVAL...**

**AND A KIND OF LAW.**

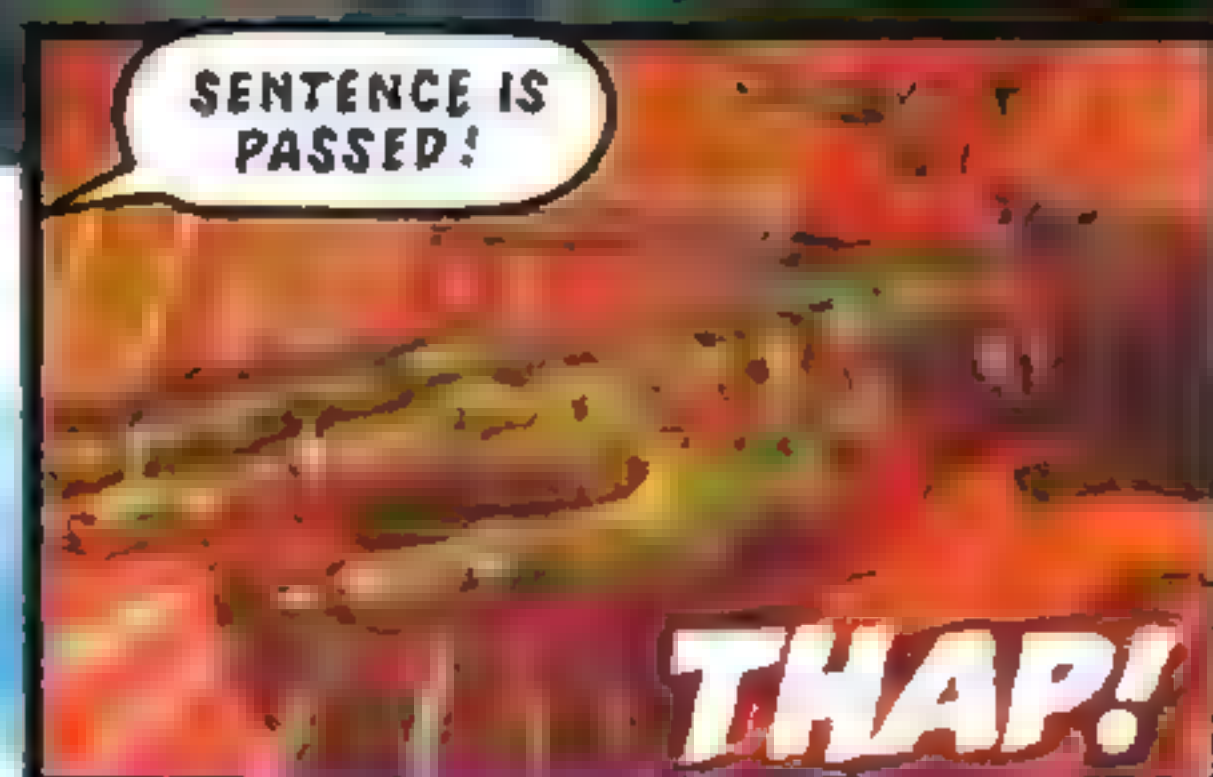
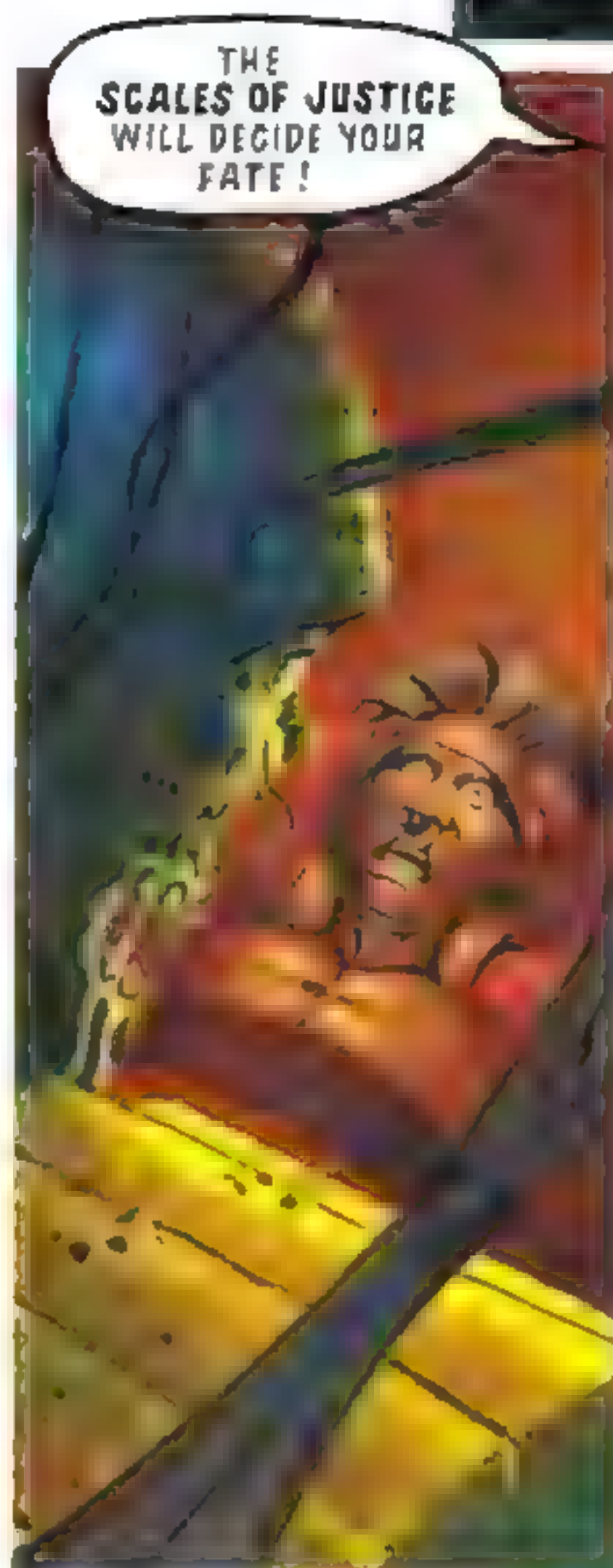
| JUDGE DREDD CREDITS |              |
|---------------------|--------------|
| SCRIPT              | John Higgins |
| ART                 | John Higgins |
| EDITOR              | Tom Frame    |

# JUDGE DREDD

SCALES OF  
JUSTICE

PART  
1









JUSTICE DEPARTMENT  
COMMUNICATIONS CENTRE,  
MEGA-CITY ONE.

COM-TECH 1077.  
CONTACT JUDGE DREDD.  
HAVE PIN-POINTED THE  
INTERMITTENT DISTRESS  
SIGNAL DETECTED  
EARLIER.

IT'S COMING FROM  
THE CURSED EARTH!

GRAND HALL OF JUSTICE.

WHO'S THE  
KID?

ROOKIE JUDGE  
HAMITT, DREDD.  
HE'S RIDING WITH  
YOU ON THIS ONE.  
IT'LL BE HIS FIRST  
FIELD TRIP.

SWELL.

CO-ORDINATES PUT THIS ONE SMACK  
IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ATOMIC SLAG  
STEPPES. IF WE FIND ANY SURVIVORS  
I'LL BE SURPRISED.



"EVEN SO, IT'S A JUSTICE DEPT DISTRESS  
CODE -- WE HAVE TO CHECK IT OUT.

"KEEP OUT OF MY WAY AND WATCH YOUR  
BACK, HAMITT...



"JUST STAYIN' ALIVE OUT THERE  
IS A FULL-TIME JOB."

SQUEEEE-!







NIGHT.

A BAND OF MUTIE  
RAIDERS FIGHT  
OVER THE DAY'S  
SPOILS...

GIMME DAT! GETCHA  
POXY CLAW OFFA THE  
GURLY, SLUG BREATH!

SHE  
MINE!



C'MON, DRINK  
YA DRAGBAG!

N-NO!



**SWIKK!**

UDDH!



HNURK-?



**GAAAAH!**

**AIIEEEE!**





WE GOT 'EM GOOD, JASON.  
MUTIE SCUM NEVER KNEW  
WHAT HIT 'EM.

MAKE SURE  
NO PERP  
ESCAPES, ROB.  
GET DOWN THE  
FAR END NOW!



CALM YOURSELVES,  
CITIZENS. THE MUTIES  
ARE GONE!



DIEEE!

**SLISSHH!**



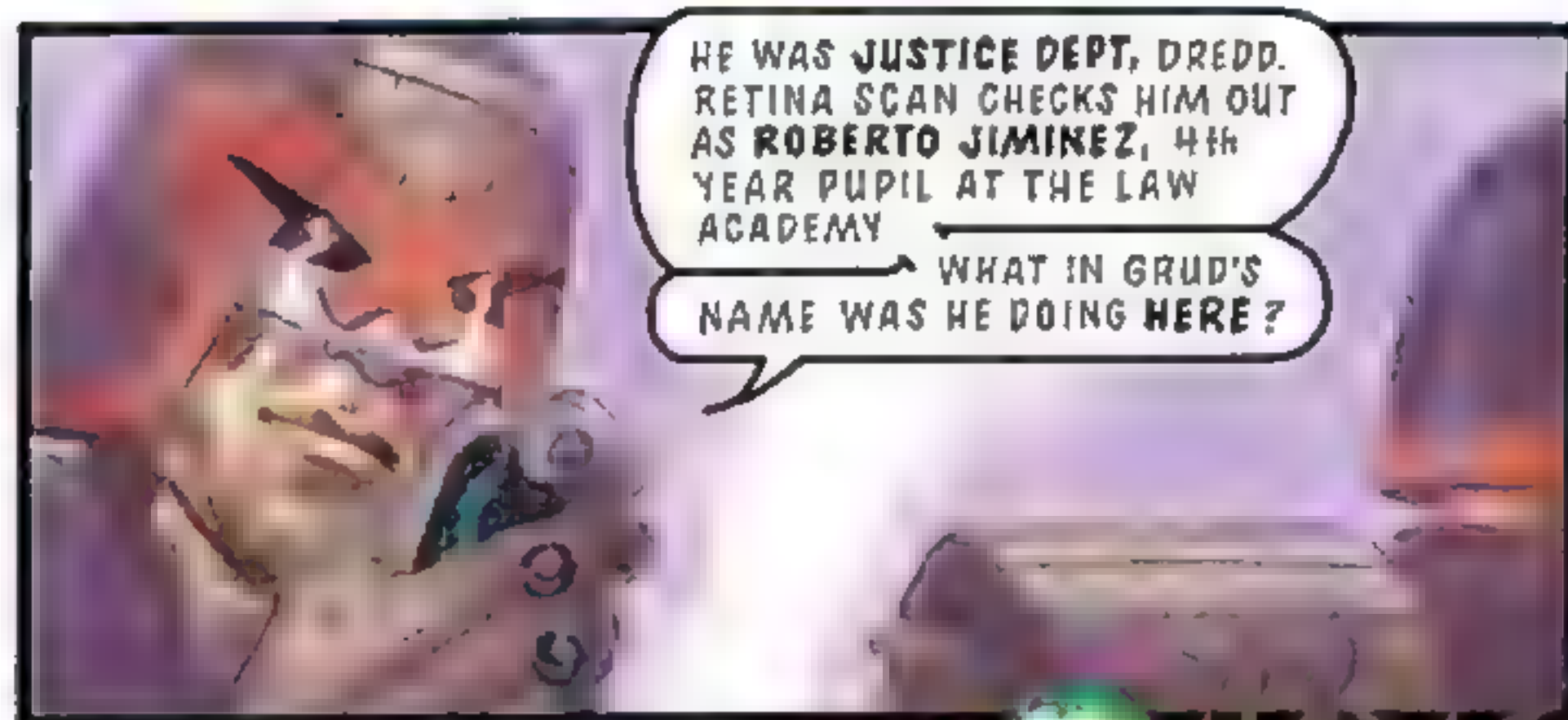


LATER...

NO SIGN OF LIFE, DREDD.  
MOST OF 'EM ARE MUTIES--  
EXCEPT FOR ONE OVER  
THERE

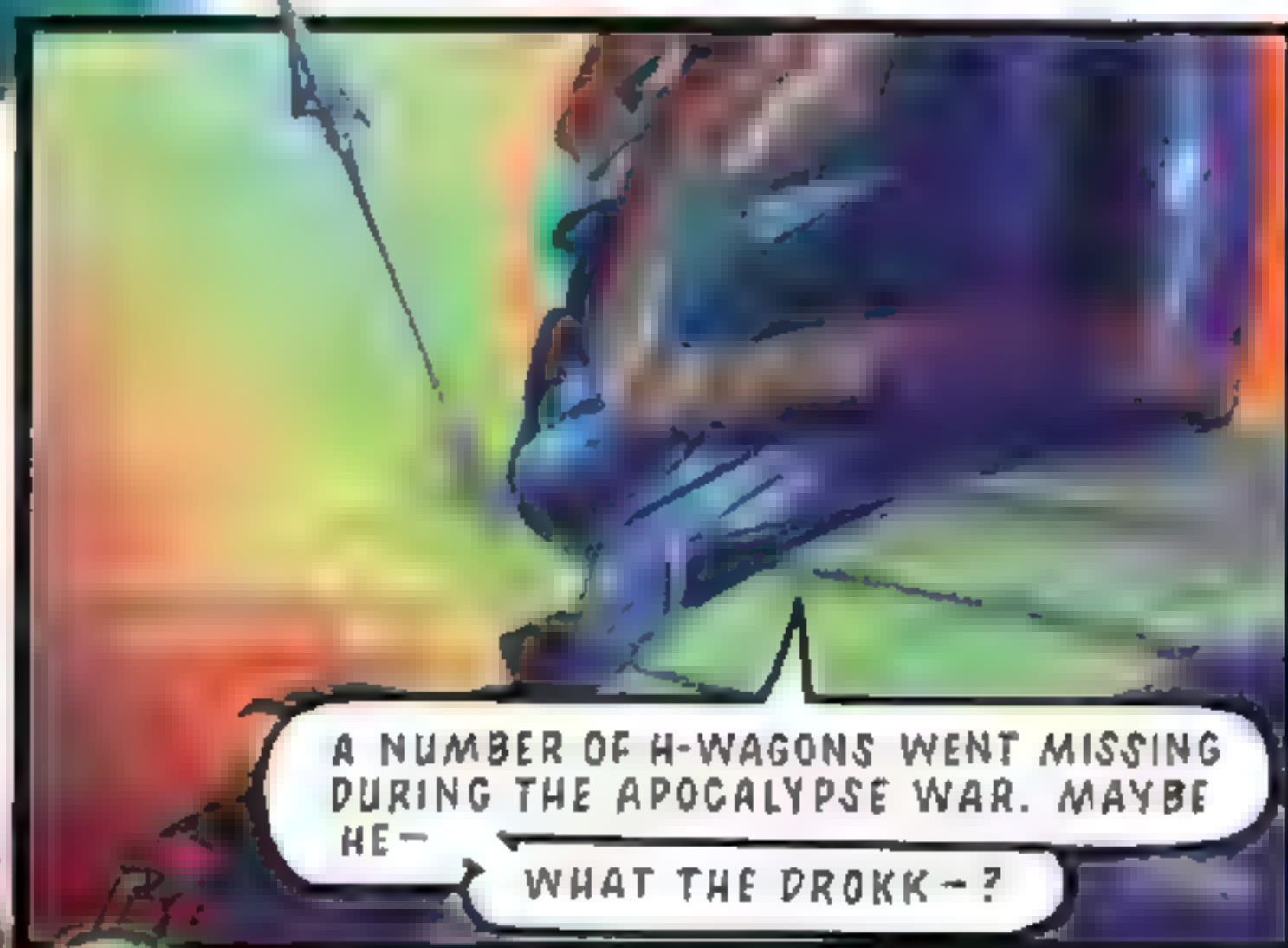


PITY HE'S JUST  
A KID...



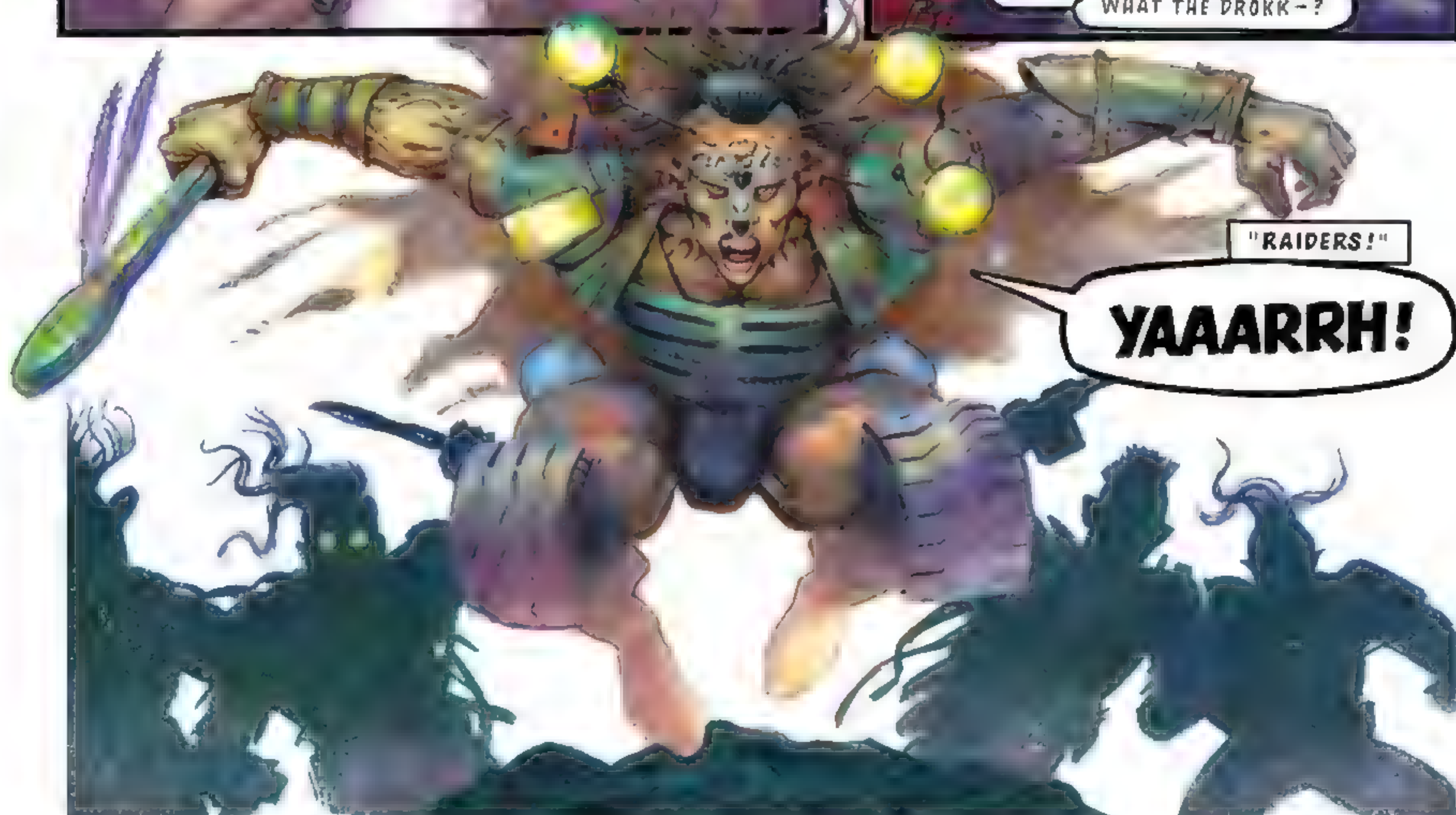
HE WAS JUSTICE DEPT, DREDD.  
RETINA SCAN CHECKS HIM OUT  
AS ROBERTO JIMINEZ, 44<sup>th</sup>  
YEAR PUPIL AT THE LAW  
ACADEMY

WHAT IN GRUD'S  
NAME WAS HE DOING HERE?



A NUMBER OF H-WAGONS WENT MISSING  
DURING THE APOCALYPSE WAR. MAYBE  
HE--

WHAT THE DROKK--?



"RAIDERS!"

**YAAARRH!**





COME AN'  
GET IT, CREEP!  
I'M HANDIN' OUT  
LIFE SENTENCES!

**WAKK!**

HGNNN!



OVER THERE,  
HAMITT!  
MOVE IT!

CHECK.



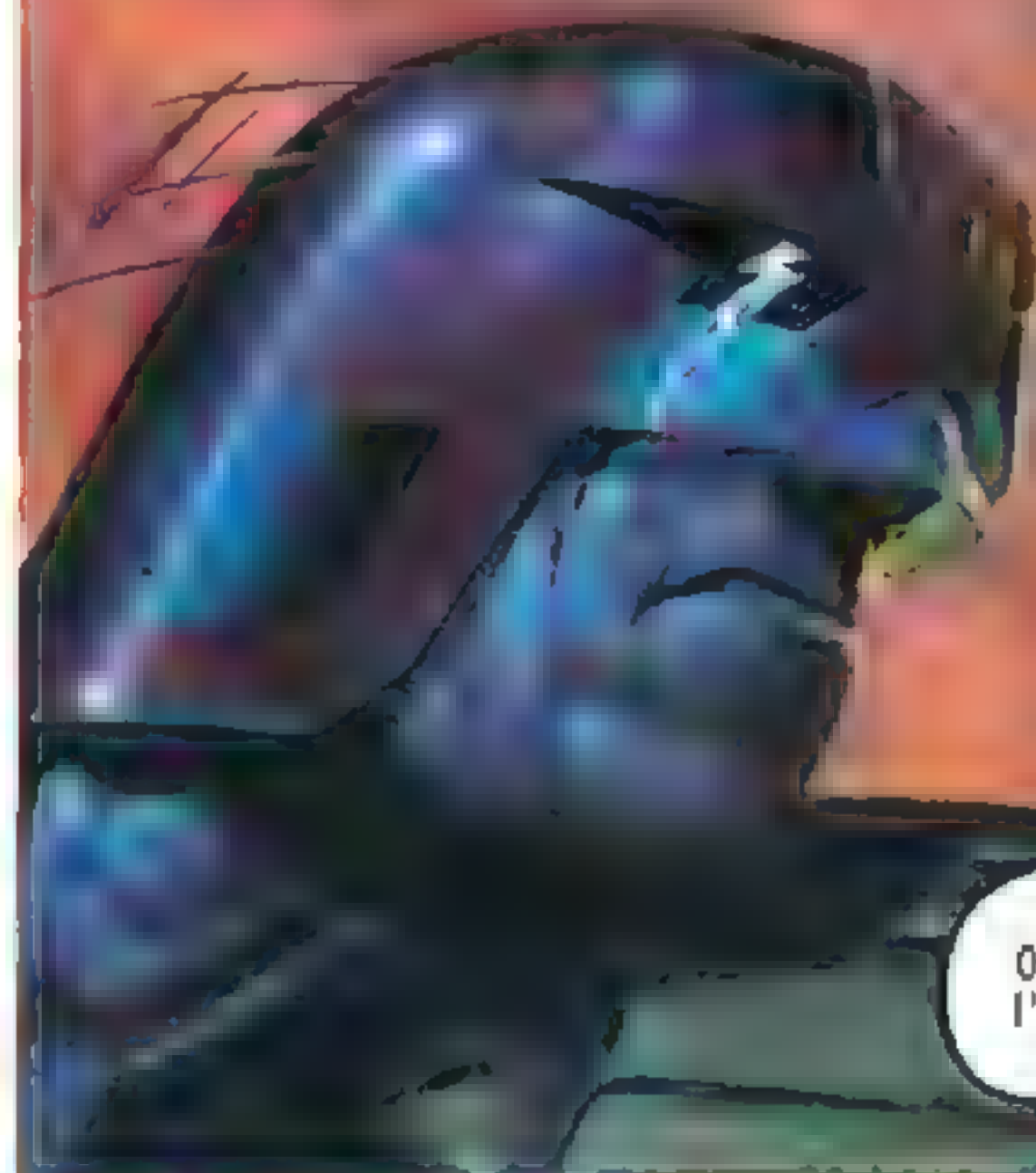
DEAD END,  
MUTIE!

**OOFF!**



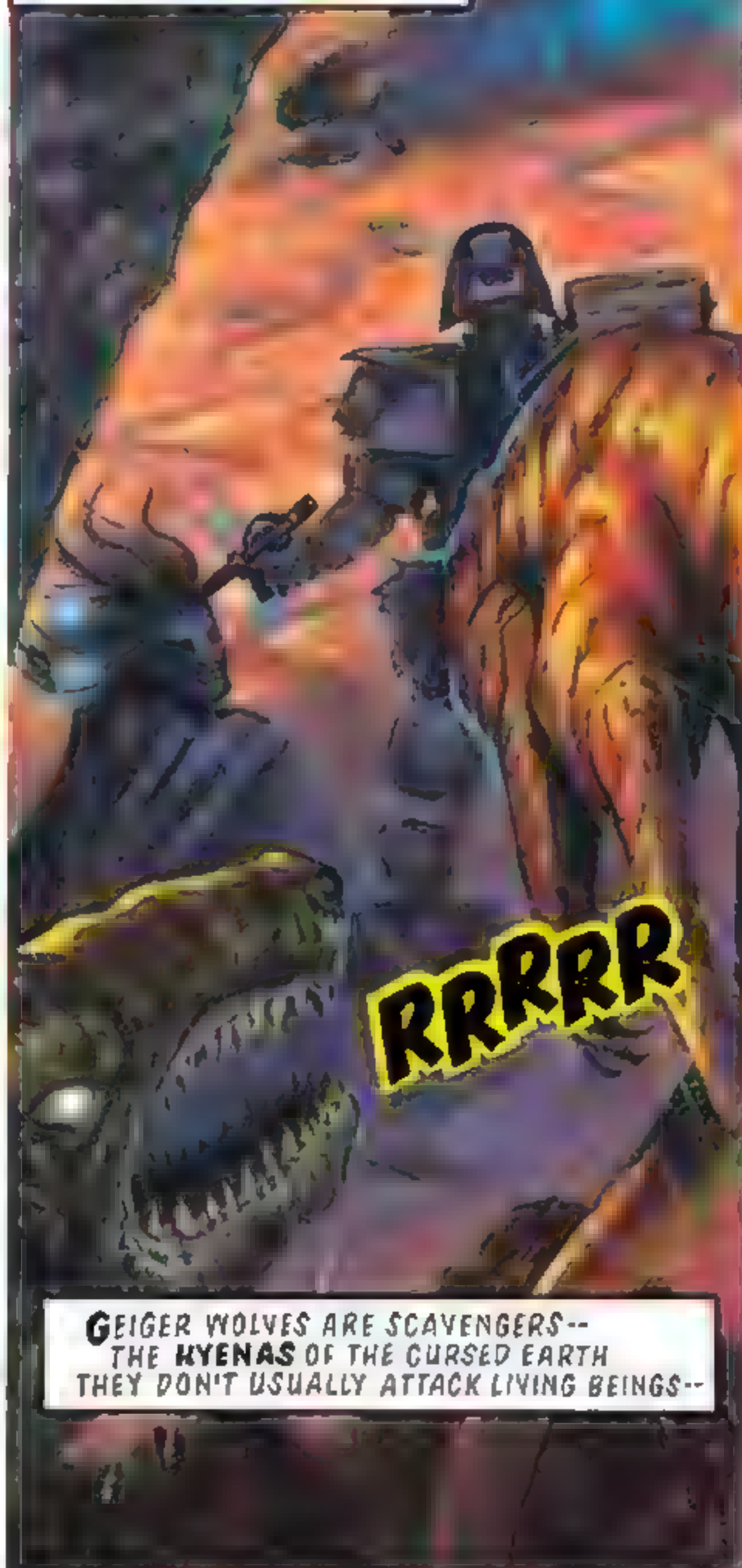
THE SUN SINKS IN A BLOODY SKY OVER THE CURSED EARTH--  
THE BARREN STRETCH OF RADIATION-SCARRED WASTELAND  
BETWEEN MEGA-CITIES ONE AND TWO.

JUDGE DREDD, ANSWERING A JUSTICE DEPT DISTRESS  
CALL, IS INTERRUPTED BY A MUTIE-RAIDER AMBUSH...



DREDD!  
OVER HERE!  
I'VE FOUND--  
UNNH!

AND A GROUP OF EVEN MORE  
SAVAGE PREDATORS!



GEIGER WOLVES ARE SCAVENGERS--  
THE HYENAS OF THE CURSED EARTH  
THEY DON'T USUALLY ATTACK LIVING BEINGS--

2000 AD CREDIT LINE  
SCENE John Higgins  
SCRIPT John Higgins  
ART John Higgins  
LETTERS Tom Frame

JUDGE DREDD

SCALES OF  
JUSTICE

PART  
2





**RRRR!**

UNLESS YOU STAND BETWEEN THEM  
AND THEIR NEXT MEAL.

HUNGRY,  
MUTT?



SWALLOW  
THIS!

**BDAMF!**



HAMITT?  
REPORT!  
YOU OKAY?



DRAG MARKS. AND  
HAMITT'S HELMET  
TOLD THE DROKKIN'  
ROOKIE TO WATCH  
HIS BACK...

JUDGE!  
JUUDGE!



HELP ME, DREDD!  
HELLP MEEEE!

MAYBE. SEEMS  
TO ME YOU GOT A  
CHOICE, UGLY!

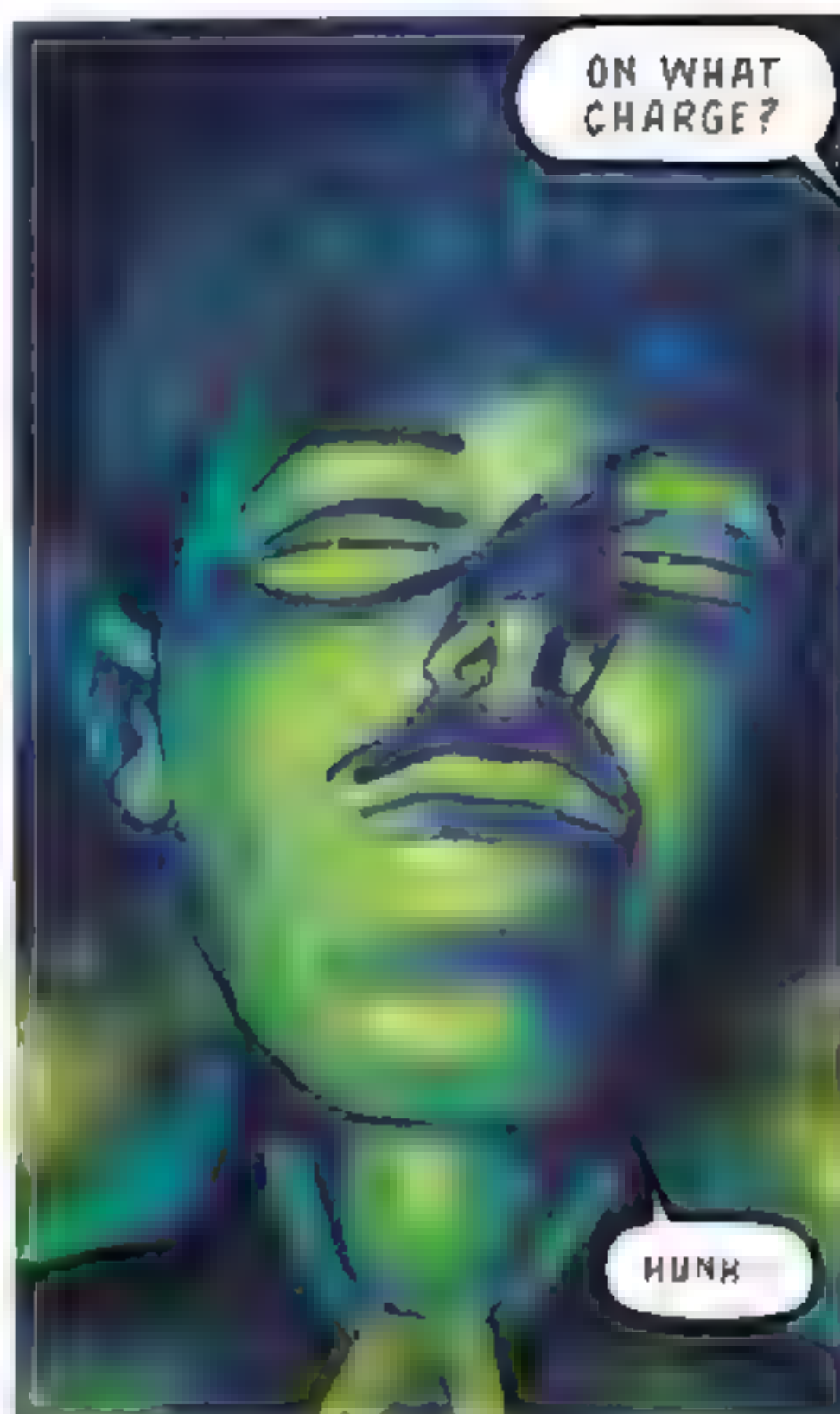




ELSEWHERE...

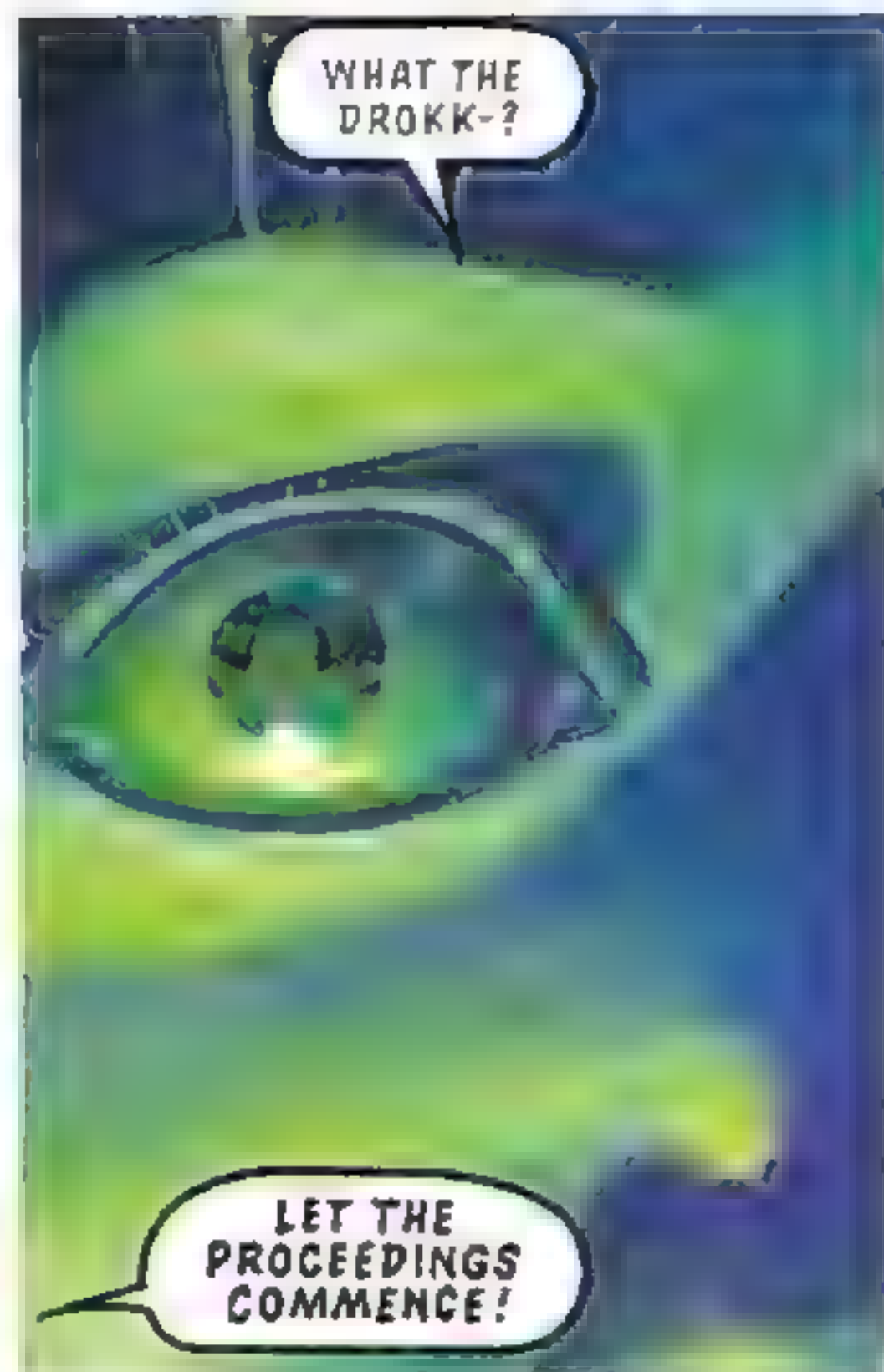
LOOK AT HIS  
UNIFORM. HE'S  
A **JUDGE**.  
JASON! WE  
CAN'T KILL  
HIM!

WE'RE NOT GOING  
TO KILL HIM, KATE.  
WE'RE GOING TO  
**JUDGE HIM**



ON WHAT  
CHARGE?

HUNK



WHAT THE  
DROKK-?

LET THE  
PROCEEDINGS  
COMMENCE!



AS A REPRESENTATIVE OF MEGA-CITY ONE  
YOU ARE CHARGED WITH **GROSS  
NEGLIGENCE** -- RESULTING IN THE  
**DEATHS** OF FIFTEEN LAW ACADEMY  
CADETS

AS PROSECUTION, I CALL  
FOR THE MAXIMUM  
PENALTY-- **DEATH!**

AS COUNSEL FOR THE  
DEFENCE, I APPEAL  
FOR MERCY.

LET THE  
**SCALES OF JUSTICE**  
DECIDE HIS FATE!

W-WHO ARE YOU  
PEOPLE? WHAT'S  
GOING ON?





WAIT! I GET IT--YOU'RE CADETS--  
FROM THE CRASHED H-WAGON  
WHOSE SIGNAL WE PICKED UP! \*

I'M HERE TO  
TAKE YOU HOME!



LIES! MEGA-CITY FAILED US!  
WE'VE BUILT OUR OWN HOME  
HERE--OUR OWN LAW.

YOU STAND ACCUSED,  
PERP. WHERE IS YOUR  
PRECIOUS JUDGE DREDD NOW?

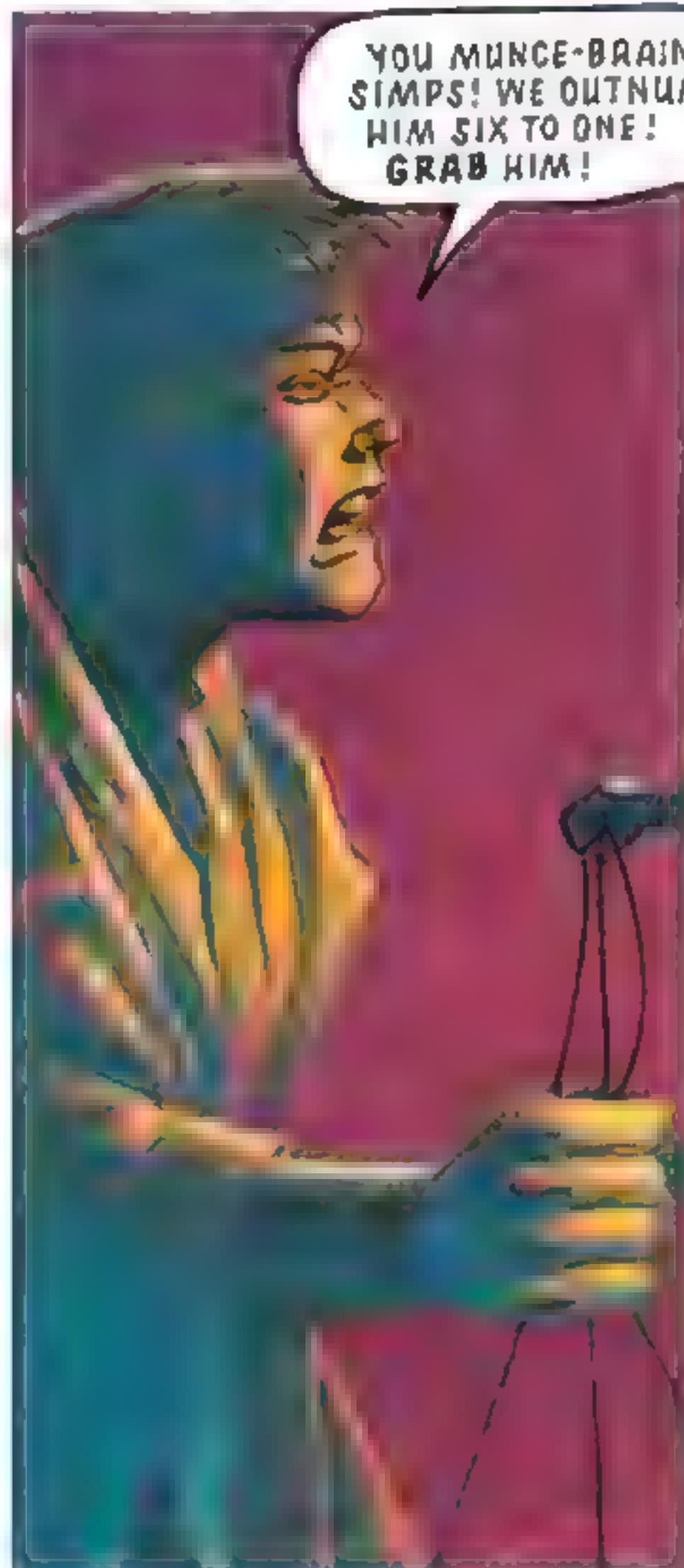


I HAD A COUPLE OF  
THINGS TO DO FIRST.

RELEASE JUDGE HAMITT  
YOU'RE GOING HOME.

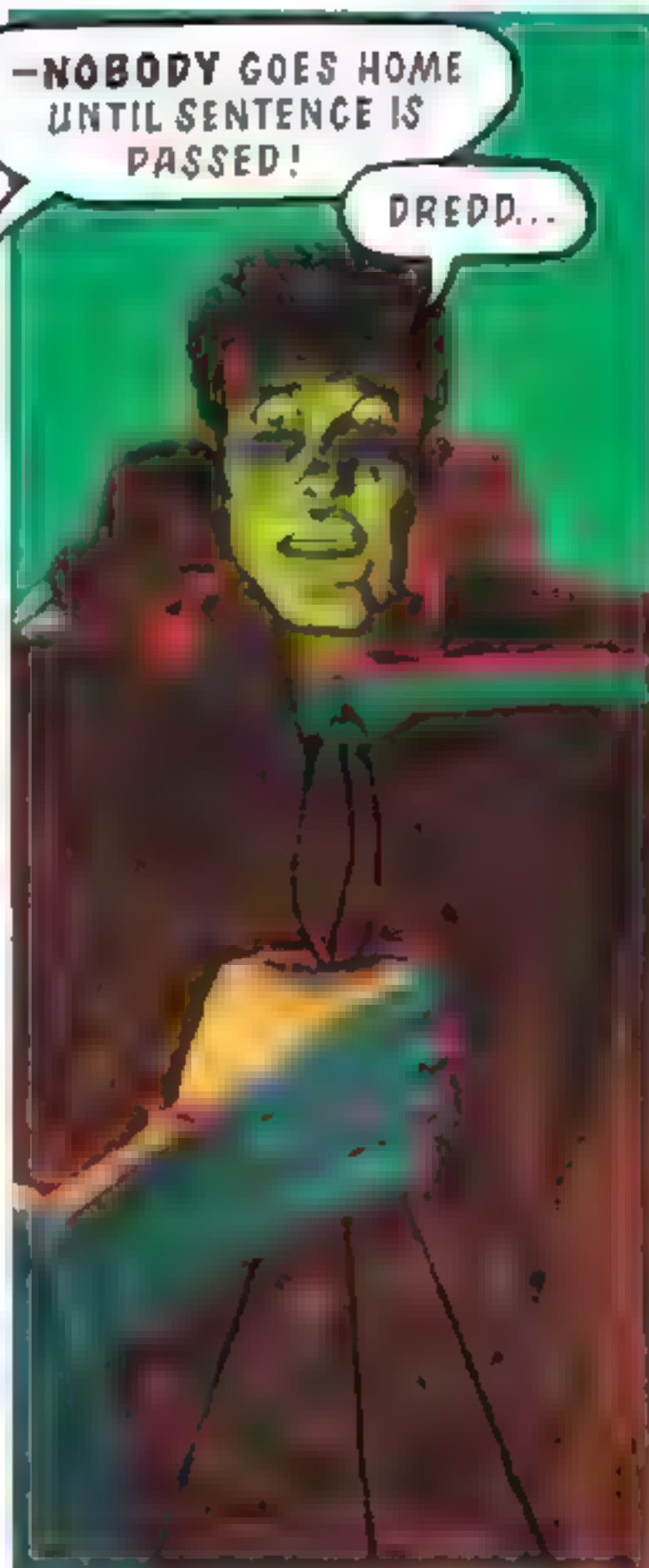
YAAAY!

\*THARGNOTE: LAST PROG



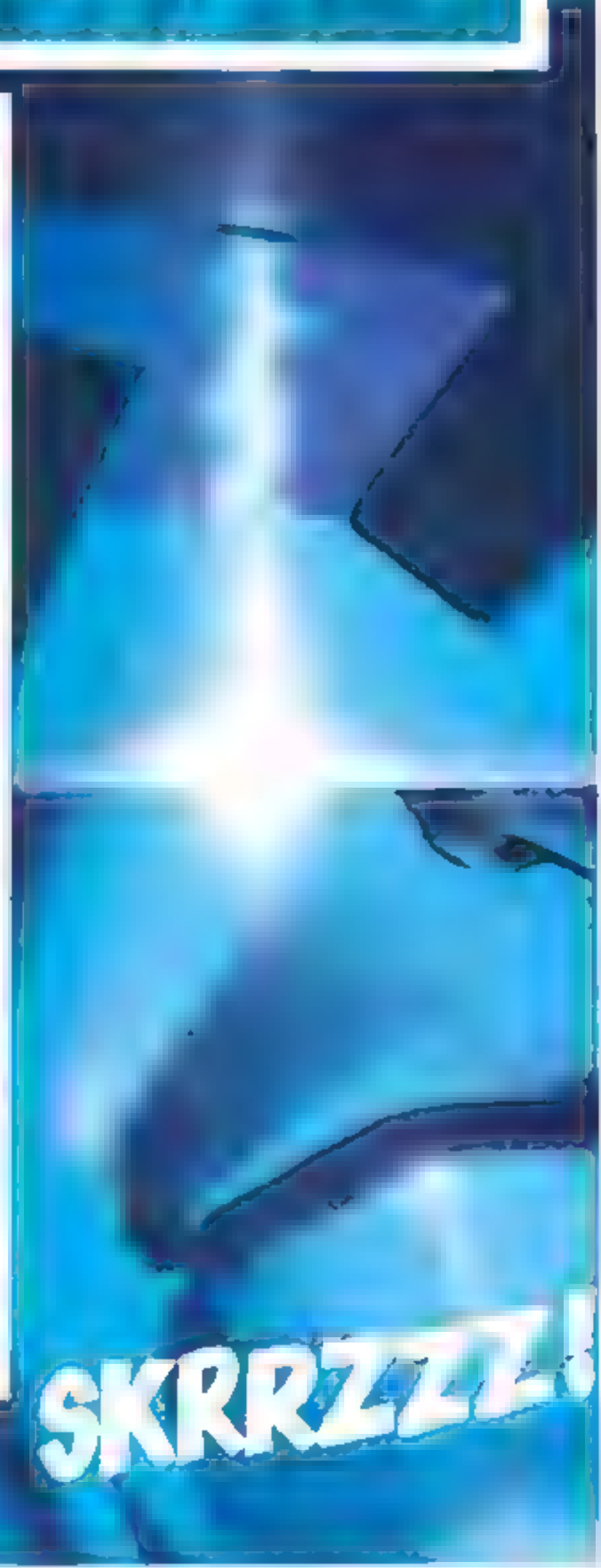
YOU MUNCE-BRAINED  
SIMPS! WE OUTNUMBER  
HIM SIX TO ONE!  
GRAB HIM!

HIS JUSTICE DEPT  
LEFT US HERE TO  
ROT FOR EIGHTEEN  
MONTHS. IF YOU  
WANT TO HELP HIM  
NOW, IT'S YOUR  
CHOICE. EITHER  
WAY --



--NOBODY GOES HOME  
UNTIL SENTENCE IS  
PASSED!

DREDD...



SKRRZZZ!





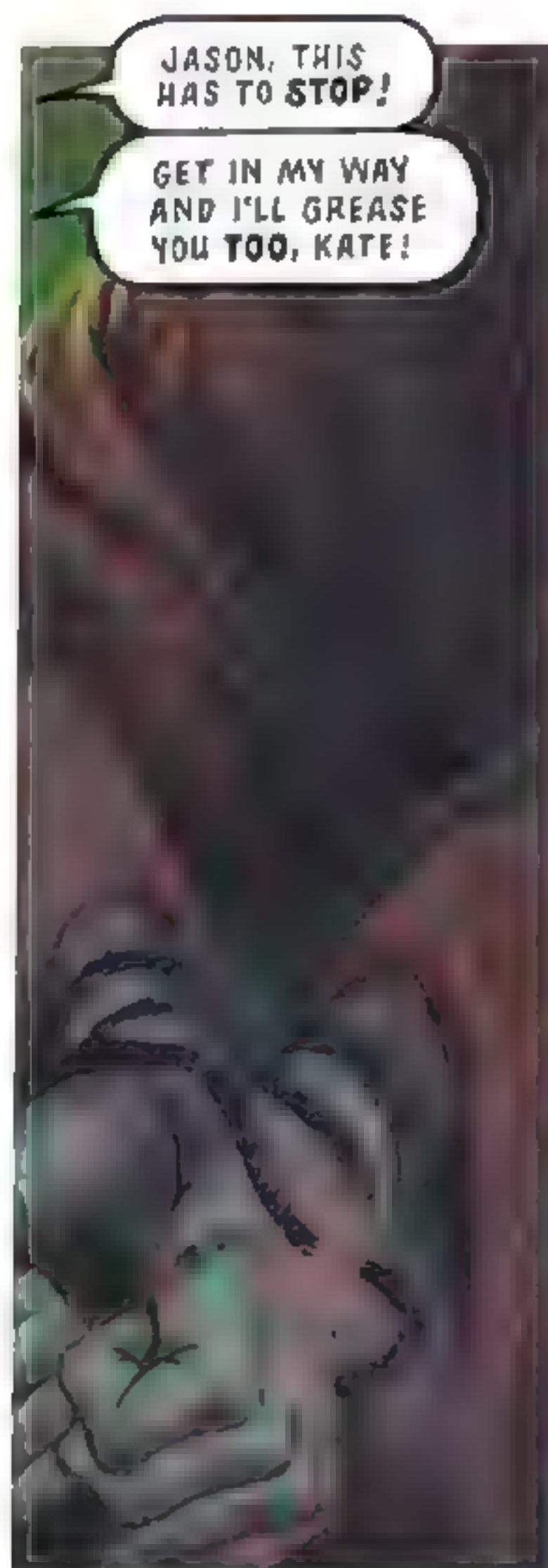
JUSTICE  
IS DONE

NOW TIE THEM UP-- IT'S ABOUT TIME I  
REMINDED EVERYONE JUST WHO  
MAKES THE LAW AROUND HERE!



YOU'RE NOT FIT TO SPEAK THE WORD,  
CREEP. ANY JUDGE WORTH HIS BADGE  
WOULD HAVE WALKED OUT OF THE  
CURSED EARTH-- RESCUE OR NO RESCUE.

SHUT IT OR  
I'LL WASTE YOU  
RIGHT NOW,  
OLD MAN!

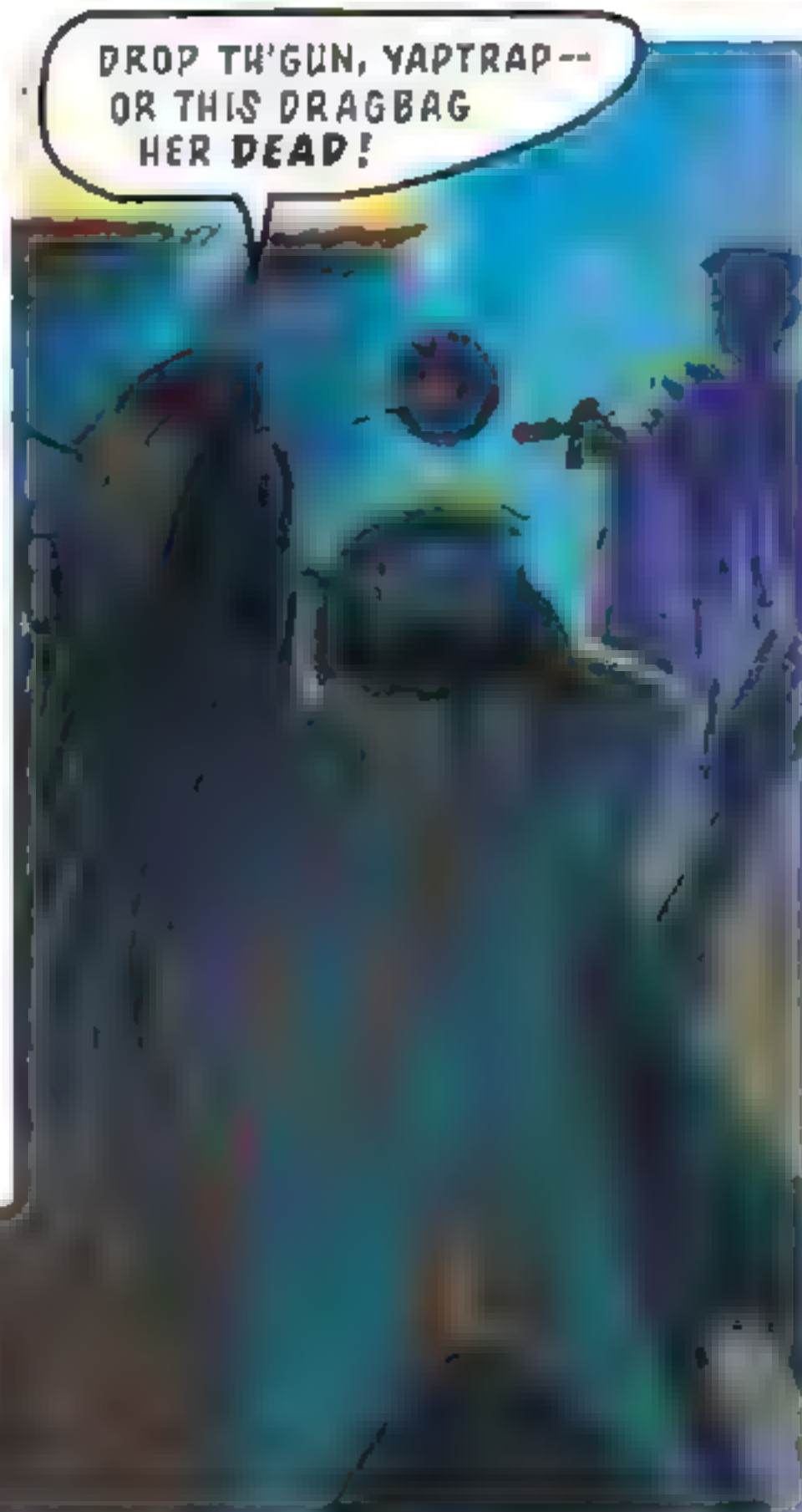


JASON, THIS  
HAS TO STOP!

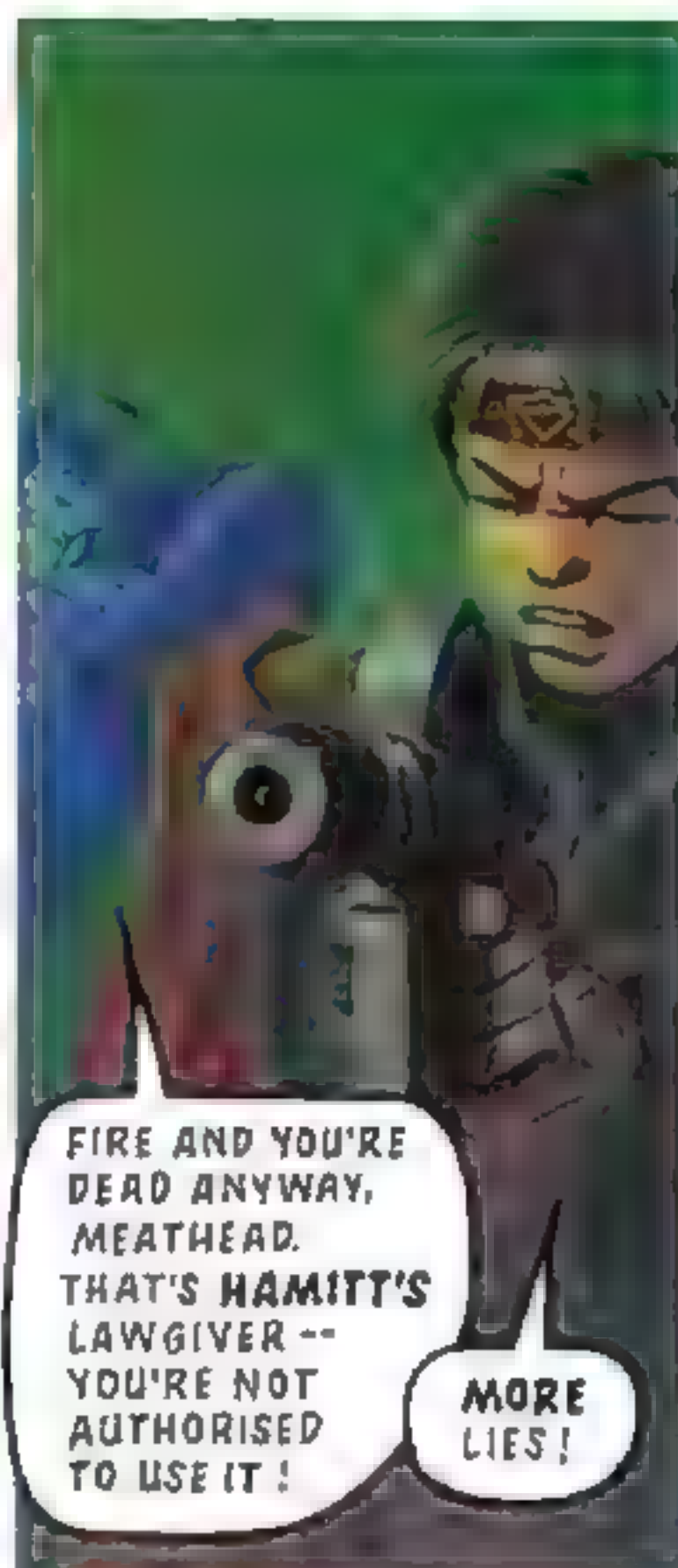
GET IN MY WAY  
AND I'LL GREASE  
YOU TOO, KATE!



RAARH!

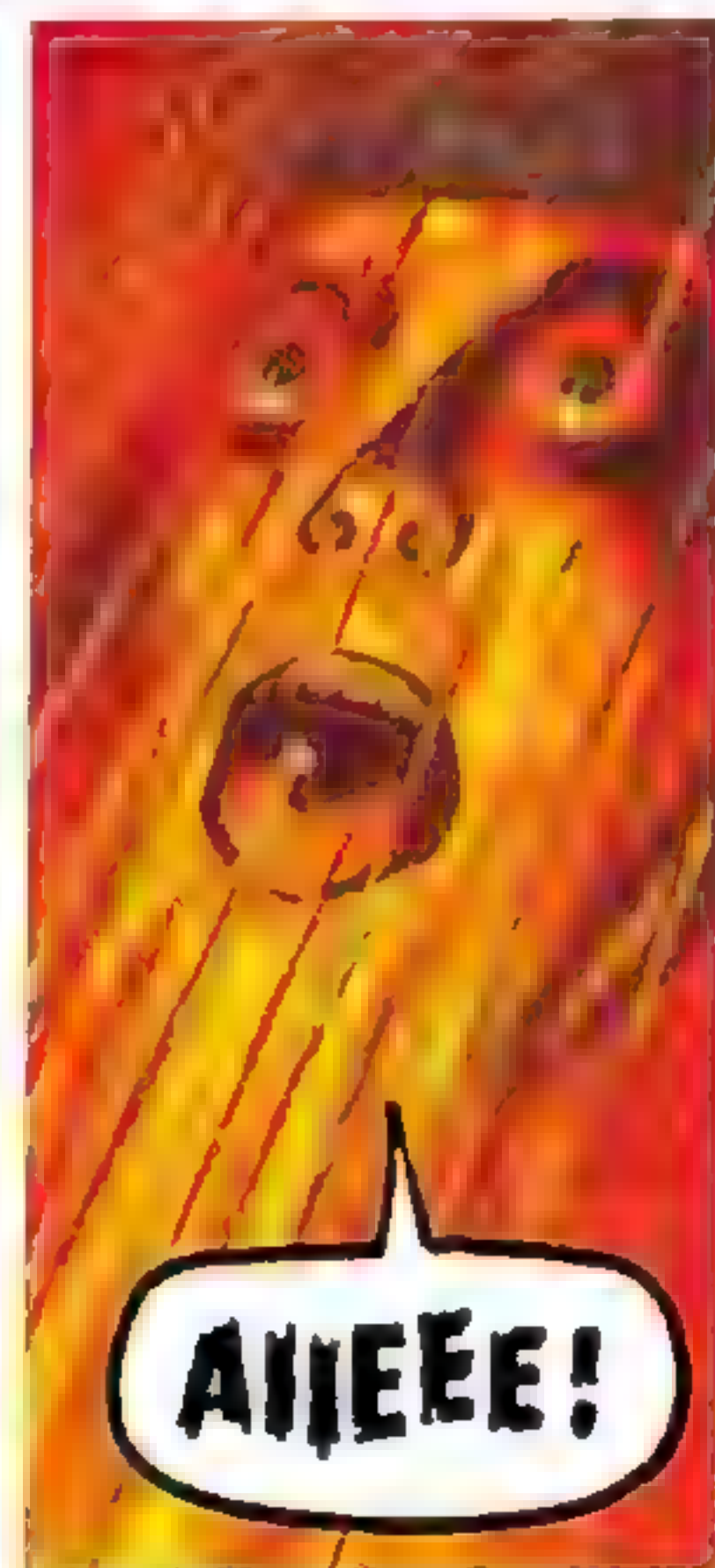


DROP TH'GUN, YAPTRAP--  
OR THIS DRAGBAG  
HER DEAD!



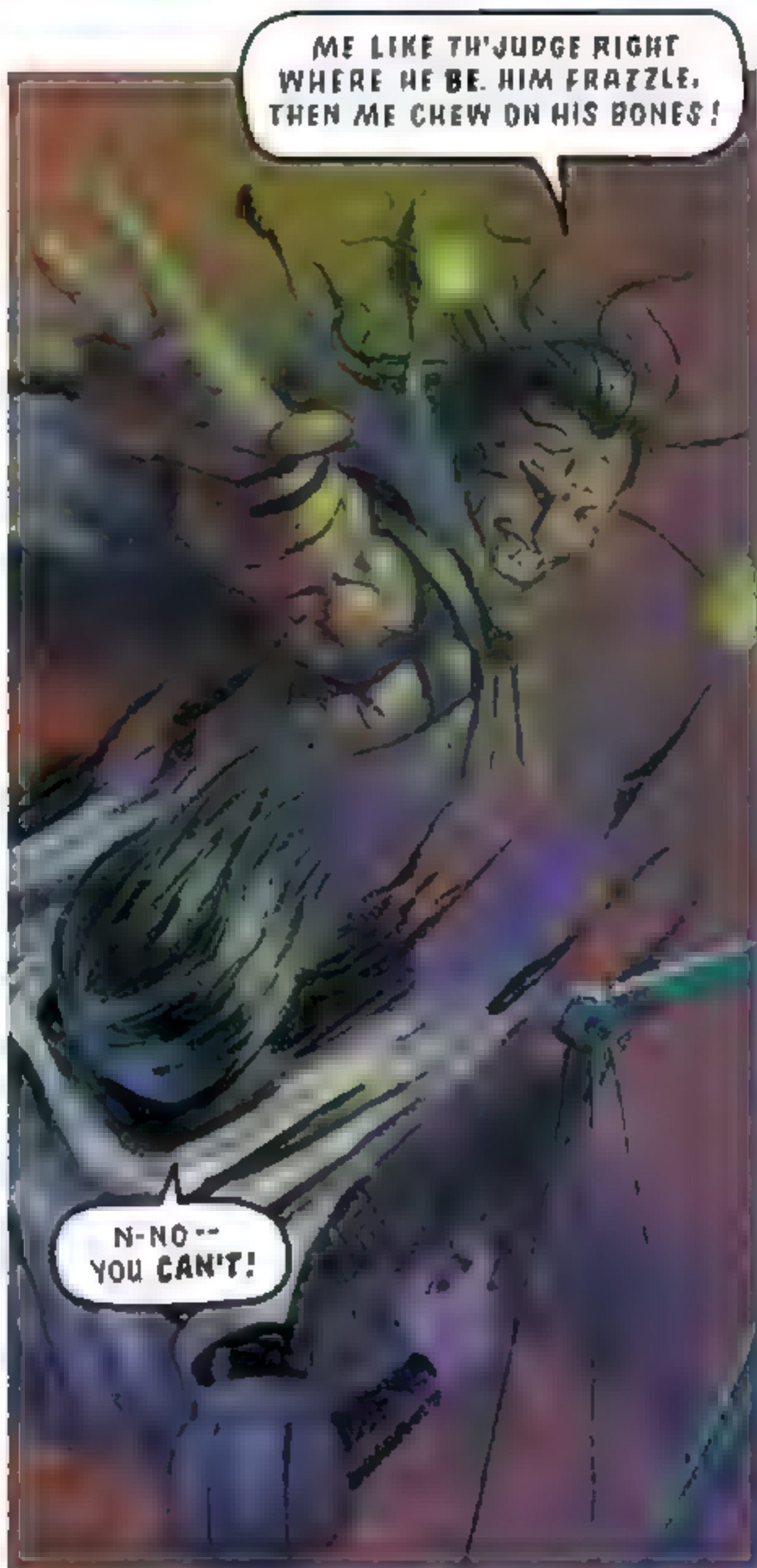
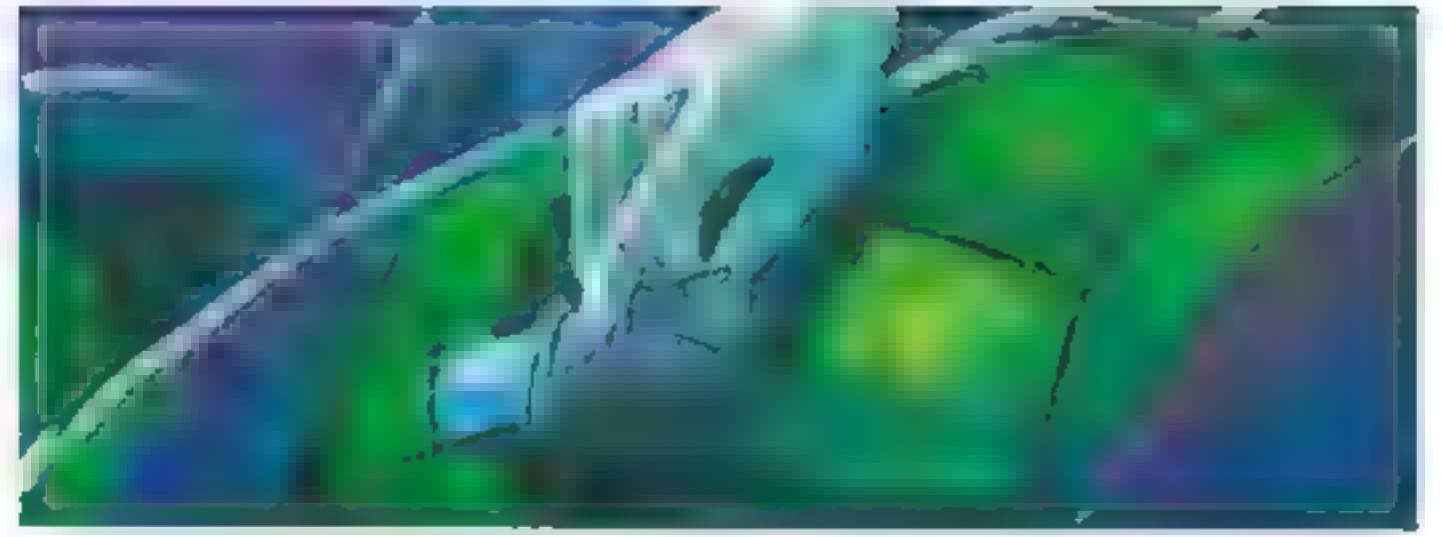
FIRE AND YOU'RE  
DEAD ANYWAY,  
MEATHEAD.  
THAT'S HAMITT'S  
LAWGIVER --  
YOU'RE NOT  
AUTHORISED  
TO USE IT!

MORE  
LIES!



AHHEEE!







LATER

TOO BAD ABOUT THE KIDS, DREDD. GIRL SAVED YOUR LIFE WHEN SHE BROKE THAT CIRCUIT. TOOK A LOT OF GUTS...

GRANTED--BUT THEY SHOULDN'T HAVE TAKEN MATTERS INTO THEIR OWN HANDS. CHERNAK MEGA-CITY ONE OR CURSED EARTH, THERE'S ONLY **ONE** LAW IN THESE PARTS--

--AND YOU'RE LOOKING AT IT

"BUT THE MUTIE, DREDD WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM?"

"GRIEP MADE HIS CHOICE .

"FIGURE HE'LL HAVE TO LIVE WITH IT"

JUDGE?

JUDGE-?

JUUUDGE!



THE MONTHS FOLLOWING JUDGE GRICE'S INFERNO\* WERE STRANGE FOR THE CITIZENS OF MEGA-CITY ONE, STILL REELING FROM THE TWIN ASSAULTS OF NECROPOLIS AND JUDGEMENT DAY.

\*THRONOTE: PROGS 842-854

# JUDGE DREDD

STILL, THEY REASONED WITH HOLLOW, HAUNTED LAUGHTER...

DISASTERS ALWAYS COME IN THREES.

JUDGE TORS REFLECTS ON THIS AS HE DIVES DEEP INTO THE SEPULCHRAL GLOOM OF THE GRAND HALL OF JUSTICE.

DREDD HAD ORDERED THE ISO-CUBES FLOODED TO PREVENT ANY HOPE OF ESCAPE FOR THEIR INMATES.

IT WORKED. NOTHING AND NO-ONE HAD GOT OUT. UNFORTUNATELY FOR JUDGE TORS, HOWEVER...

SOMETHING GOT IN.





DEAD?

EXTREMELY. LIKE HE SWAM INTO A MIXMASTER. WHAT'S LEFT LOOKS LIKE THE BARGAIN BIN AT RESYK.



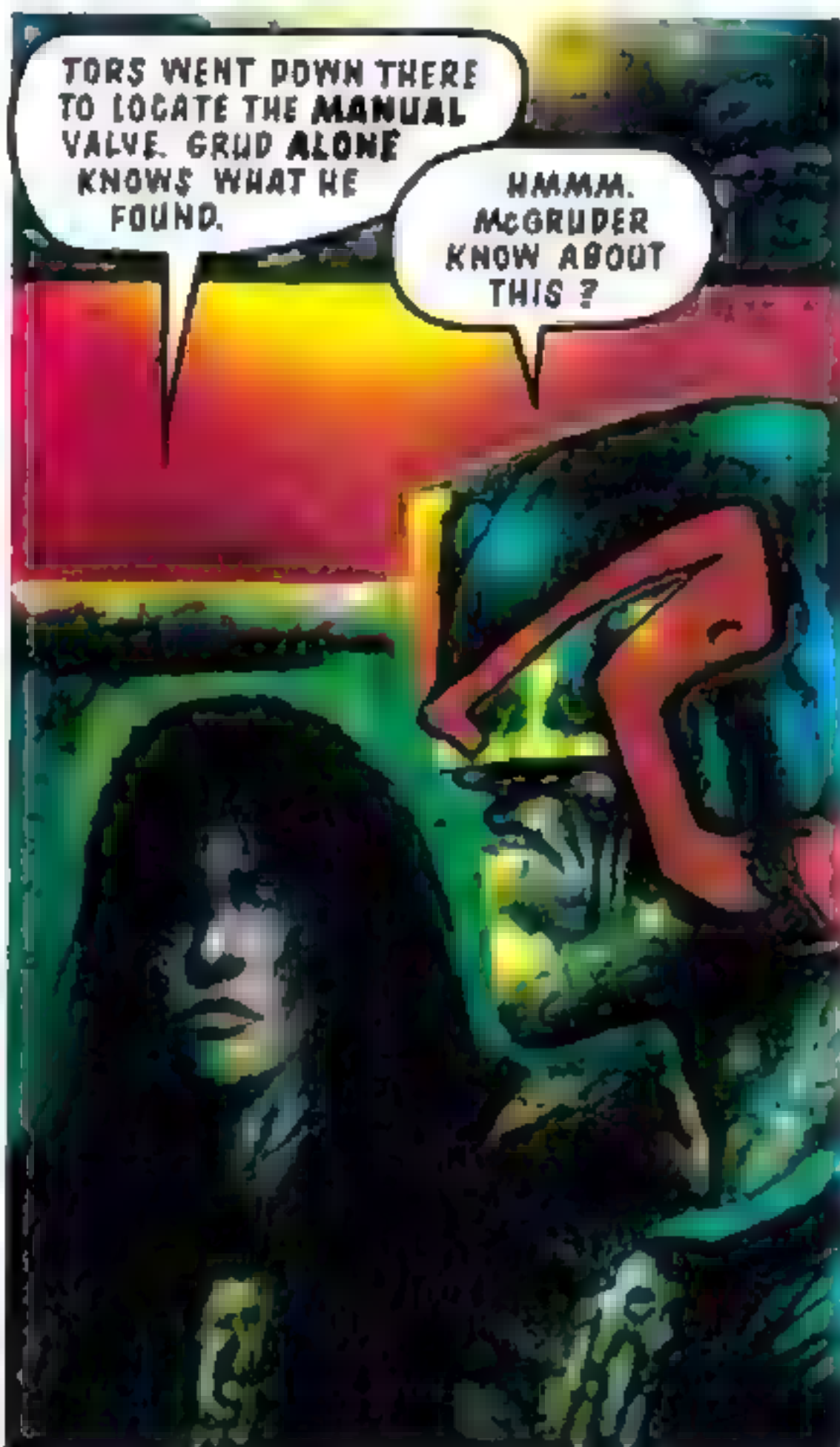
PART 1

# The enemy BELOW

SCRIPT: Sonny Steelgrave  
CLINT Langley  
Tom Frame

WHAT WAS HE DOING DOWN THERE, HERSHEY? I ORDERED THE CUBES PUMPED OUT.

PUMPS ARE SEIZED, DREDD. LOOK AROUND YOU—THE PLACE IS A BOMBSITE AND WE'RE RUNNING A SKELETON STAFF.



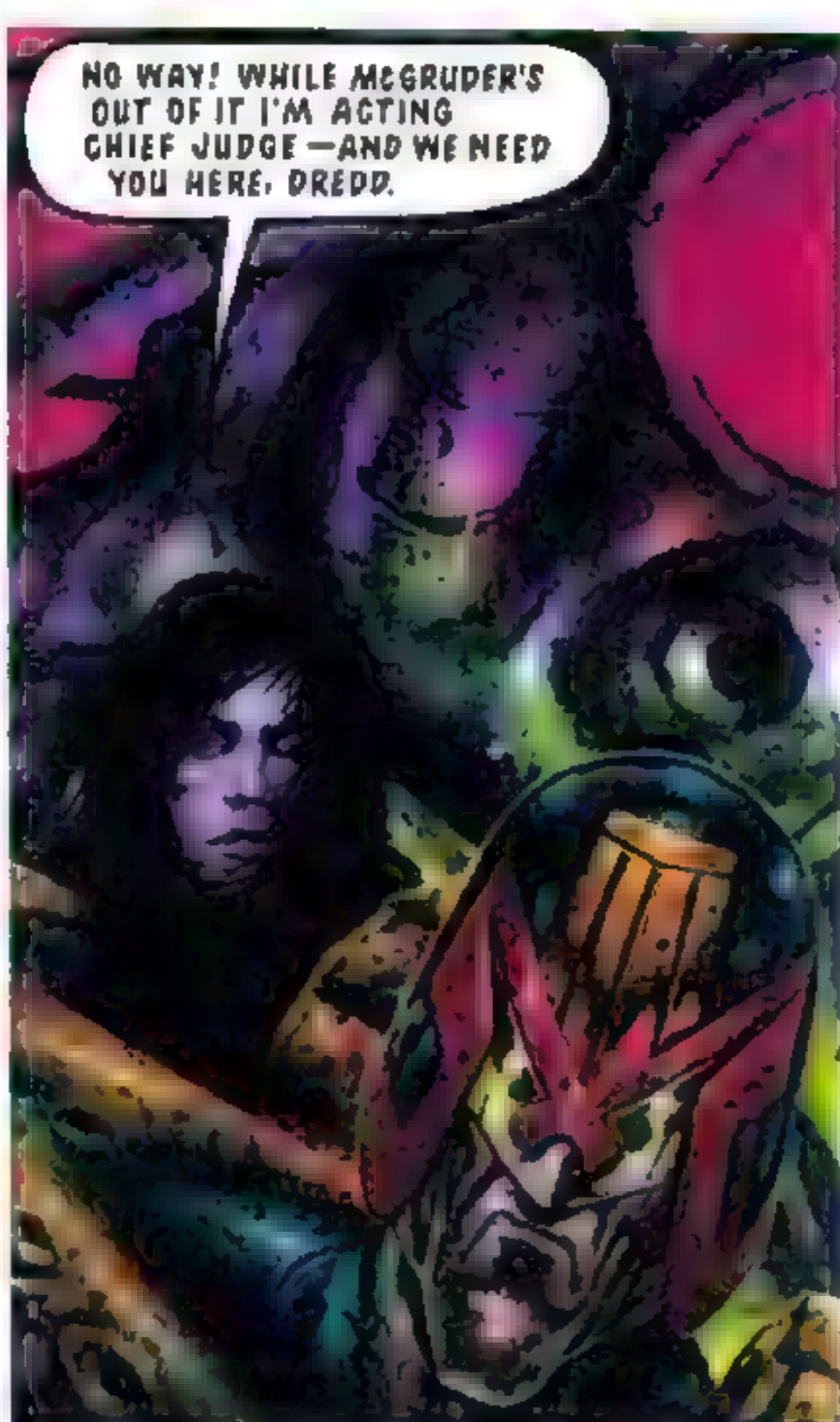
TORS WENT DOWN THERE TO LOCATE THE MANUAL VALVE. GRUD ALONE KNOWS WHAT HE FOUND.

HMMM. McGRUDER KNOW ABOUT THIS?



SHE'S STILL COMATOSE. TROUBLES ALWAYS COME IN THREES. RIGHT?

NOT IN MY CITY. I'M GOIN' DOWN.

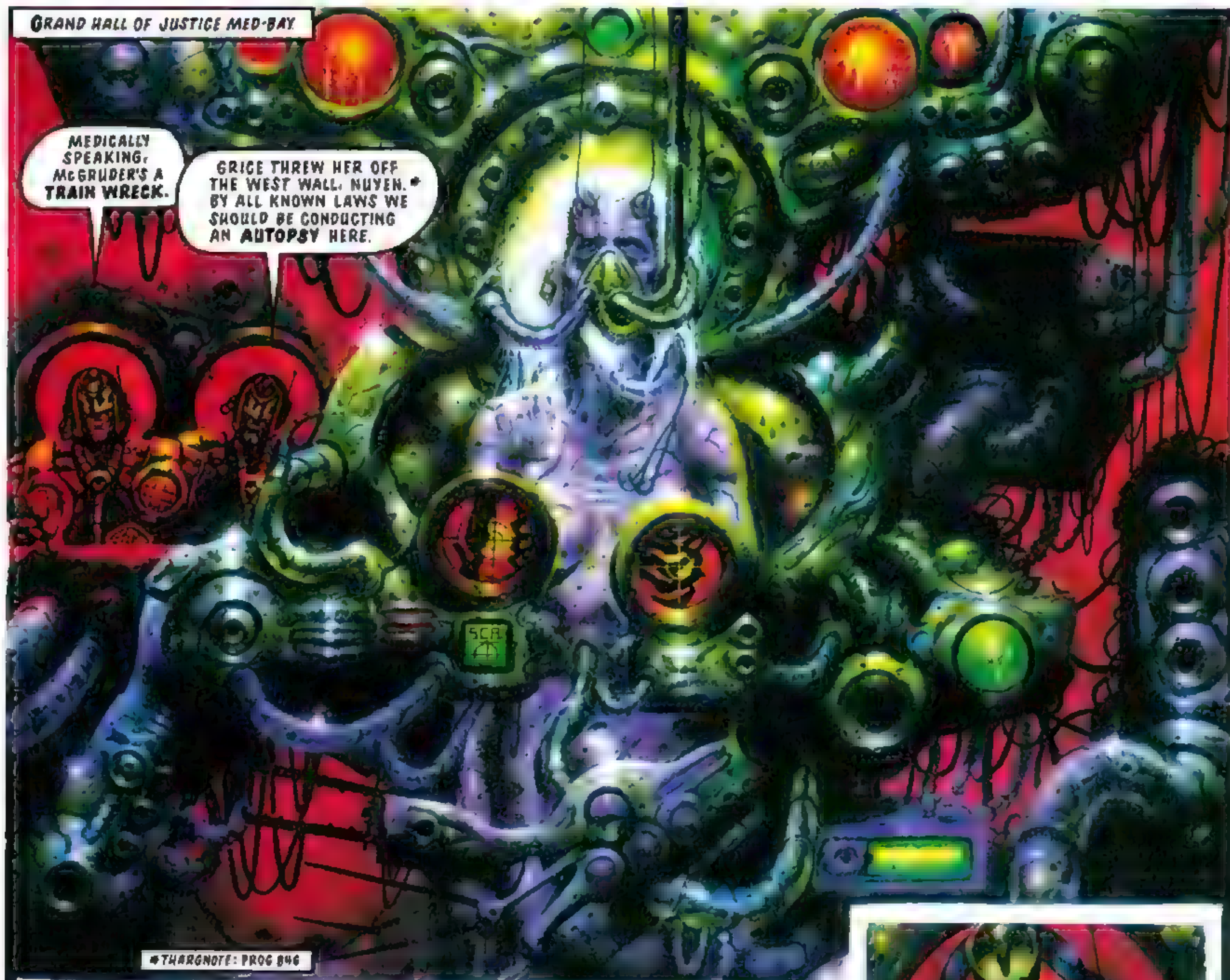


NO WAY! WHILE McGRUDER'S OUT OF IT I'M ACTING CHIEF JUDGE—AND WE NEED YOU HERE, DREDD.





MULTIPLE FRACTURES OF BOTH LEGS. MASSIVE SHOCK TRAUMA TO LUMBAR VERTEBRA, PLUS TEARING OF TRANSVERSE LIGAMENT, HAIRLINE FRACTURE OF THE SKULL, LESIONS TO MENINGIAL ARTERY, RENAL FAILURE --



GRAND HALL OF JUSTICE MED-BAY

MEDICALLY SPEAKING, McGRUDER'S A TRAIN WRECK.

GRICE THREW HER OFF THE WEST WALL, NUYEN. BY ALL KNOWN LAWS WE SHOULD BE CONDUCTING AN AUTOPSY HERE.

THARGNOTE: PROC 846



BONES WE CAN FIX IN HOURS. IT'S HER E.E.G. THAT WORRIES ME. LOOK AT WHAT'S LEFT OF HER BRAIN...

YOU'RE MISTAKEN, NUYEN. DIAGNOSTIC DIDN'T REVEAL ANY ADDITIONAL BRAIN DAMAGE.



WHAT? B-BUT SHE SHOULD BE RAVING... A VEGETABLE!

NO. SHE'S CHIEF JUDGE, AND DON'T YOU FORGET IT.





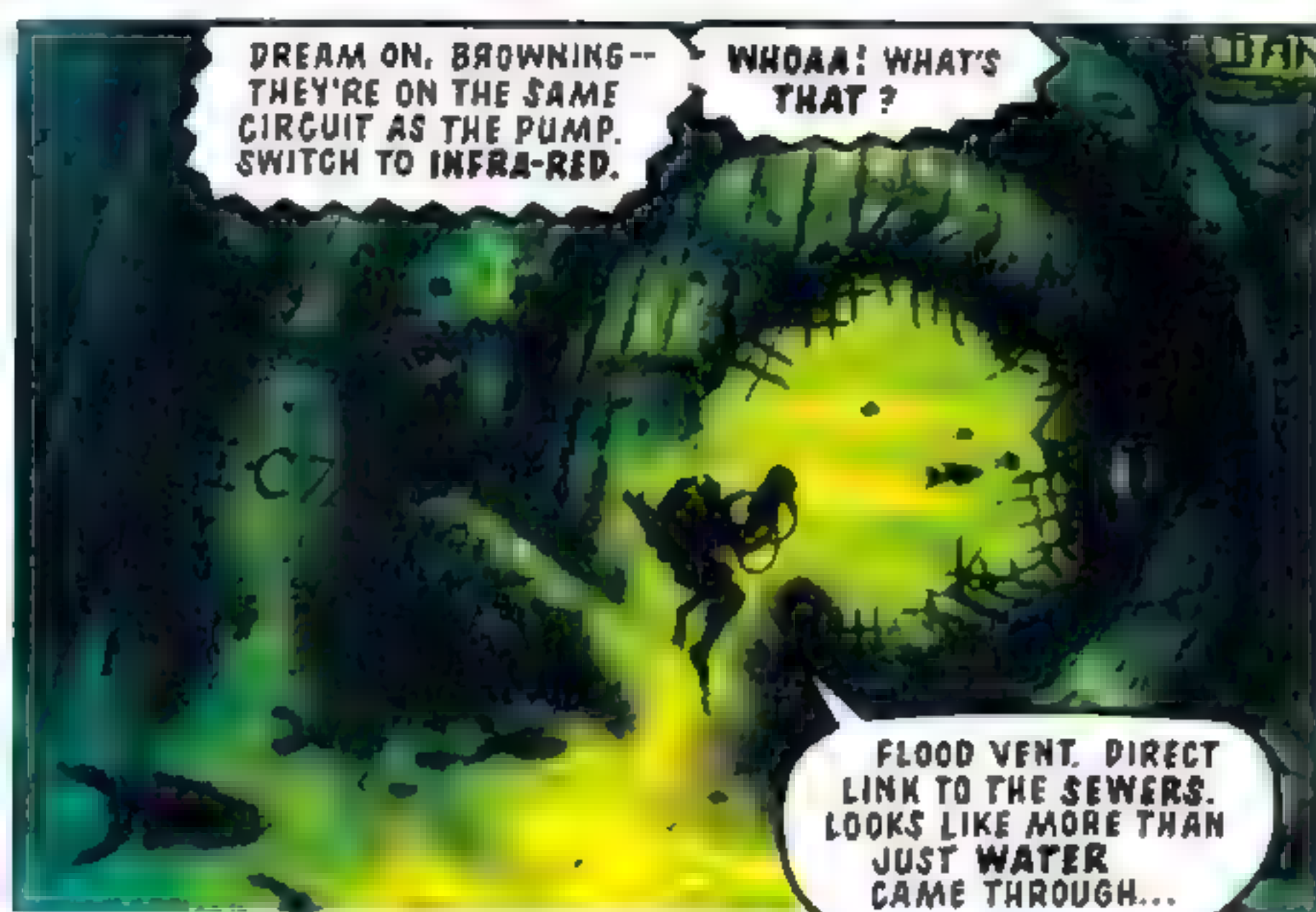
BROWNING TO CONTROL.  
AQUACAM ENGAGED--  
DO YOU COPY?



ROGER THAT, BROWNING.  
ANYTHING MOVING  
DOWN THERE?



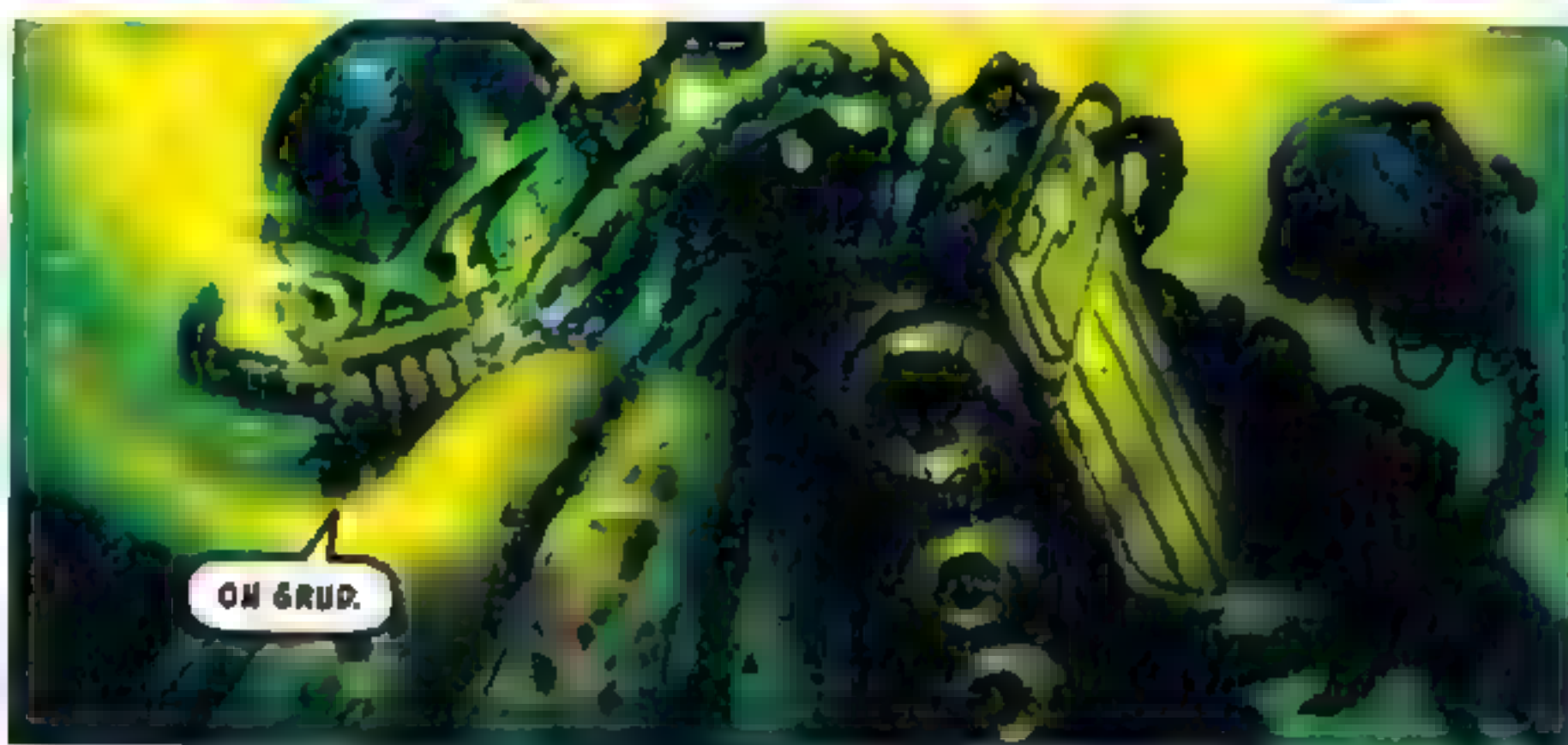
NEGATIVE. CAN'T SEE A  
DROKING THING IN ALL  
THIS MURK--SURE WOULD  
HELP IF YOU PEOPLE COULD  
TURN UP THE LIGHTS...



DREAM ON, BROWNING--  
THEY'RE ON THE SAME  
CIRCUIT AS THE PUMP.  
SWITCH TO INFRA-RED.

WHOOA! WHAT'S  
THAT?

FLOOD VENT. DIRECT  
LINK TO THE SEWERS.  
LOOKS LIKE MORE THAN  
JUST WATER  
CAME THROUGH...



OH GRUD.



GET ME OUT GET ME OUT  
GET ME OUTT! SPZZT!  
OHGRUDOHGRUDOHGRU-O

DROKK!  
WHAT IS  
THAT?

HE'S BEING TORN APART!  
REEL HIM IN NOW!



LATER: JUSTICE DEPT MORGUE.

BEGLEY! YOU GOT BROWNING'S AUTOPSY REPORT YET?

87 PER CENT LACERATIONS, DREDD-- FROM SOMETHING WITH TEETH LIKE FLECHETTE KNIVES. BUT THAT WASN'T WHAT KILLED HIM.

EXPLAIN!

ASPHYXIATION. HIS MOUTH AND OESOPHAGUS WERE STUFFED WITH MASSIVE QUANTITIES OF DECOMPOSING HUMAN TISSUE.

CONTROL ROOM.

DREDD!  
WHAT THE HELL--?

NO ARGUMENTS, HERSHEY. WE'VE LOST ENOUGH JUDGES. I'M GONNA FIND THAT PUMP--  
AND GRUD  
HELP ANYTHING THAT GETS IN MY WAY.



QUIET SO FAR,  
CONTROL. NO  
MOVEMENT ON  
SCANNER OR  
INFRA-RED.

DROKK! GOT  
A DEAD PERP.  
LANDO TAPLUGER—  
SMALL TIME  
STOOKIE DEALER.  
CREEP'S BEEN  
PARTIALLY  
EATEN.

GUESS THERE'S  
NO ACCOUNTING  
FOR TASTE...

IN THE SUBTERRANEAN DEPTHS OF  
THE GRAND HALL OF JUSTICE, TWO  
GOOD JUDGES HAVE JUST DIED.

AS DREDD TURNS  
TO MEET THEIR  
KILLER HE NOTES  
WITH NO SATISFACTION  
WHATSOEVER THAT  
DISASTERS COME  
IN THREES.



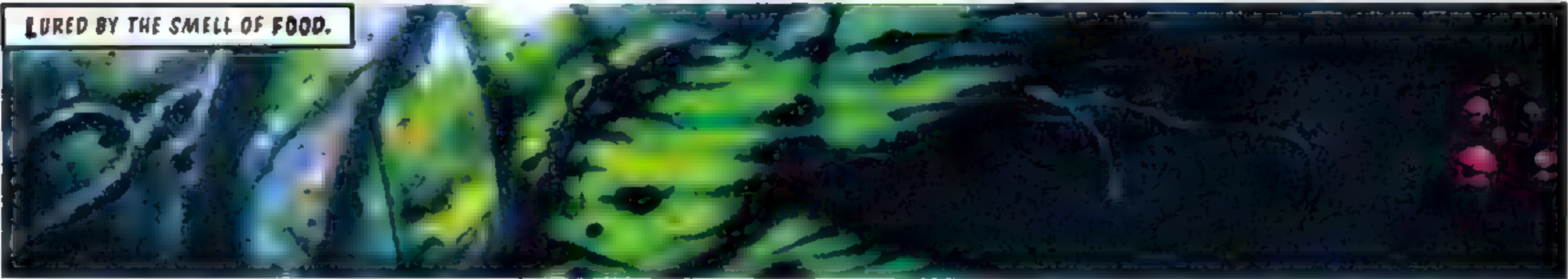
# JUDGE DREDD



SOMETHING LIKE **THOUGHT** STIRRED IN THE STAGNANT CHEMICAL BROTH THAT WAS THE MIND OF THE CREATURE IN THE CUBES.

SOMETHING AKIN TO **MEMORY** WRIGGLED INTO BEING AS IT REMEMBERED ITS LIFE IN THE **UNDERCITY**, BORNE ON A TIDE OF REFUSE AND HUMAN WASTE...

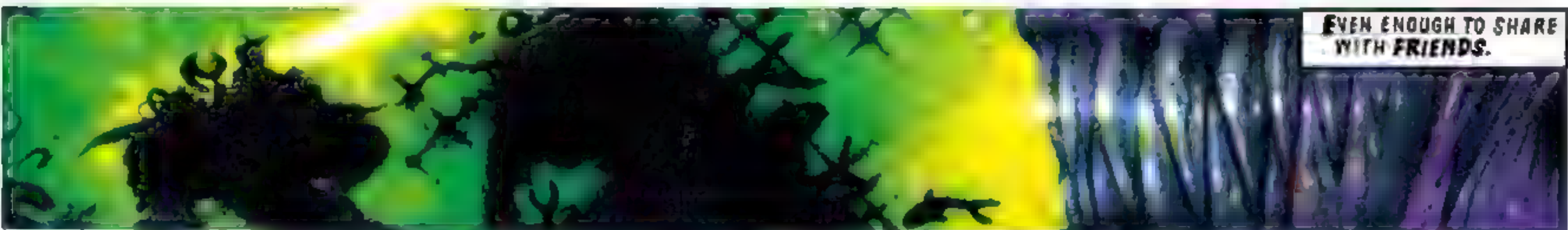
LURED BY THE SMELL OF **FOOD**.



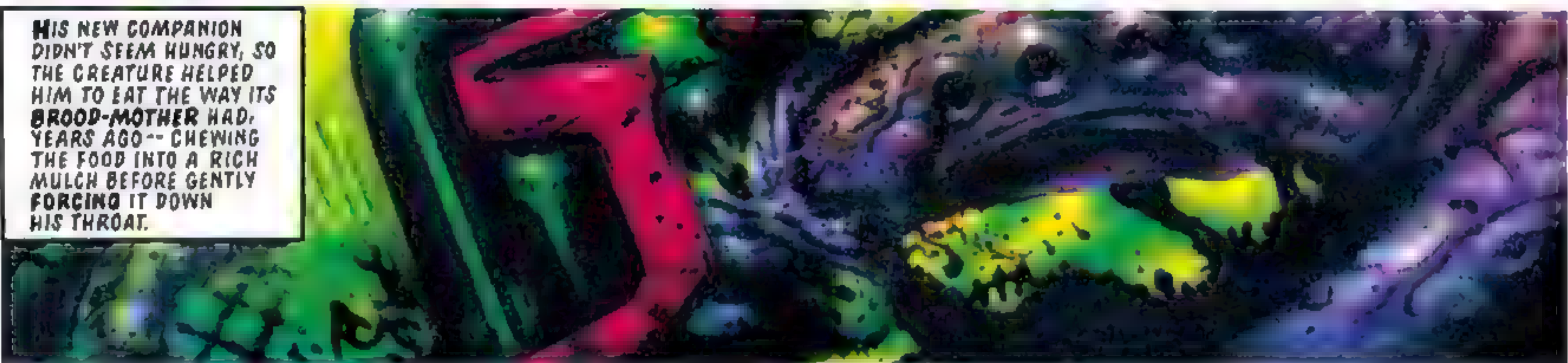
THERE WAS SO MUCH **FOOD**, THE CREATURE THOUGHT, AS IT GREEDILY FILLED ITS MANY-CHAMBERED STOMACH. ENOUGH TO LAST FOR MONTHS.



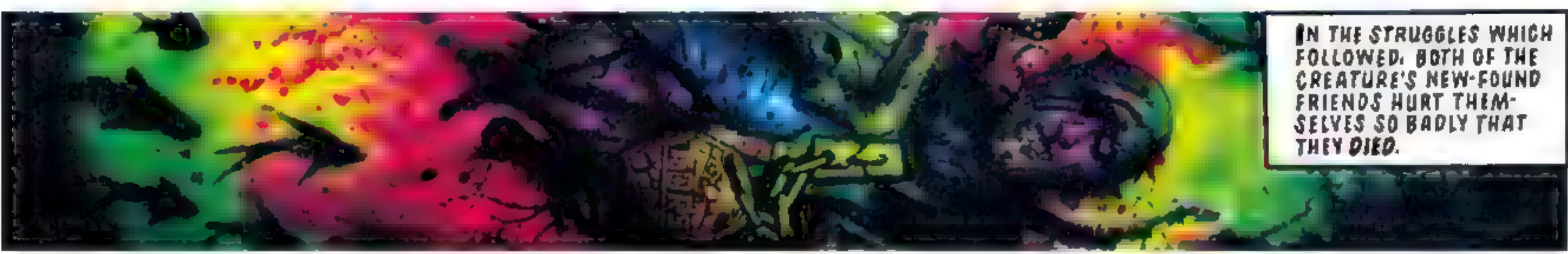
EVEN ENOUGH TO SHARE WITH **FRIENDS**.



HIS NEW COMPANION DIDN'T SEEM HUNGRY, SO THE CREATURE HELPED HIM TO EAT THE WAY ITS **BROOD-MOTHER** HAD, YEARS AGO-- CHEWING THE FOOD INTO A RICH MULCH BEFORE GENTLY FORCING IT DOWN HIS THROAT.



IN THE STRUGGLES WHICH FOLLOWED, BOTH OF THE CREATURE'S NEW-FOUND FRIENDS HURT THEMSELVES SO BADLY THAT THEY DIED.





FORTUNATELY FOR THE CREATURE, IT SEEMED TO BE UNUSUALLY POPULAR TODAY...

# THE enemy BELOW

PART 2

GRUD!

Sonny Steelgrave

Clint Langley

Tom Frame

BENEATH THE GRAND HALL OF JUSTICE, FLOODED DURING JUDGE GRICE'S INFERNO, SOMETHING STIRS. JUDGES TORS AND BROWNING HAVE DIED ATTEMPTING TO PUMP OUT THE SUBMERGED ISO-CUBES. CAN EVEN JUDGE DREDD SUCCEED?

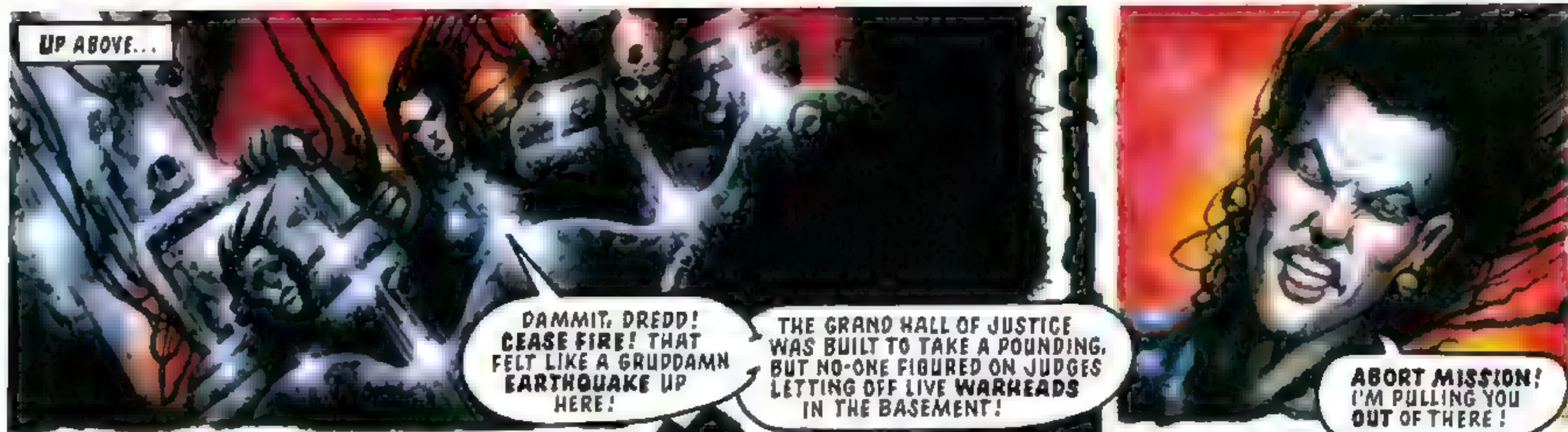
DUNNO WHAT THE DROKK I'M LOOKIN' AT, CONTROL, BUT MY GUESS IS ITS OUR TWO-TIME JUDGE KILLER.

FIRE ONE!

ESHOOSH!

THU-TOOOM!







"ANY CHANGE IN CHIEF JUDGE  
MCGRUDER'S CONDITION?"

"DO YOURSELF A  
FAVOUR, HERSHEY..."

"DON'T ASK."

BONE AND MUSCLE TISSUE ARE  
KNITTING SURPRISINGLY FAST  
FOR SOMEONE HER AGE. NEURAL  
SHUNTS SEEM TO BE DRAINING  
THE EXCESS FLUID...

BUT HER  
BRAIN,  
HEWELL!

SHE FELL EIGHTY FEET WHEN GRICE  
THREW HER OFF THE WEST WALL. \*  
WE BOTH KNOW THE ONLY WAY OUT  
OF THAT COMA IS A CONVEYOR-BELT  
TO RESYK.

IT'D TAKE GRUD  
HIMSELF TO SAVE HER NOW.

\*THARGNOTE: PROG 846

DREDD TO CONTROL. HAVE  
FOUND DEFECTIVE DRAINAGE  
VALVE--AND I THINK I'VE  
LOCATED THE PROBLEM,  
HERSHEY.

SYSTEMS AUTOMATICALLY CUT OUT  
WHEN THE CUBES FLOODED, TO  
PREVENT A SHORT WHEN THE WATER  
LEVEL REACHED LIVE TERMINALS.

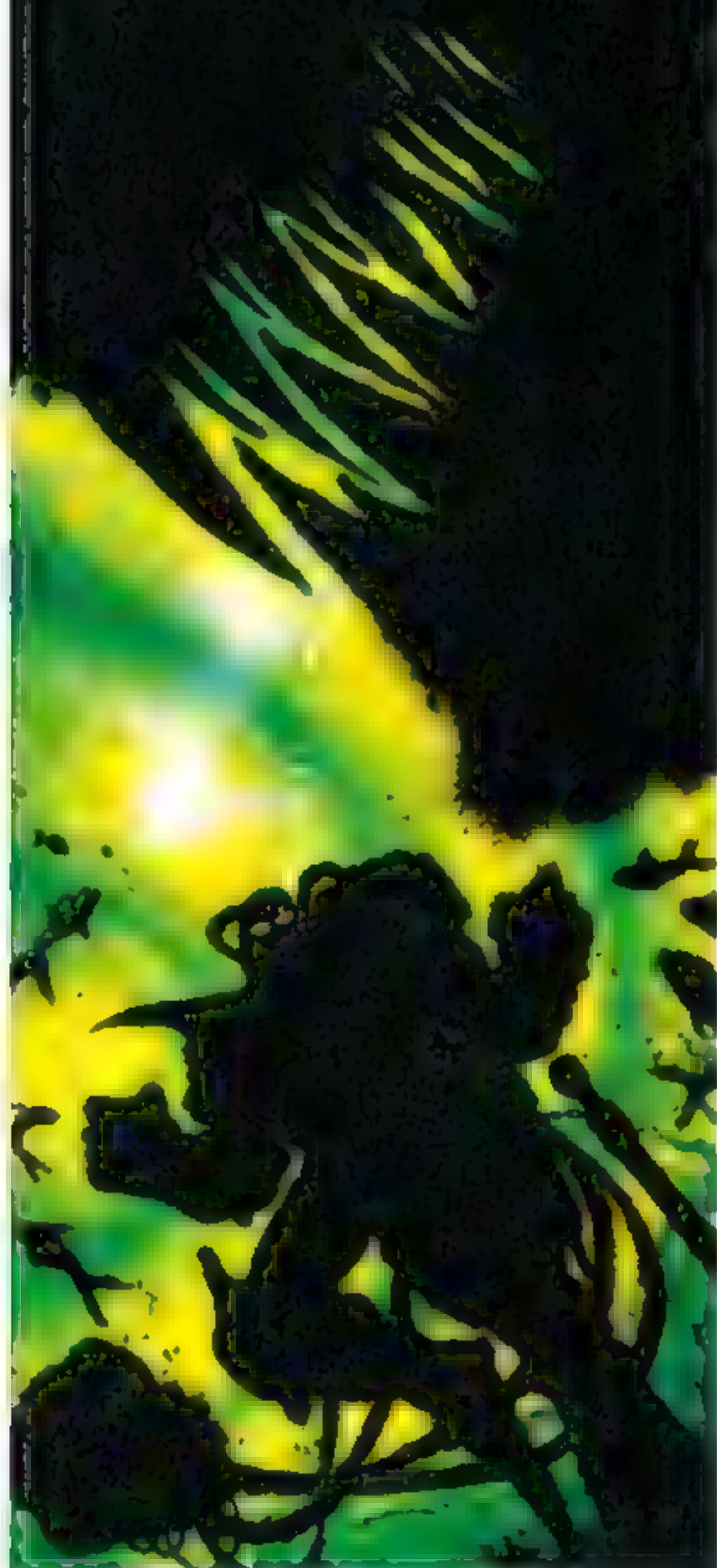
WILL ATTEMPT A  
MANUAL RESTART--

NO!  
WAIT!



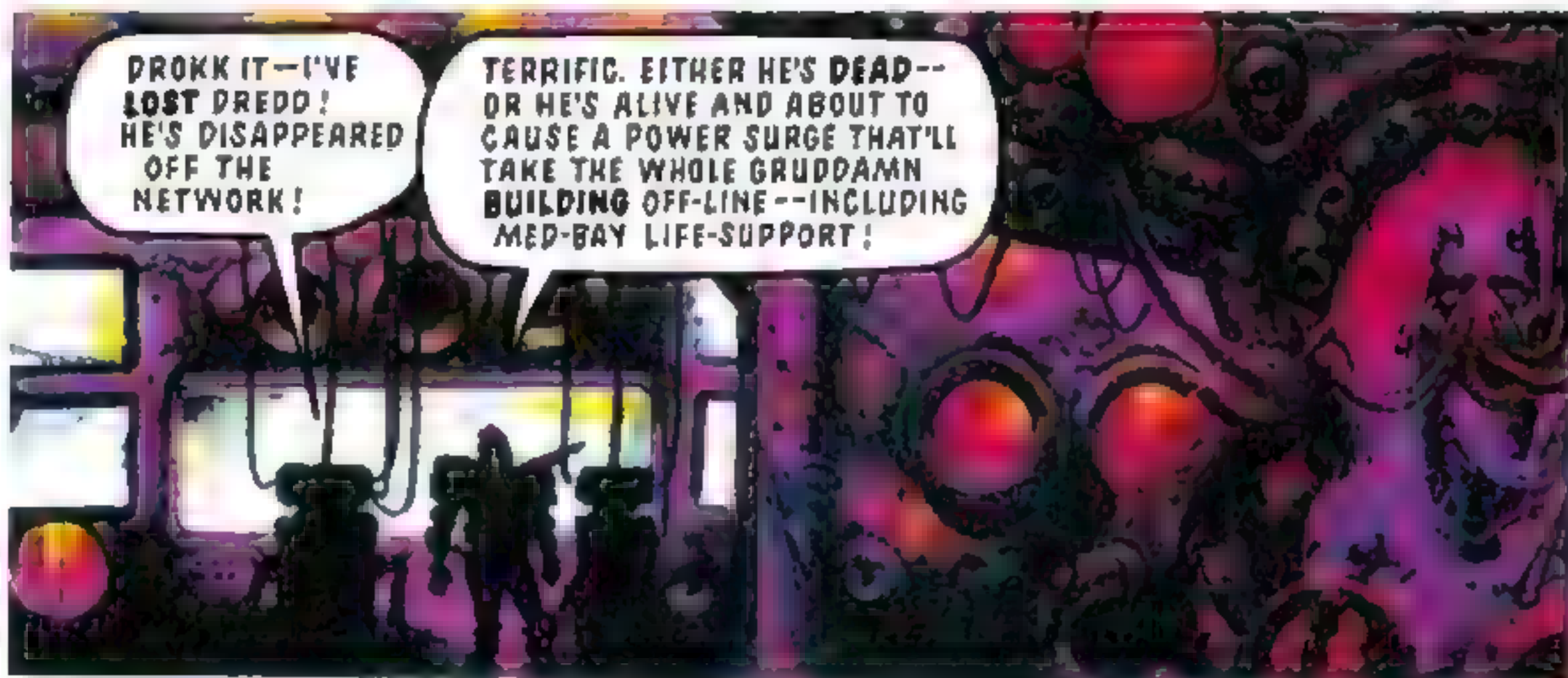
AN ELECTRICAL STORM OF RAGE RACED LIKE NEURAL FIRE ACROSS THE SILVERY SNAIL-FLESH OF THE CREATURE'S BRAIN. ITS NEW FRIEND HAD ATTACKED IT.

AND FOR THAT IT WOULD DIE!



DROKK IT—I'VE LOST DREDD! HE'S DISAPPEARED OFF THE NETWORK!

TERRIFIC. EITHER HE'S DEAD--OR HE'S ALIVE AND ABOUT TO CAUSE A POWER SURGE THAT'LL TAKE THE WHOLE GRUDDAMN BUILDING OFF-LINE--INCLUDING MED-BAY LIFE-SUPPORT!



DWEEZIL DETTWEILER--WORTHLESS ORGAN-SHARK, SENTENCED TO 299 YEARS PLUS 86 HOURS COMMUNITY SERVICE, TO RUN CONSECUTIVELY--



GUESS YOU GET TO DO THE COMMUNITY SERVICE FIRST!



MANUAL RESTART!



WHAT THE DROKK-?

ALL SYSTEMS DOWN  
COMPUTER OUT  
WE'RE TOTALLY  
DEAD IN HERE!

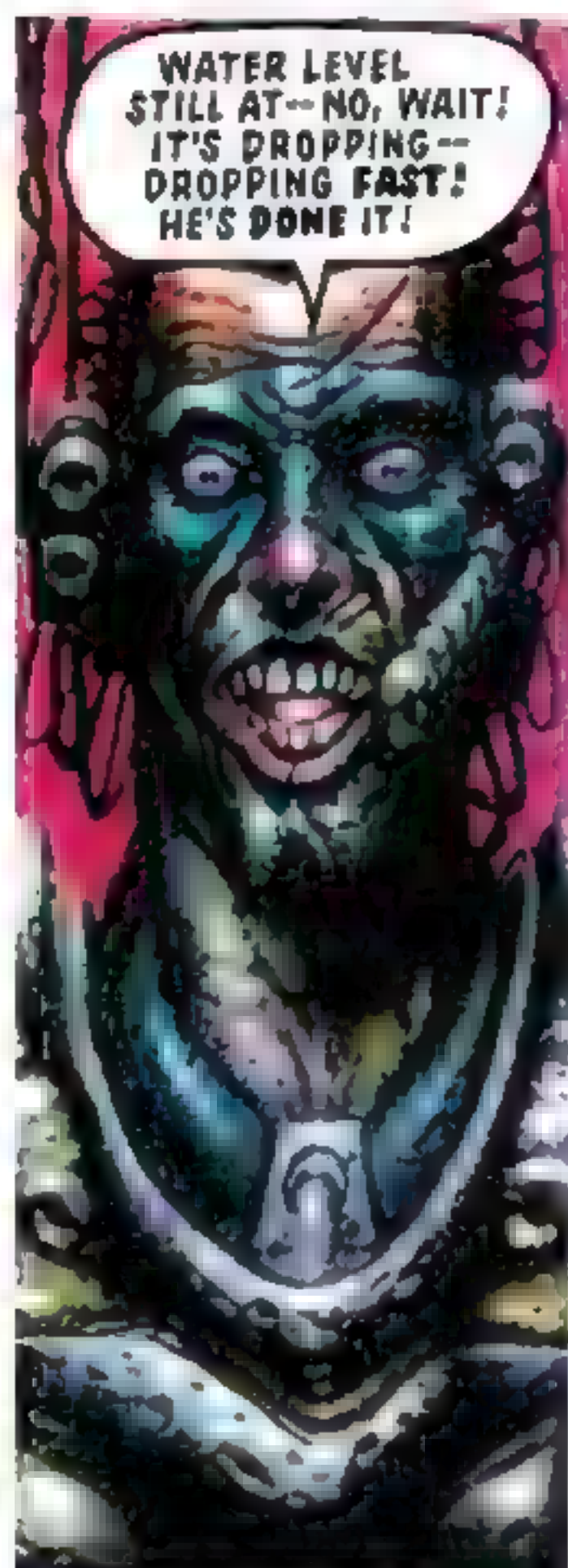
OH MY GRUD.  
HE REALLY DID  
IT, THE STUPID  
DROKKER--





EMERGENCY BACK-UPS ON LINE!  
DREDD MUST HAVE KNOWN THIS  
WOULD HAPPEN! WHAT'S  
HAPPENING DOWN THERE?

CAN'T TELL. TAKES  
A FEW SECONDS  
FOR THE SYSTEM  
TO RE-BOOT...



WATER LEVEL  
STILL AT--NO, WAIT!  
IT'S DROPPING--  
DROPPING FAST!  
HE'S DONE IT!



MED-BAY...

FOUR SECONDS. FOUR DROKKIN' SECONDS.  
THEN A POWER SURGE THAT'D PAN-FRY A  
KLEGG. WHOEVER CUT THAT CABLE JUST  
MURDERED THE CHIEF JUDGE.

T-THANKS  
FOR THE ALARM  
CALL, DOC...



BUT HOW M-MANY  
TIMES DO WE HAVE  
TO TELL YOU--

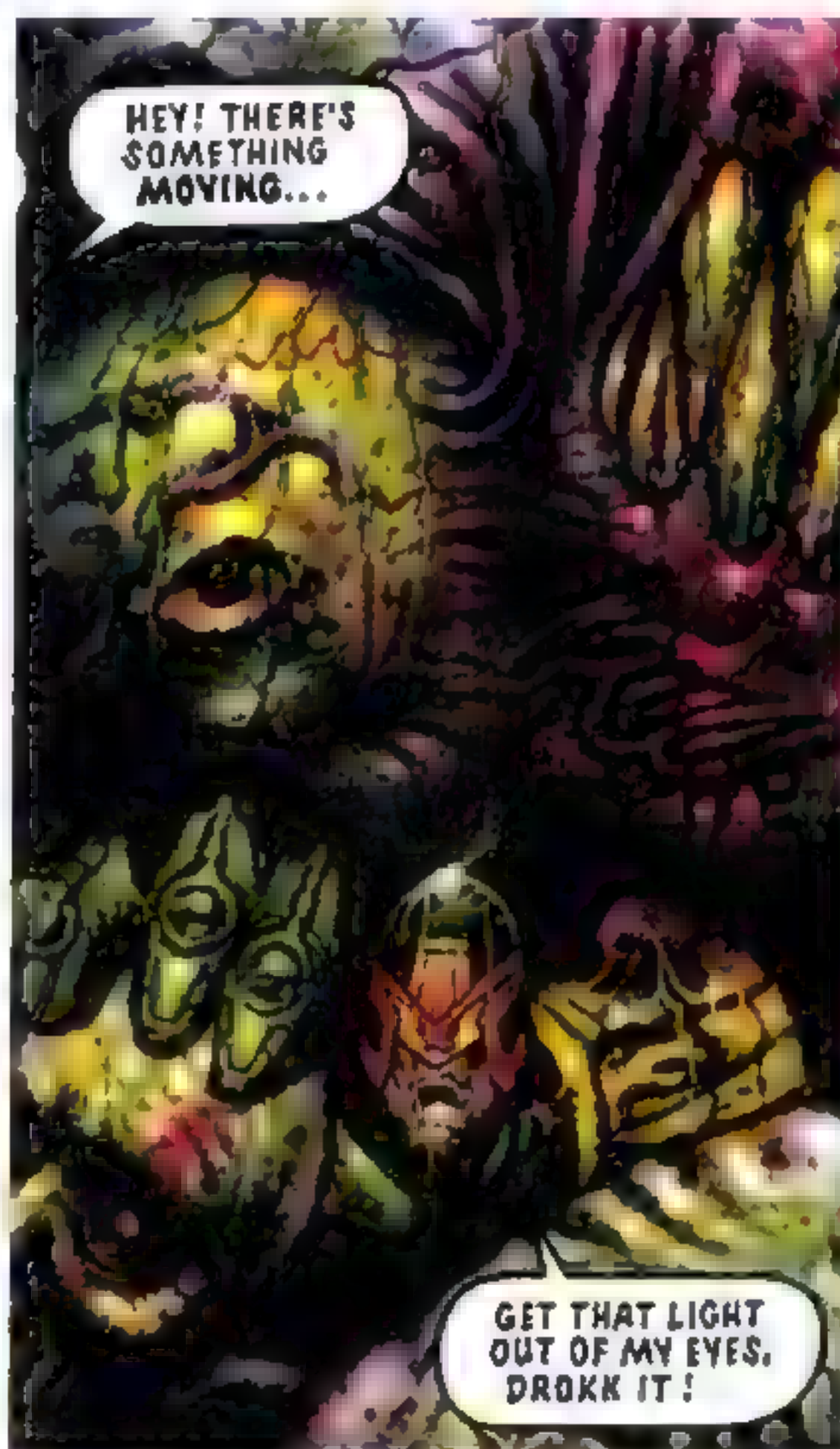
WE LIKE TWO  
PILLOWS!



DOWN BELOW...

WHERE THE HELL'S DREDD?  
THAT THING SHOULD HAVE  
ASPHYXIATED WHEN THE  
WATER PUMPED OUT.

GRUD ALIVE--THE  
STENCH! NO WAY  
WE'RE GOING TO FIND  
ANYTHING ALIVE  
IN HERE...



HEY! THERE'S  
SOMETHING  
MOVING...

GET THAT LIGHT  
OUT OF MY EYES,  
DROKK IT!



WELL? WHAT ARE  
YOU STARING AT?  
SOMEONE DIRECT  
ME TO THE  
NEAREST BATH.

SKIP THAT--A  
SONIC SHOWER.  
I'VE HAD ENOUGH  
OF WATER FOR  
A WHILE.



JUDGE DREDD: THE COMPLETE CASE FILES 20  
**CONTENTS LIST & CREDITS**  
JUDGE DREDD MAGAZINE

**IT'S A  
DREDDFUL LIFE**

Script: Jim Alexander and Robbie Morrison

Art: Colin MacNeil

Letters: Jon Beeston

Originally published in

*Judge Dredd Magazine* 2.44 to 2.45

**BURY MY KNEE AT  
WOUNDED HEART**

Script: John Wagner

Art: Peter Doherty

Letters: Tom Frame

Originally published in

*Judge Dredd Magazine* 2.46

**YOU ARE THE  
MEAN MACHINE!**

Script: John Wagner

Artist: Greg Staples

Letters: Tom Frame

Originally published in

*Judge Dredd Magazine* 2.47

**FREEFALL!**

Script: John Wagner

Art: Jim Vickers

Letters: Tom Frame

Originally published in

*Judge Dredd Magazine* 2.48

**DO THE WRONG THING**

Script: Gordon Rennie

Art: Paul Peart

Letters: Tom Frame

Originally published in

*Judge Dredd Magazine* 2.49

**GIANT**

Script: John Wagner

Artist: Ian Gibson

Letters: Tom Frame

Originally published in

*Judge Dredd Magazine* 2.50 to 2.52

**HOWLER**

Script: John Wagner

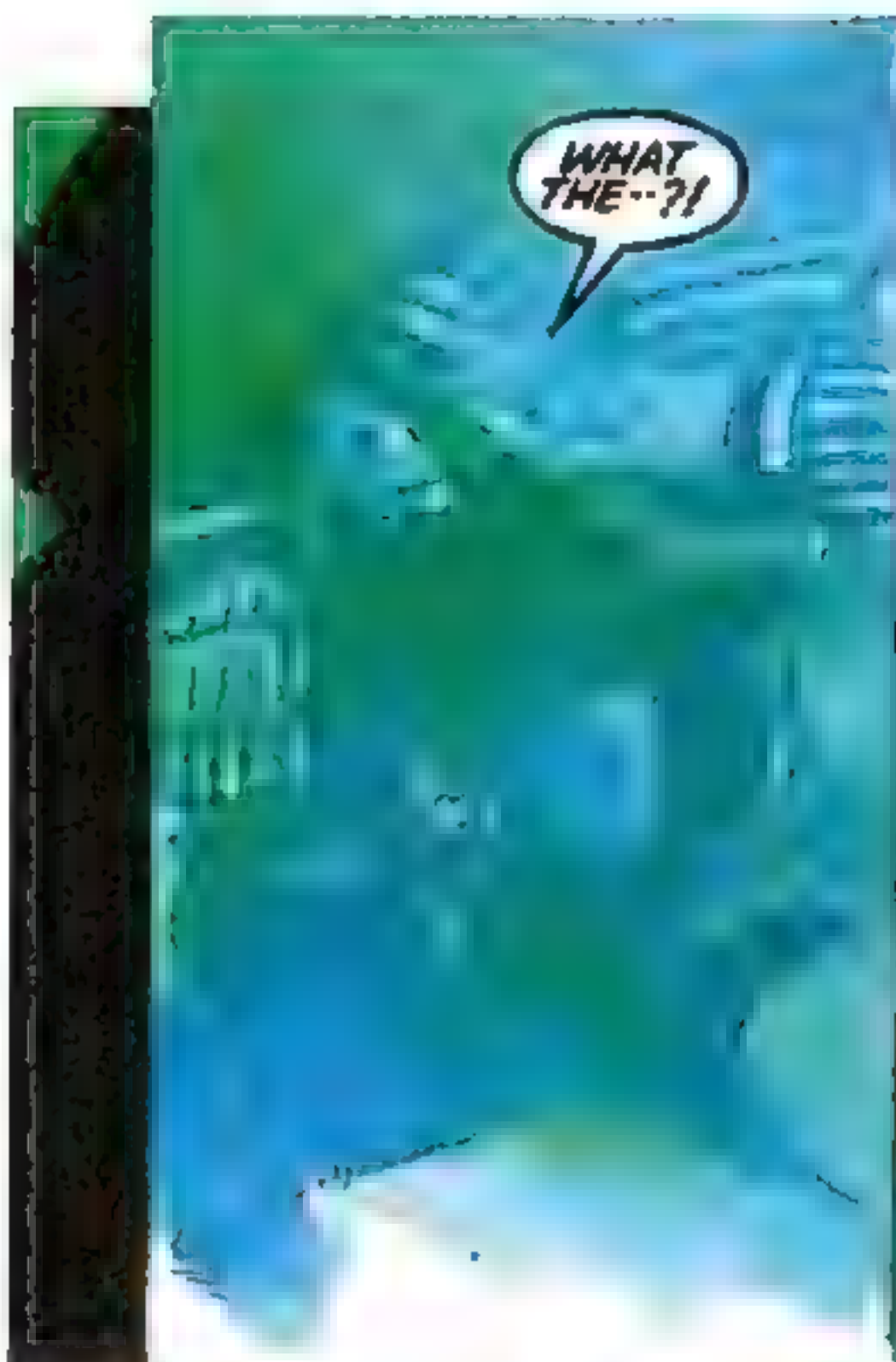
Art: Mick McMahon

Letters: Tom Frame

Originally published in

*Judge Dredd Magazine* 2.53 to 2.56









GREETINGSSS...





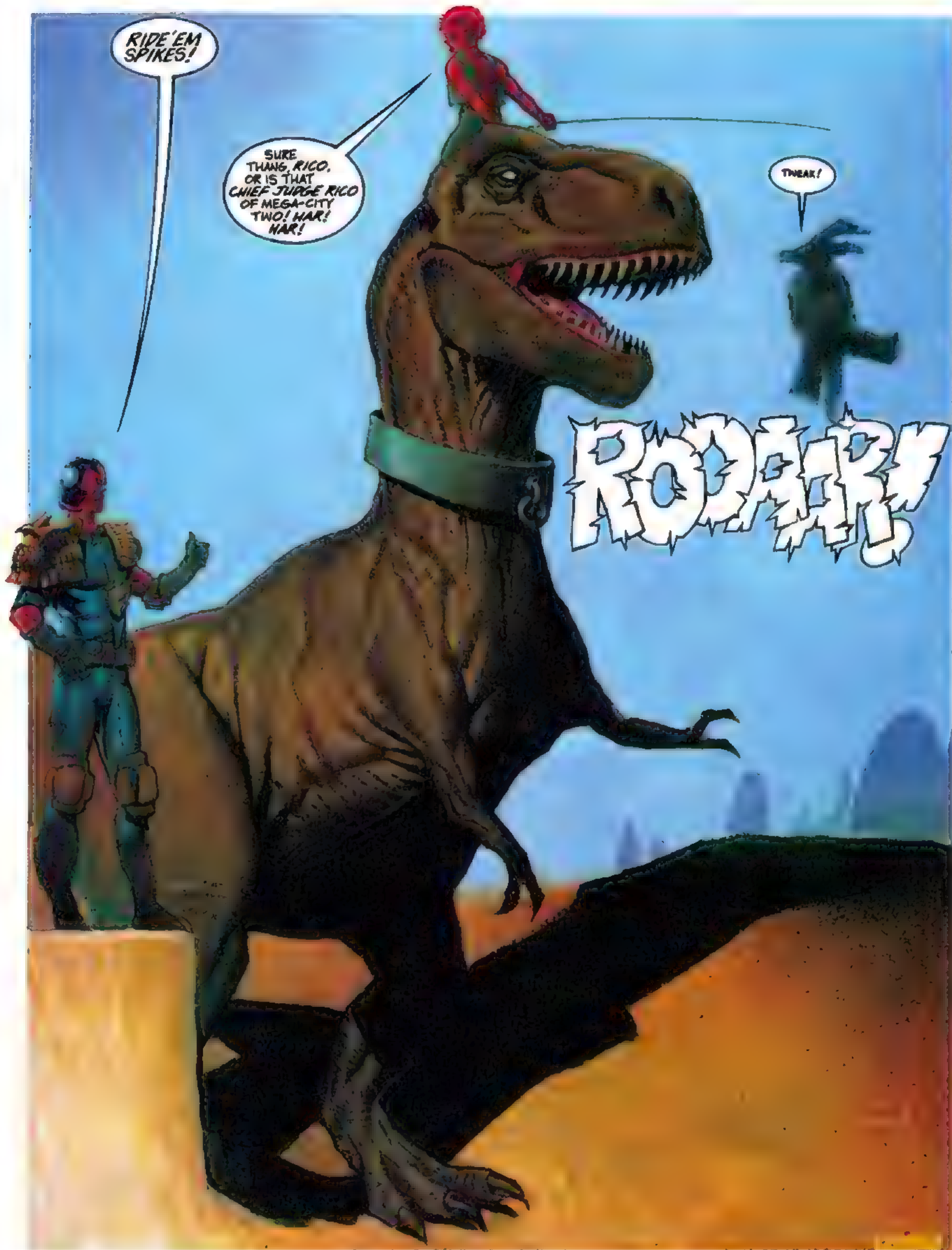


RIDE 'EM SPIKES!

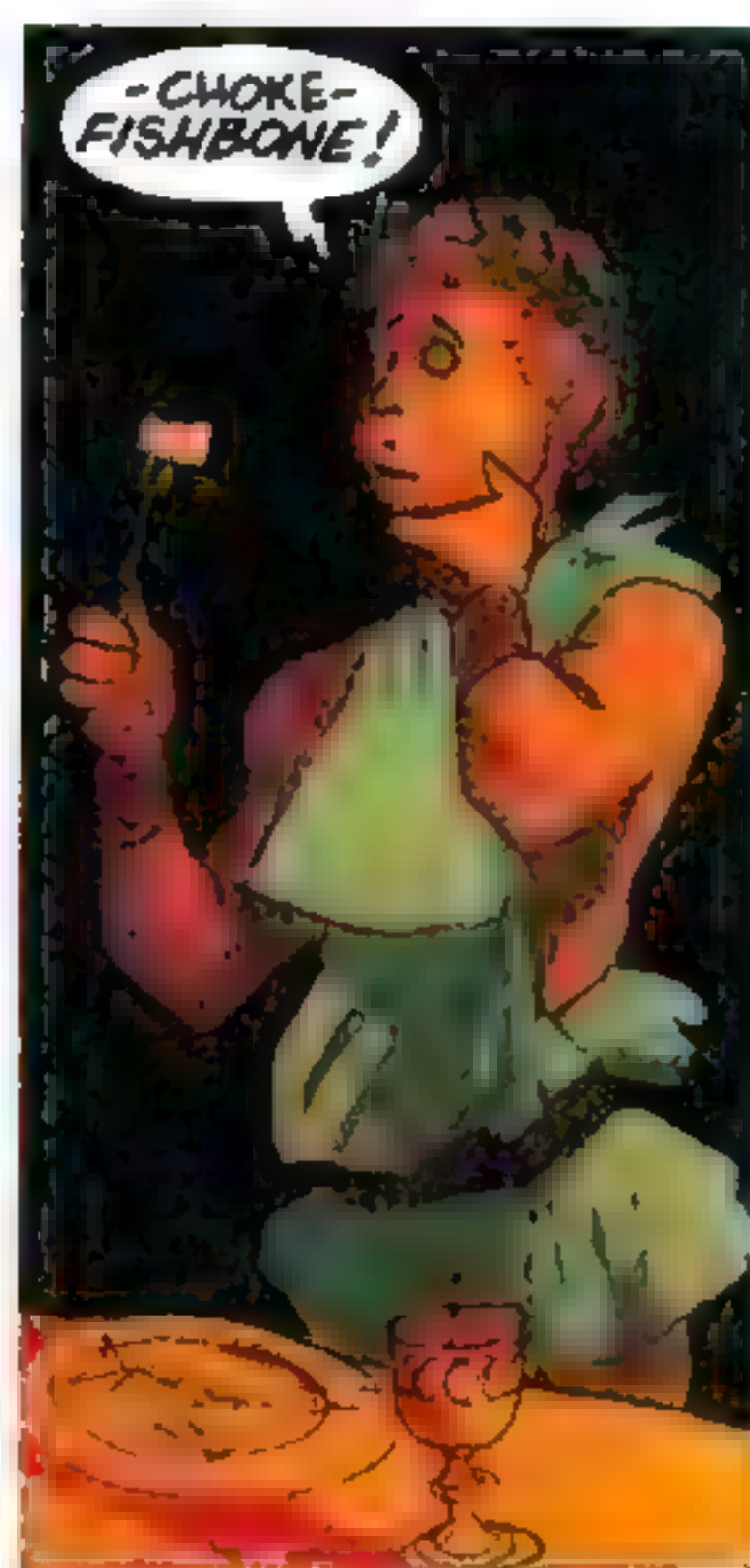
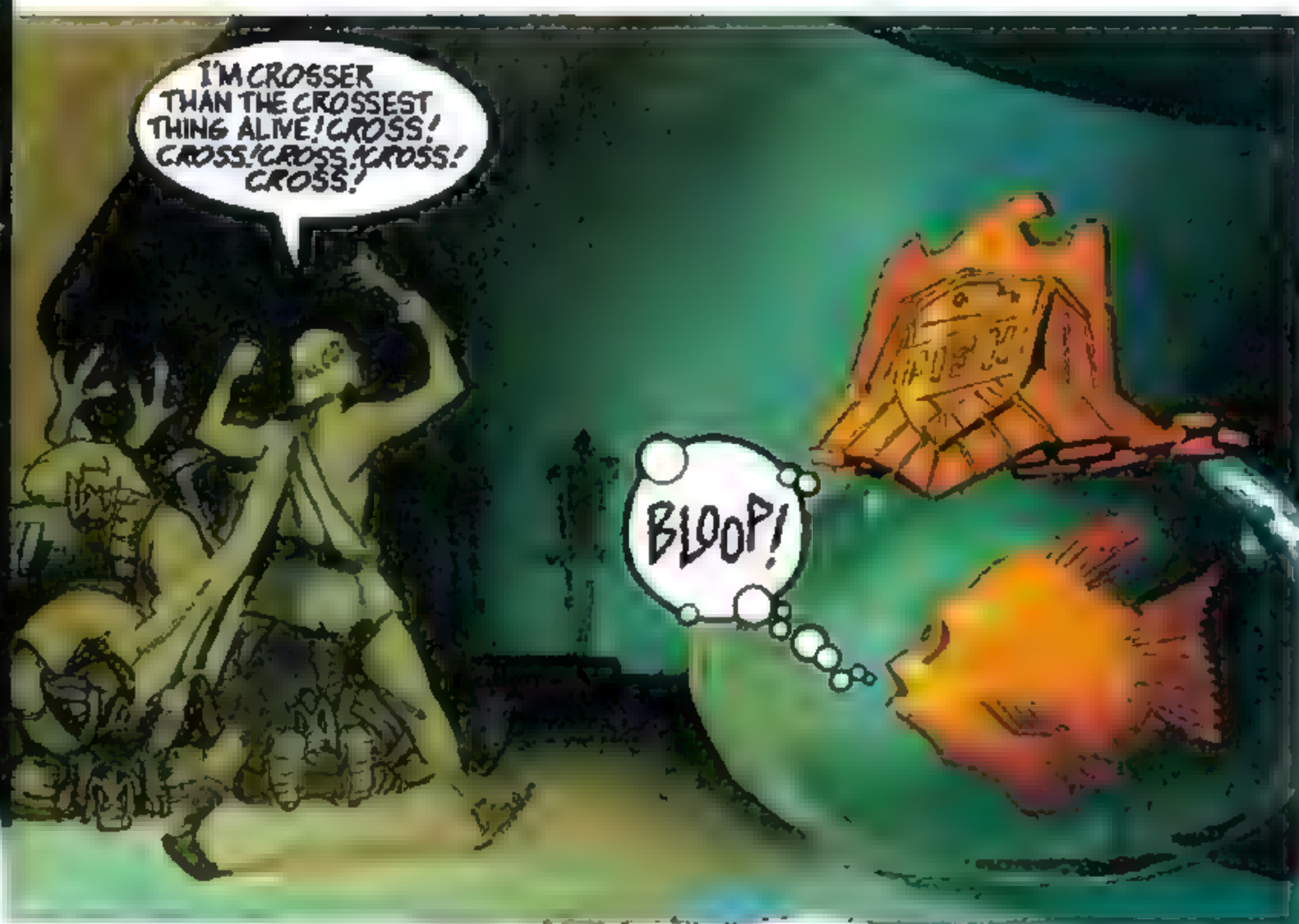
SURE THANG, RICO,  
OR IS THAT  
CHIEF JUDGE RICO  
OF MEGA-CITY  
TWO! HAR!  
HAR!

TWEAK!

ROAR!









"AND THERE'SS MORE..."

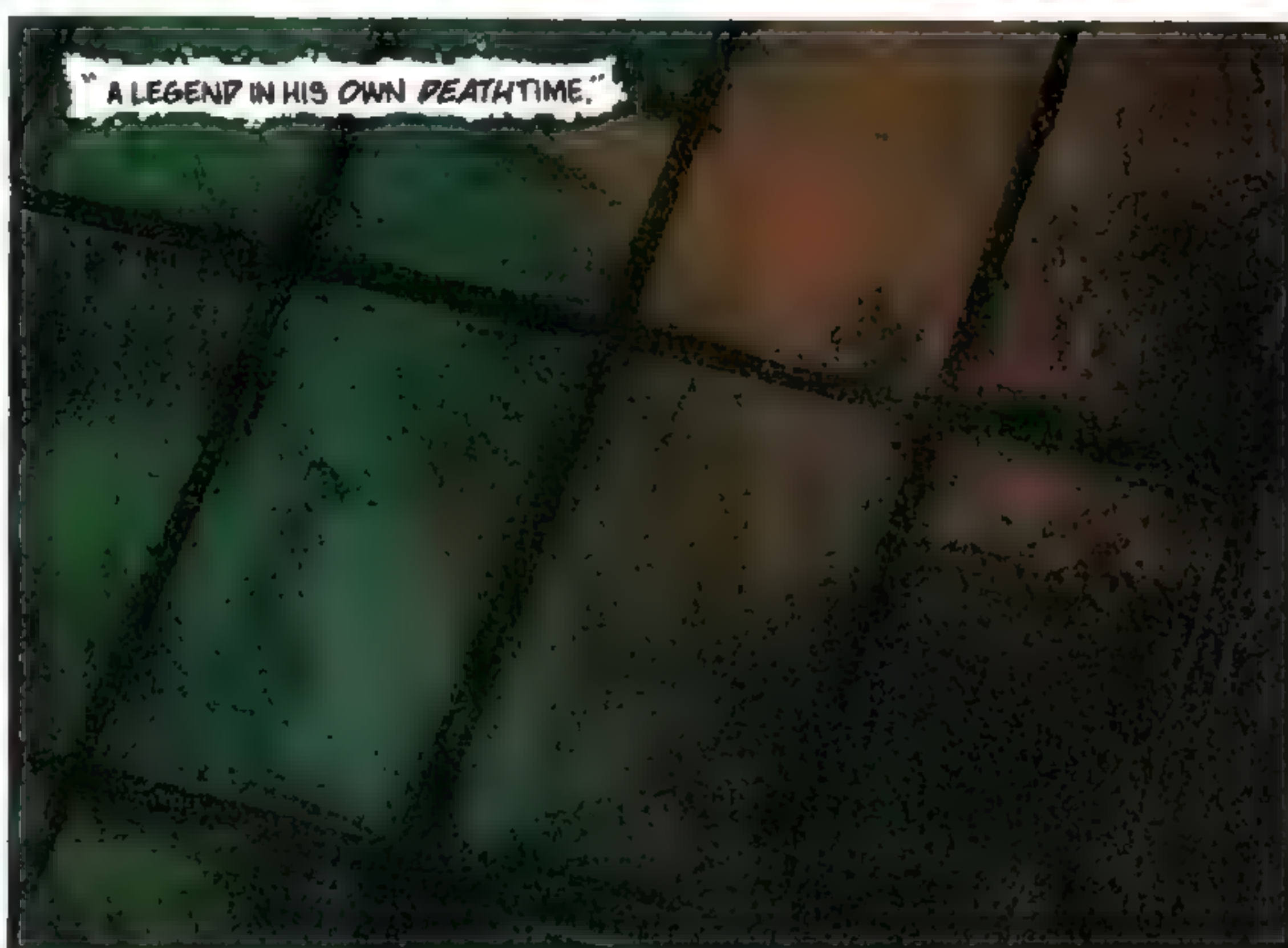
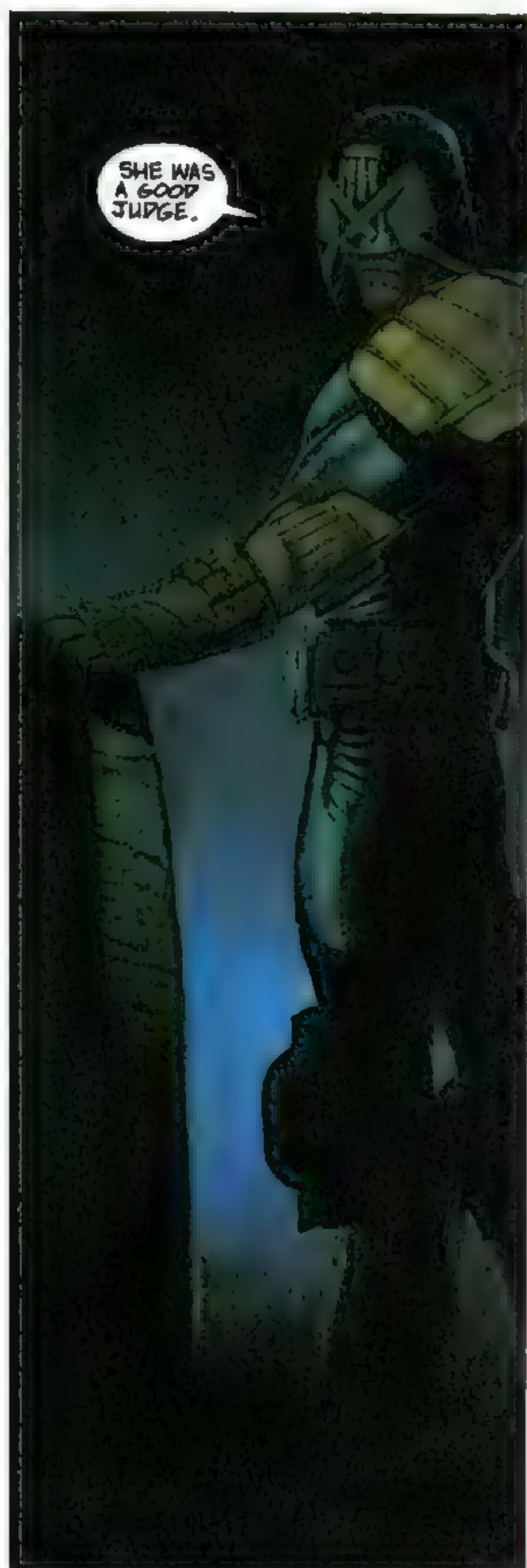
ANDERSON  
FSI DIVISION

DIED 21

To held that glow  
To have it live forever  
To live in peace

Now that would  
be true













YUP, AND HERE  
COMES OUR HONOURARY  
ANGEL.

SHOW 'ER YOUR  
TEX-CIT APPRECIATION,  
BOYS!

AND HERE'S  
THE REWARD,  
FELLERS...

A SPECIALLY-BOTTLED  
FORTUNE TELLER, WITH  
JUDGE CHILD PROOF  
TOP OF COURSE!



HERSHEY WAITING  
ON THE ANGEL GANG?  
BUT SHE'S A JUDGE...

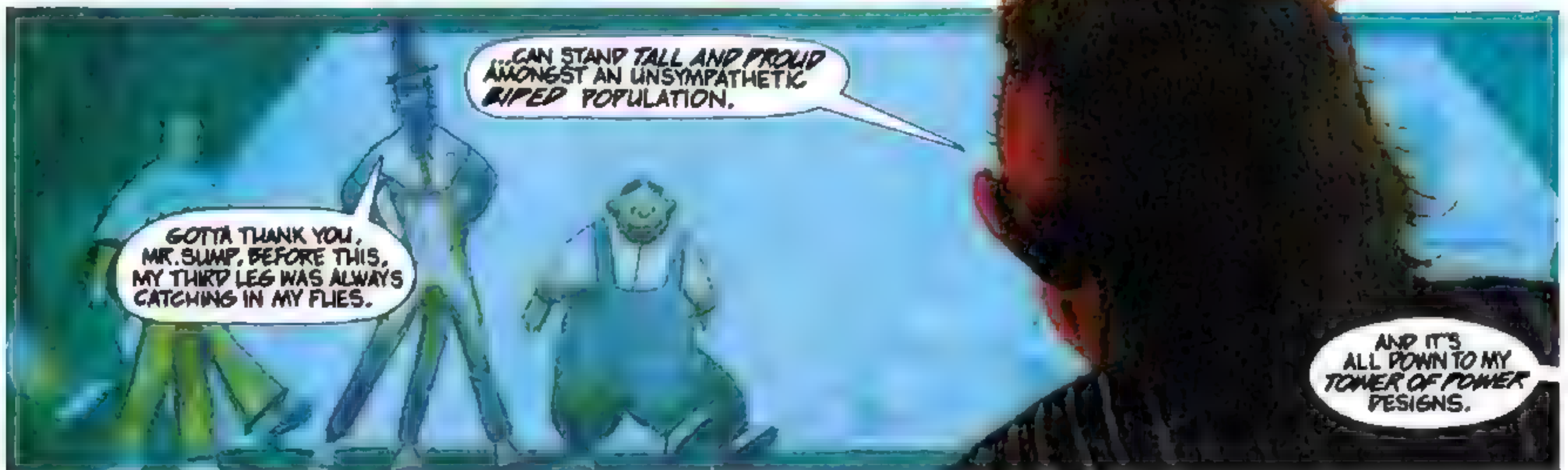
ASSS I'VE SSSAID A  
THOUSSAND TIMESSS,  
THISS ISSS THE LAWLESSS  
ZZZONE, NOTHING ISSS  
SSSACRED - NOT EVEN  
HISSSTORY!



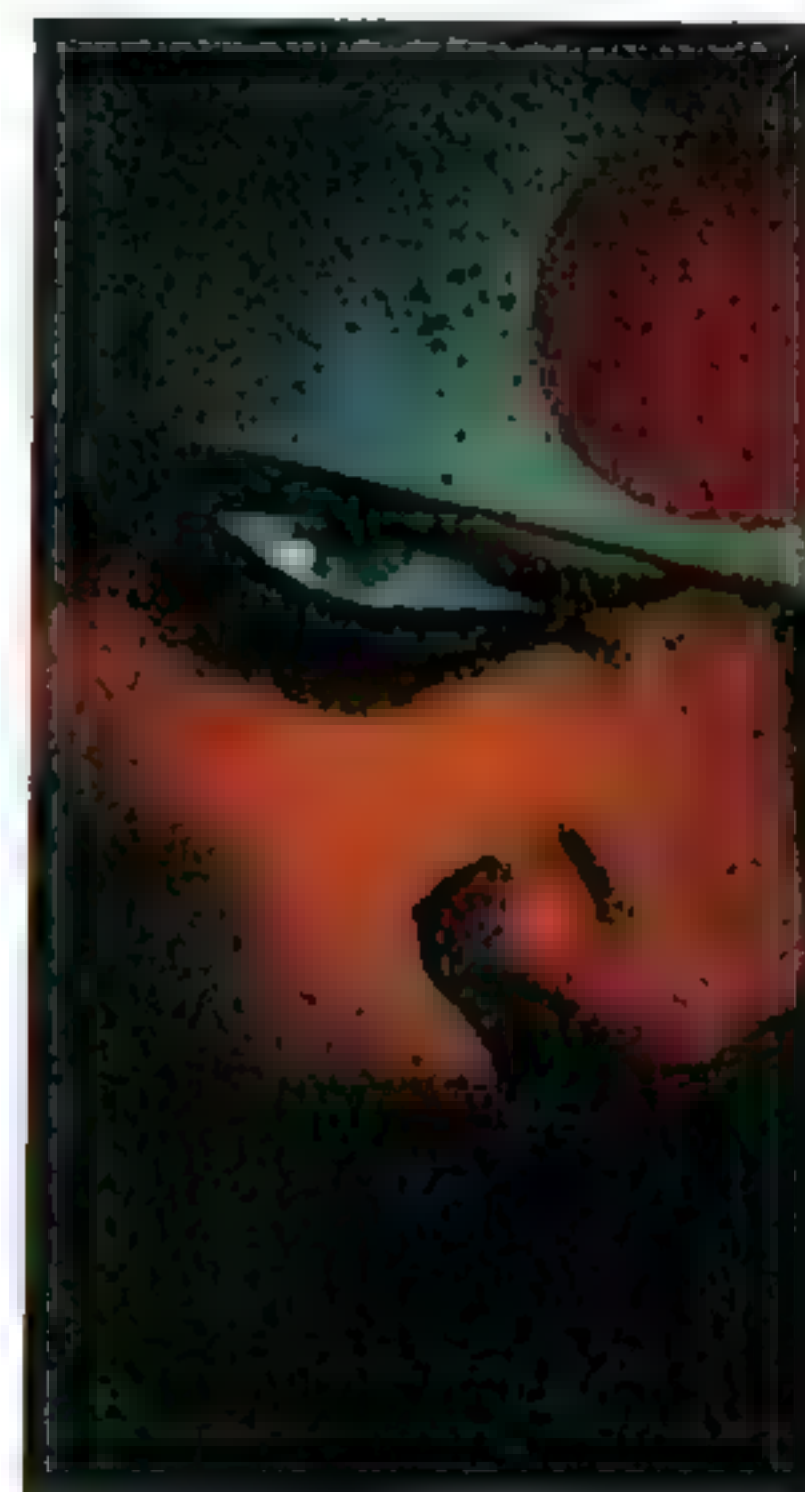
NOW, THAR'S  
A HANDSOME  
BRUTE.

PICASSO  
OR WHAT?













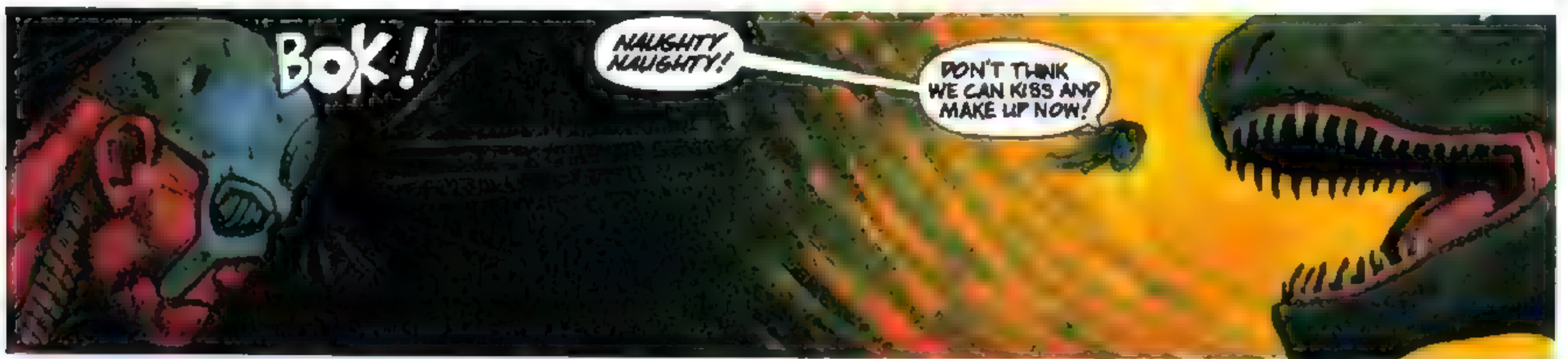
















YOU PUNKS DIDN'T  
THINK I CAME ALL THE  
WAY BACK HERE FOR  
ONE BOUNTY, DID  
YOU?



OLD SSSSTONE  
FACE BEGINNING TO  
CRACK, JOE?

I'D UNDERSSSTAND-  
SSSEEING THE LIGHT ISSS  
KIND OF PISSHEARTENING.



ALL THOSE YEARSSS  
ASSS A JUDGE, ASSS A  
CADET, ASSS A CLONE  
BRAT...



POINTLESS!!



MUCH ASSS IT  
PAINSSS ME TO  
SSAY IT, HUMANITY  
GOESSS ON...

WITHOUT  
YOUR  
BRAND OF  
LAW.



"WHY DON'T YOU  
GIVE IT UP, JOE?"



"GIVE SSSSOMEBOY  
ELSSSE A SSSSHOT."



FLICKING BOOGERS  
IS A SERIOUS OFFENCE,  
CITIZEN SNORK, EVEN  
FOR CELEBRITIES!

FACE  
FWONT,  
CREEP!

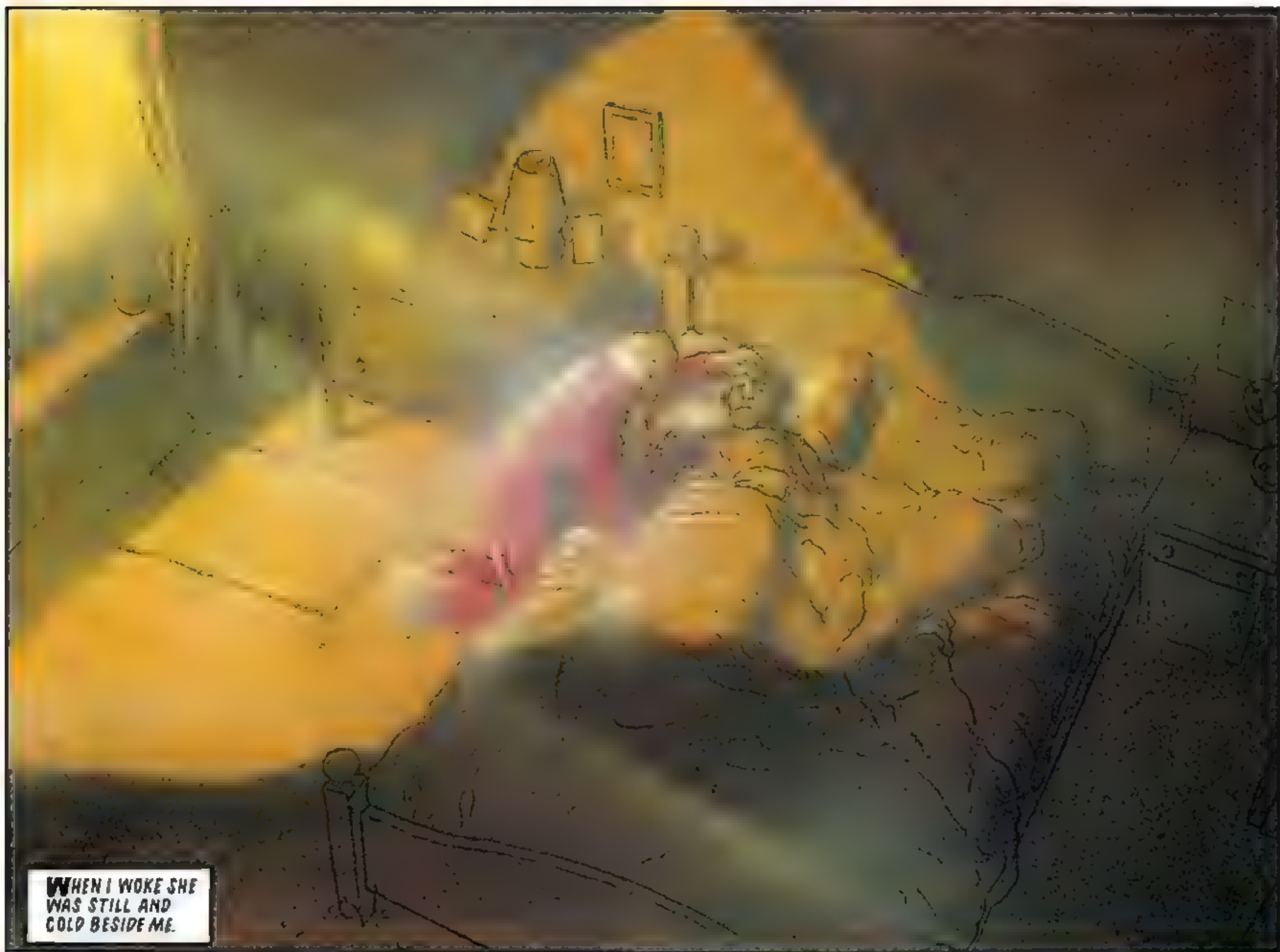










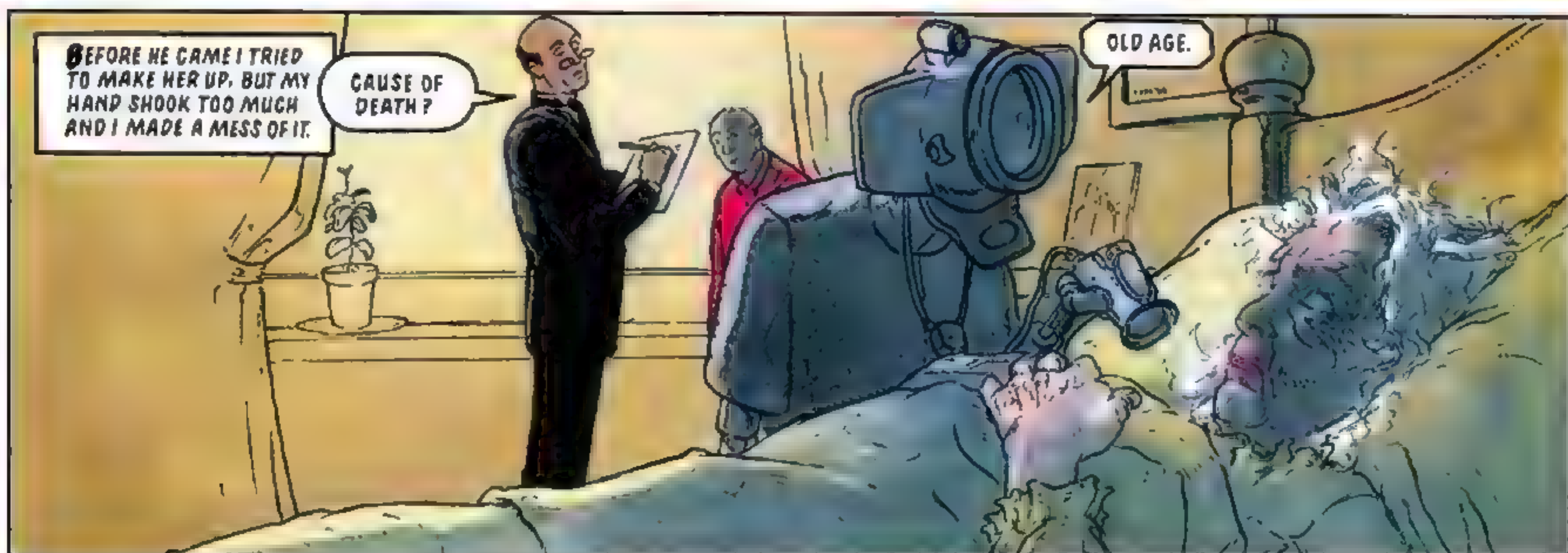


WHEN I WOKE SHE WAS STILL AND COLD BESIDE ME.



I BRUSHED THE BRITTLE WHITE HAIR FROM HER FACE AND KISSED HER LIPS AND EYES.

AFTER A WHILE I CALLED THE BLOCK REGISTRAR.

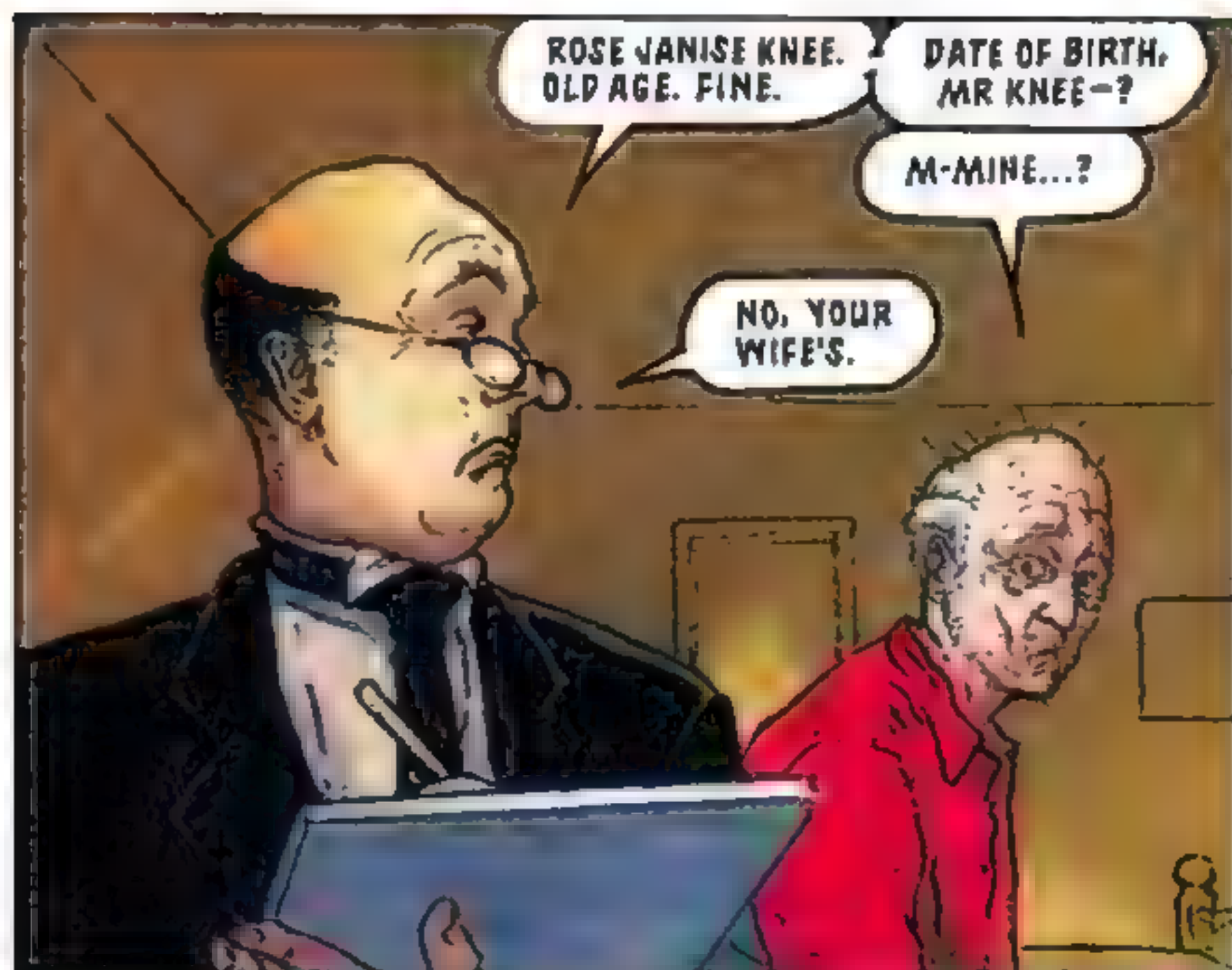


BEFORE HE CAME I TRIED TO MAKE HER UP, BUT MY HAND SHOOK TOO MUCH AND I MADE A MESS OF IT.

CAUSE OF DEATH?

OLD AGE.



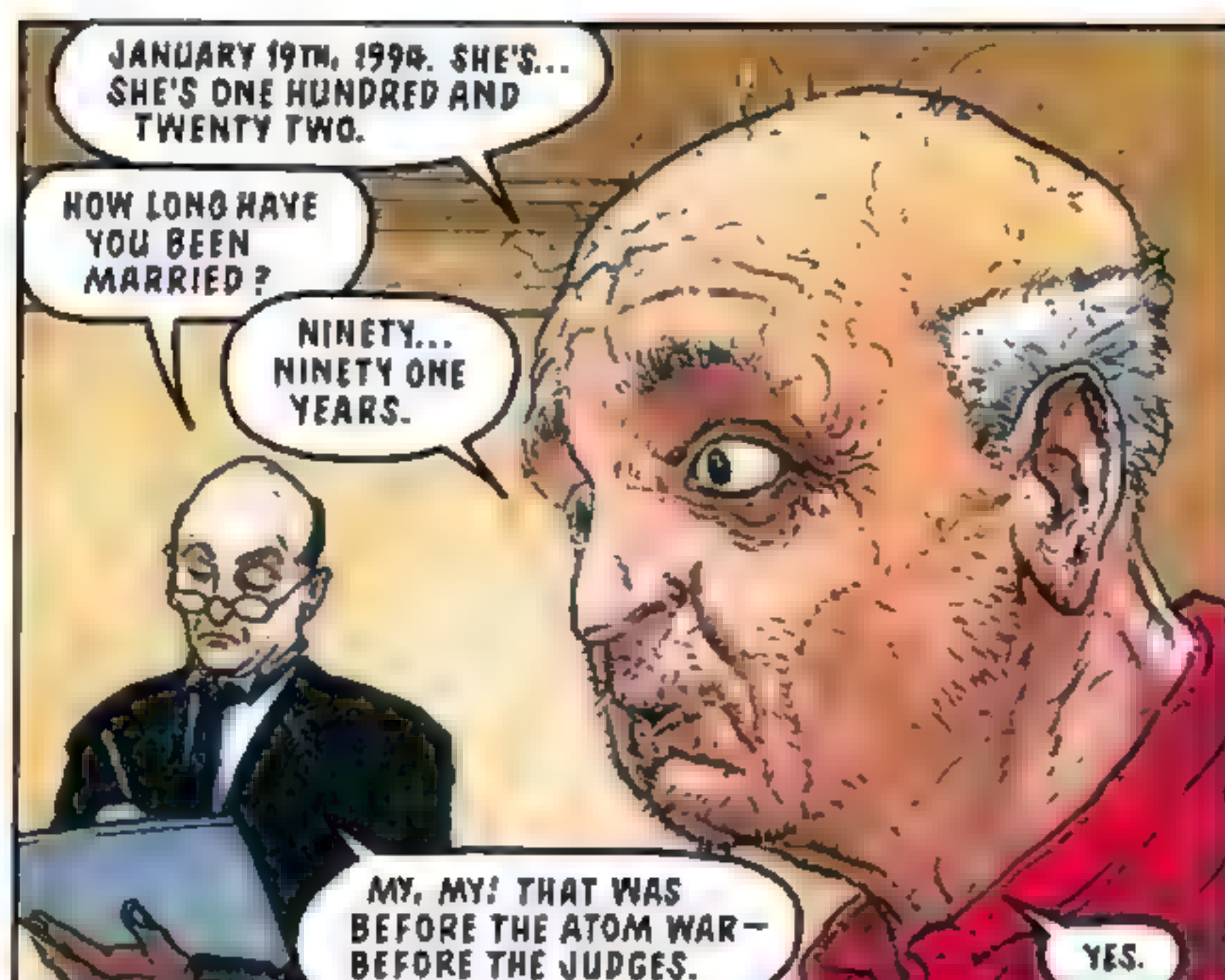


ROSE JANISE KNEE.  
OLD AGE. FINE.

DATE OF BIRTH,  
MR KNEE—?

M-MINE...?

NO, YOUR  
WIFE'S.



JANUARY 19TH, 1994. SHE'S...  
SHE'S ONE HUNDRED AND  
TWENTY TWO.

HOW LONG HAVE  
YOU BEEN  
MARRIED?

NINETY...  
NINETY ONE  
YEARS.

MY, MY! THAT WAS  
BEFORE THE ATOM WAR—  
BEFORE THE JUDGES.

YES.



WELL, NEVER MIND. IT COMES  
TO US ALL IN THE END. I DON'T  
SUPPOSE THAT'S ANY COMFORT  
TO YOU, BUT THEN I'M NOT HERE  
TO COMFORT YOU. I'M JUST  
THE BLOCK REGISTRAR.



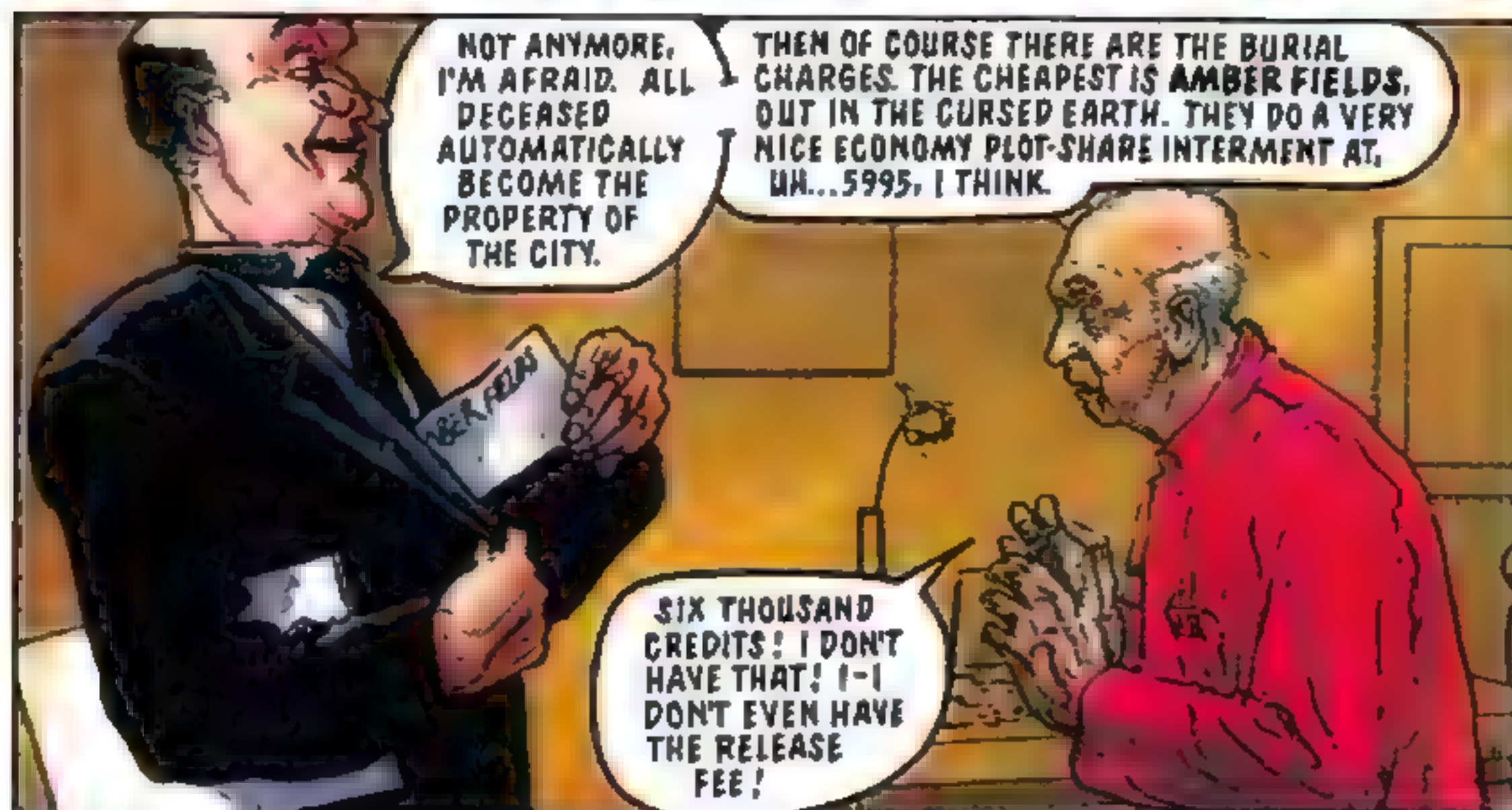
WHEN THE MORTICIAN'S  
FINISHED YOU'LL HAVE TWENTY  
FOUR HOURS TO BE ALONE WITH  
HER. YOU'LL WISH TO HOLD A  
FORMAL SERVICE AT RESYK?



RESYK? NO! SHE-SHE WANTS  
TO BE BURIED, LIKE IT WAS  
IN OUR DAY!

IN THAT CASE I'LL NEED THE  
950 RELEASE FEE ON MY  
DESK BY TOMORROW  
MORNING.

NINE HUNDRED  
AND FIFTY CREDITS!  
B-BUT I DON'T HAVE  
TO PAY YOU! SHE'S  
MINE, NOT  
YOURS!



NOT ANYMORE,  
I'M AFRAID. ALL  
DECEASED  
AUTOMATICALLY  
BECOME THE  
PROPERTY OF  
THE CITY.

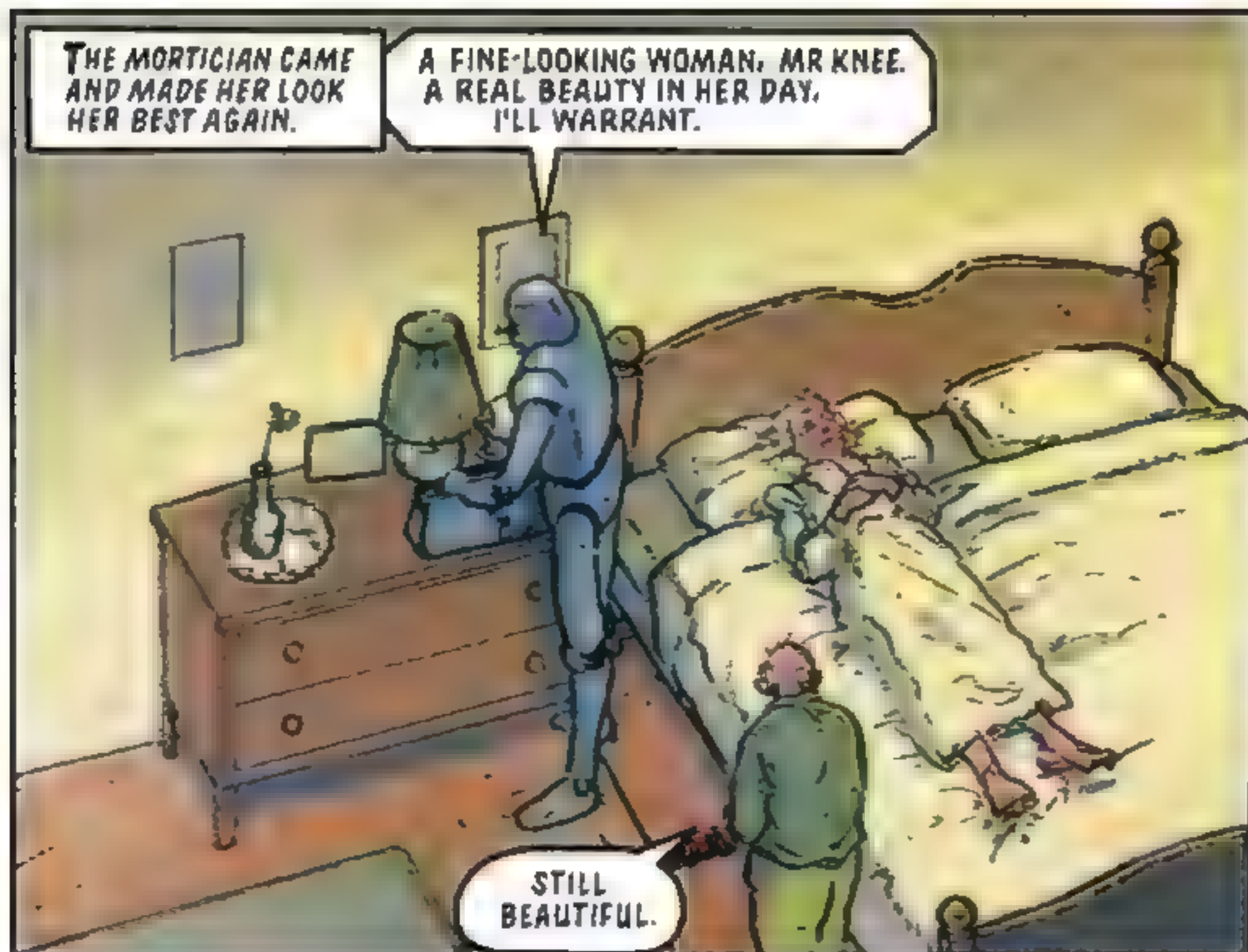
THEN OF COURSE THERE ARE THE BURIAL  
CHARGES. THE CHEAPEST IS AMBER FIELDS,  
OUT IN THE CURSED EARTH. THEY DO A VERY  
NICE ECONOMY PLOT-SHARE INTERMENT AT,  
UH...5995, I THINK.

SIX THOUSAND  
CREDITS! I DON'T  
HAVE THAT! I-I  
DON'T EVEN HAVE  
THE RELEASE  
FEE!



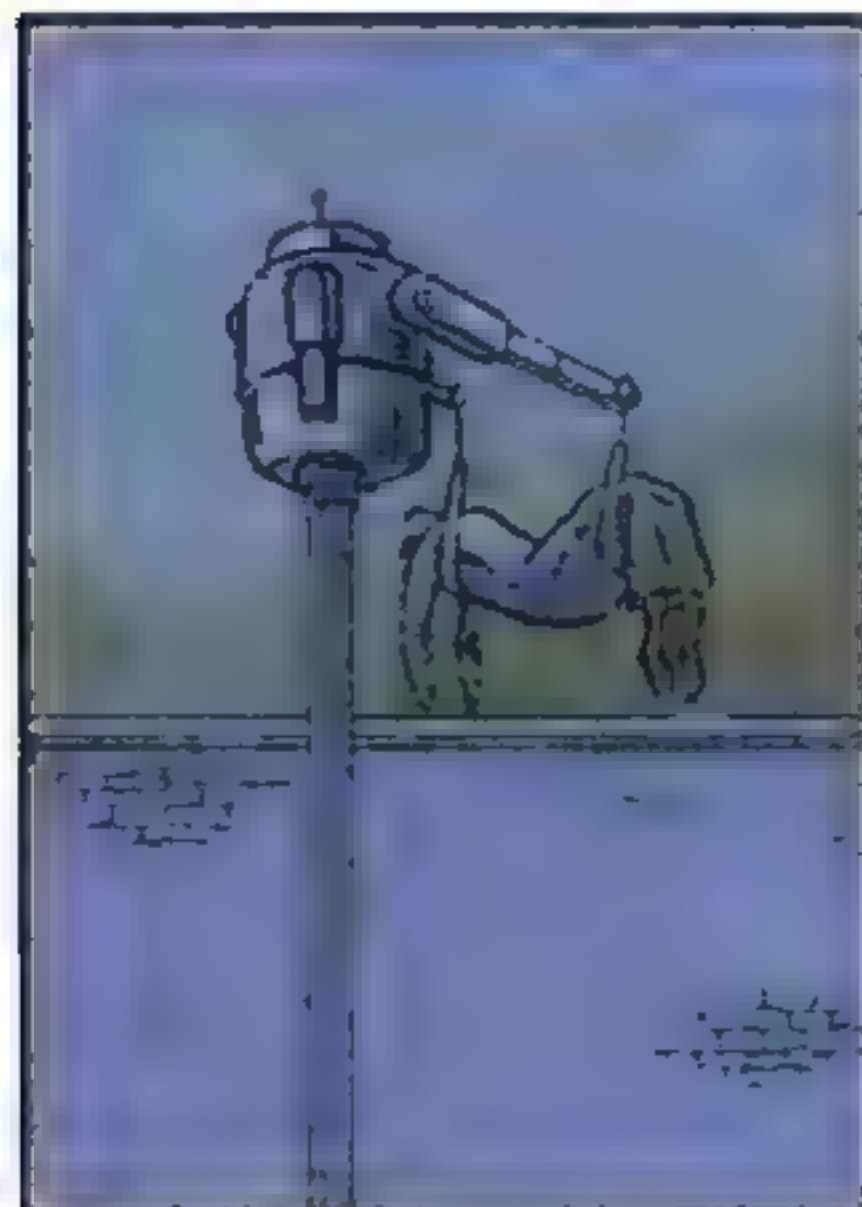
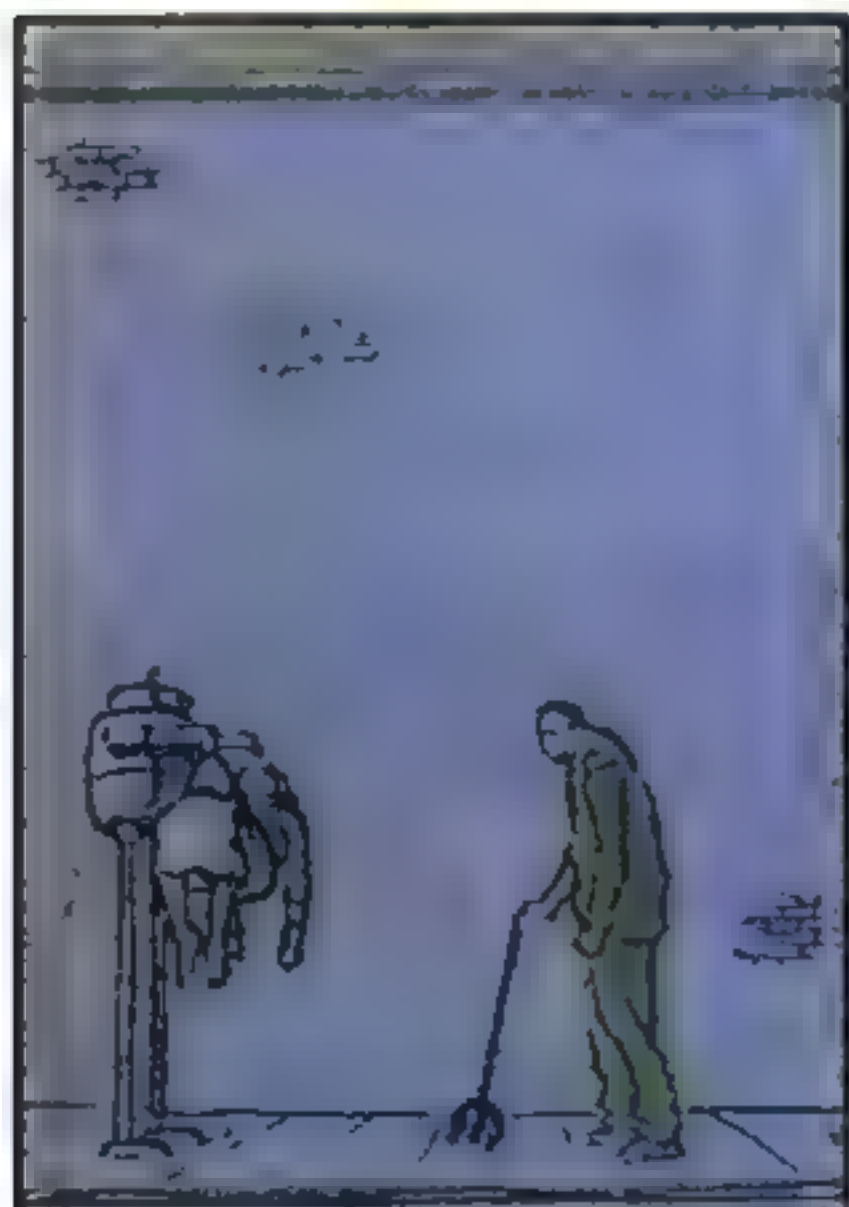
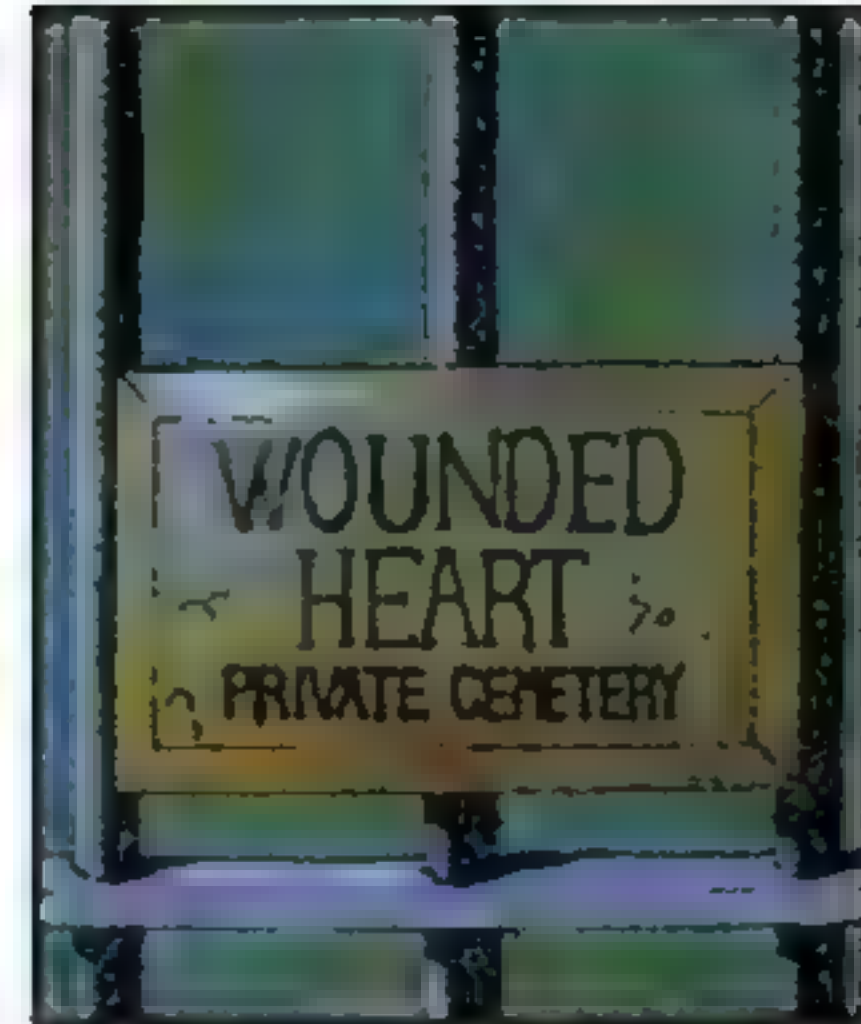
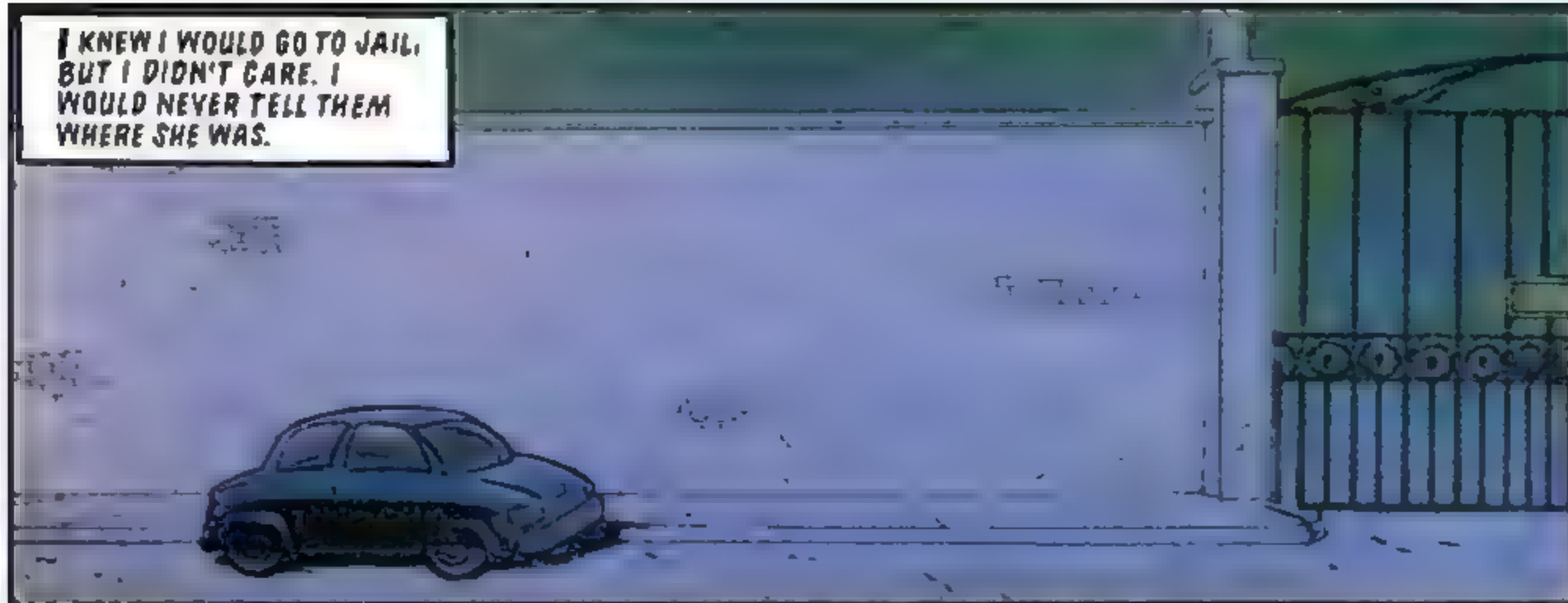
RESYK  
IT IS,  
THEN.



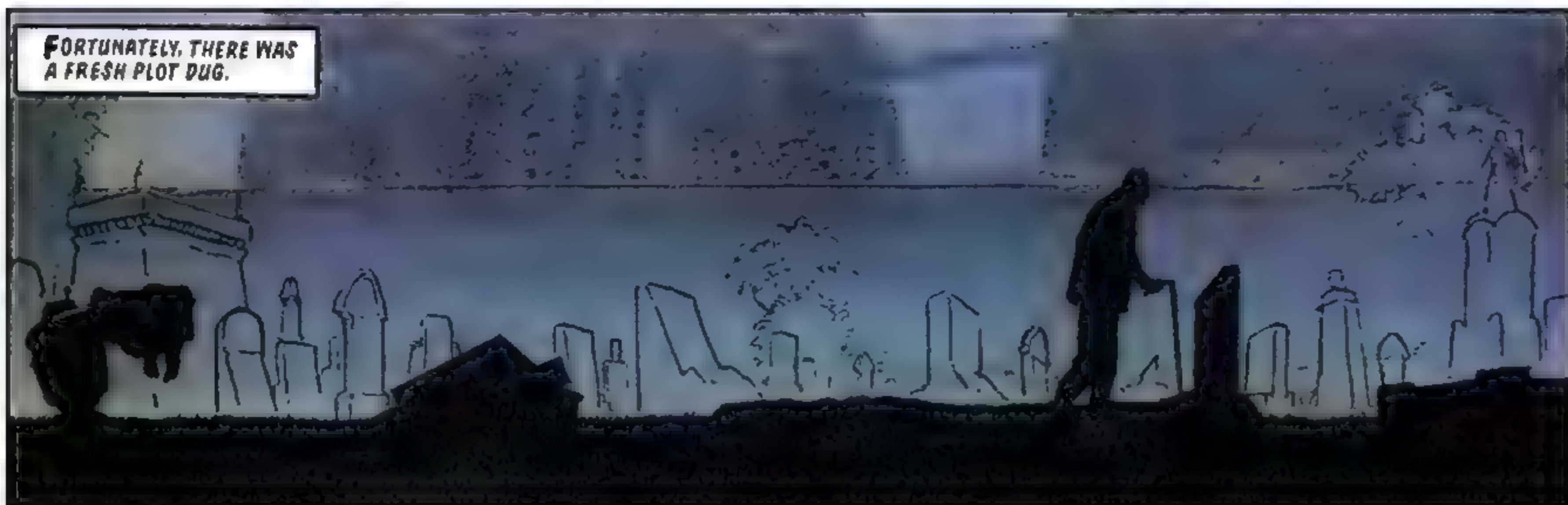




I KNEW I WOULD GO TO JAIL,  
BUT I DIDN'T CARE. I  
WOULD NEVER TELL THEM  
WHERE SHE WAS.



FORTUNATELY, THERE WAS  
A FRESH PLOT DUG.





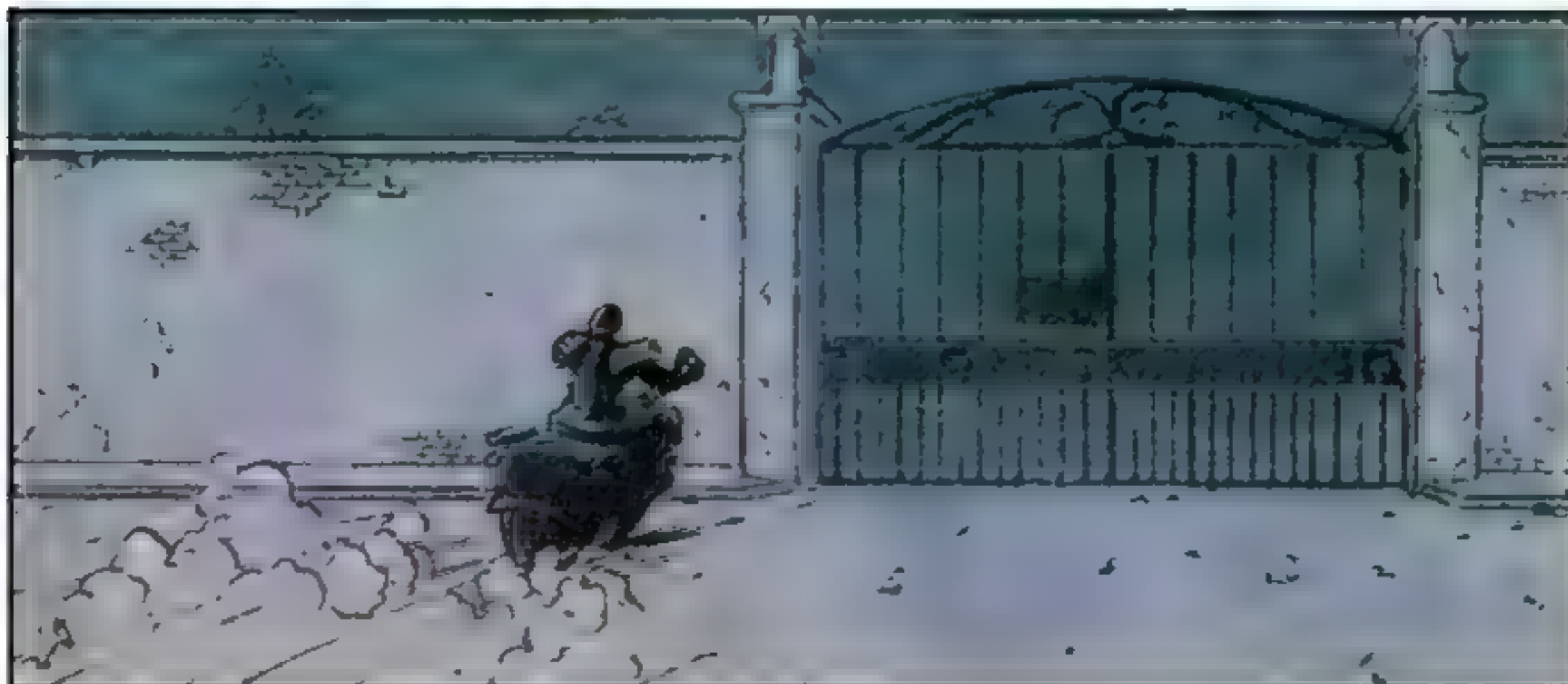
MARTHA  
HUGWILDER III  
2049-2115

I FELT CERTAIN MARTHA HUGWILDER III  
WOULD NOT MIND SHARING. I COULD  
ASSURE HER MY ROSEY WAS VERY GOOD  
COMPANY.

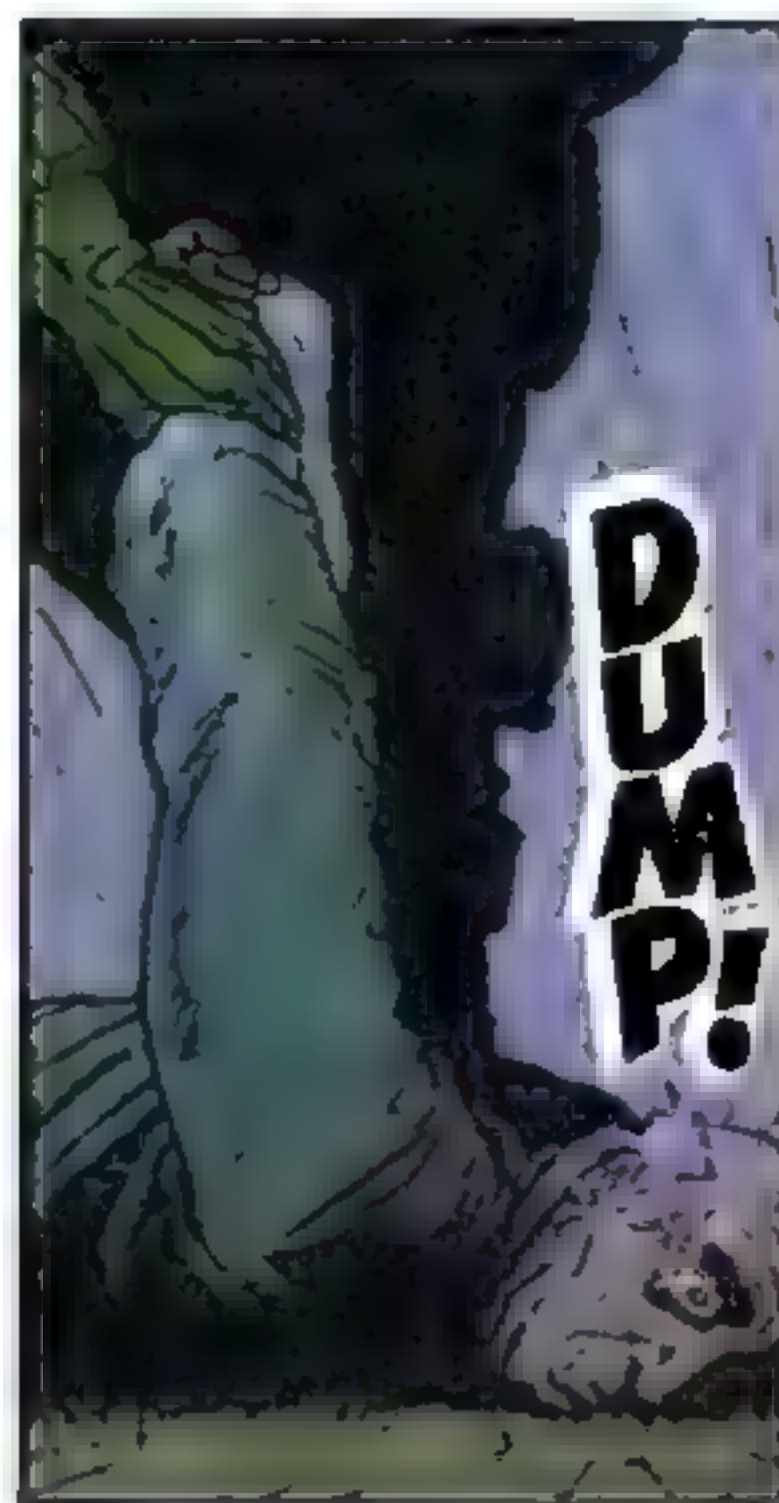
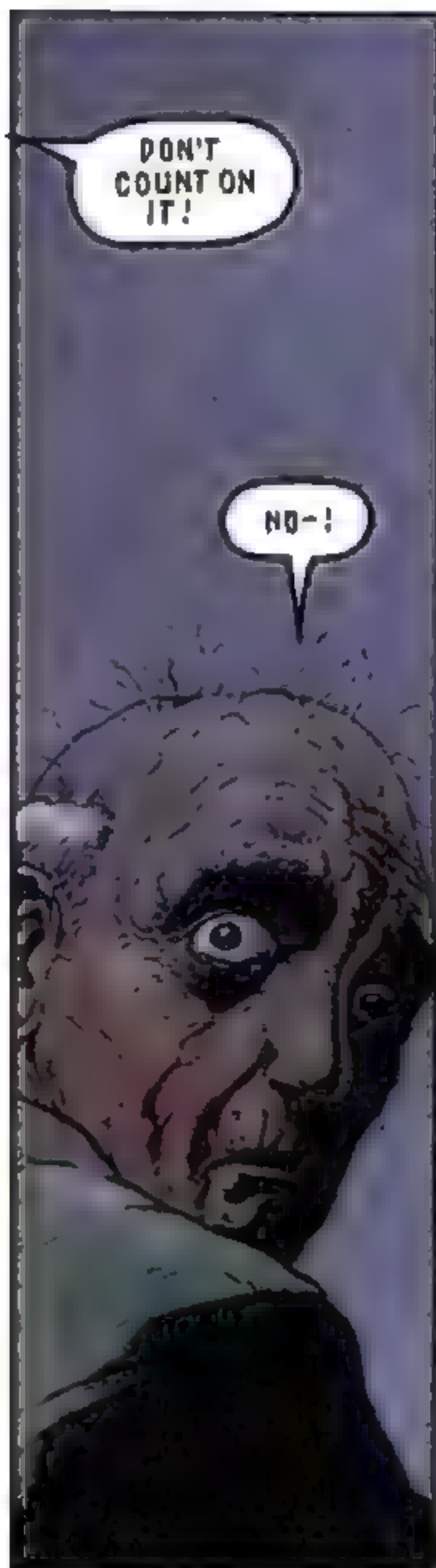
ANY UNIT, VICINITY DEVITO!  
GO TO WOUNDED HEART  
CEMETERY! REPORT OF  
AN INTRUDER!

DREDD! I'LL  
TAKE IT!

THE MOONLIGHT SOFTENED THE LINES  
OF AGE, AND IN HER FACE I COULD  
STILL SEE THE FINE YOUNG WOMAN  
I'D MET ALL THOSE YEARS AGO.









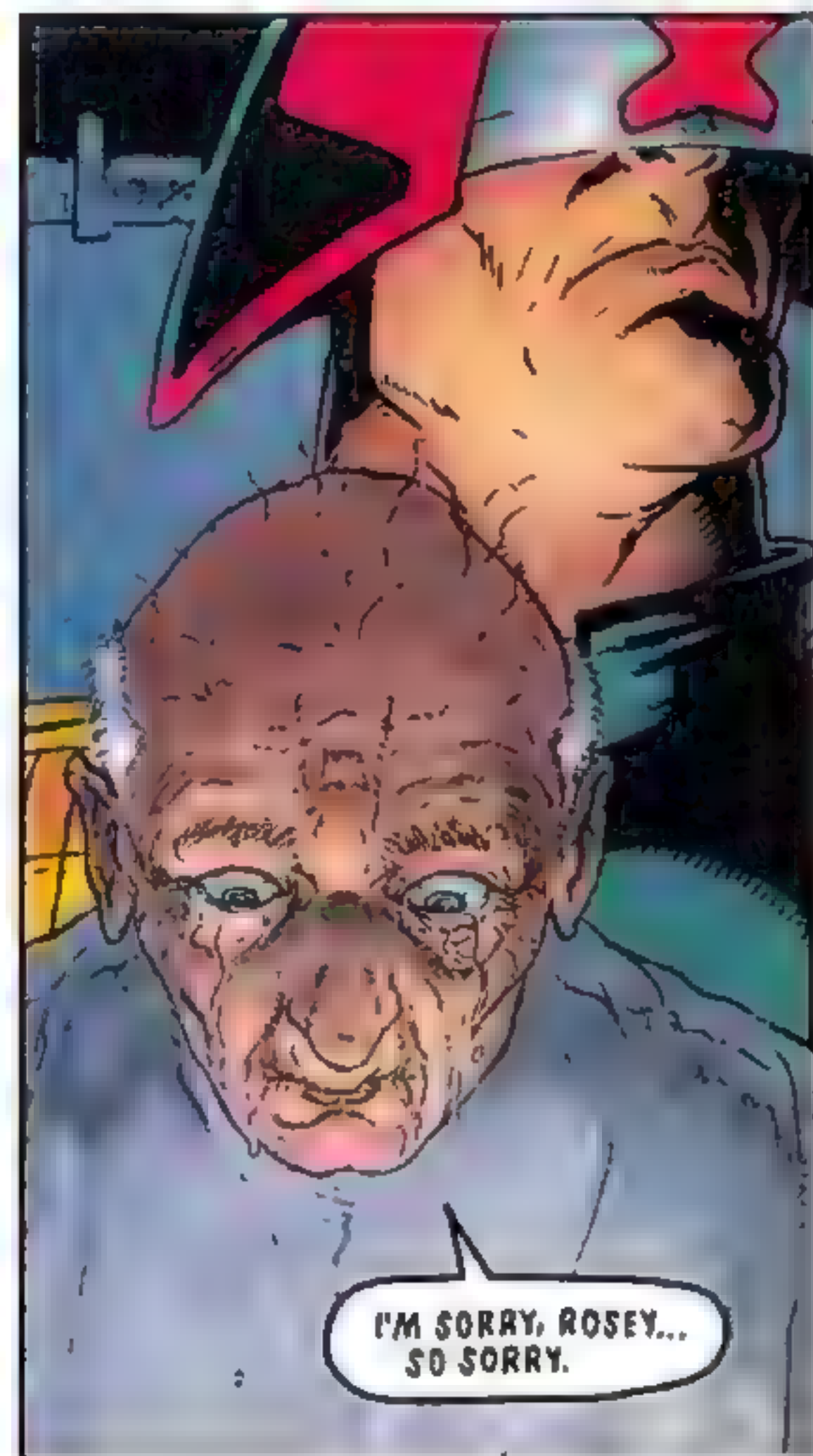
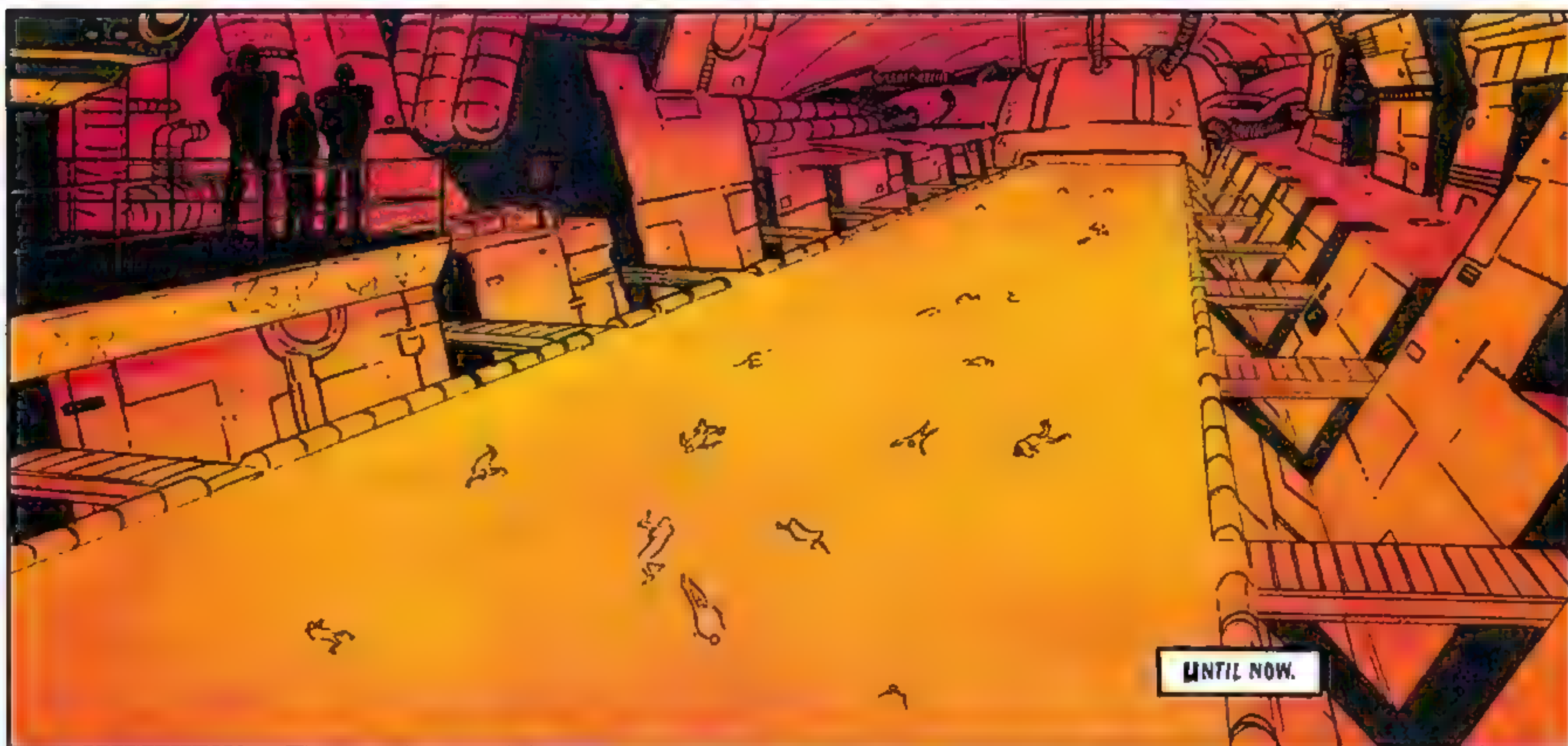




FOR NINETY ONE YEARS  
WE LOVED EACH OTHER.  
THROUGH ALL LIFE'S  
UPS AND DOWNS.

WE SAW THE JUDGES AND THE WARS  
TOGETHER. AND NECROPOLIS. WHEN  
I GOT HER OUT OF THE CITY IN THE  
NICK OF TIME.

I WAS ALWAYS THERE FOR HER.  
AND NEVER ONCE DID I LET  
HER DOWN.







STOP THE  
BELT!



HAVE ROSE KNEE'S  
BODY REMOVED FROM  
THE BELT AND SHIPPED  
TO WOUNDED HEART  
FOR BURIAL.

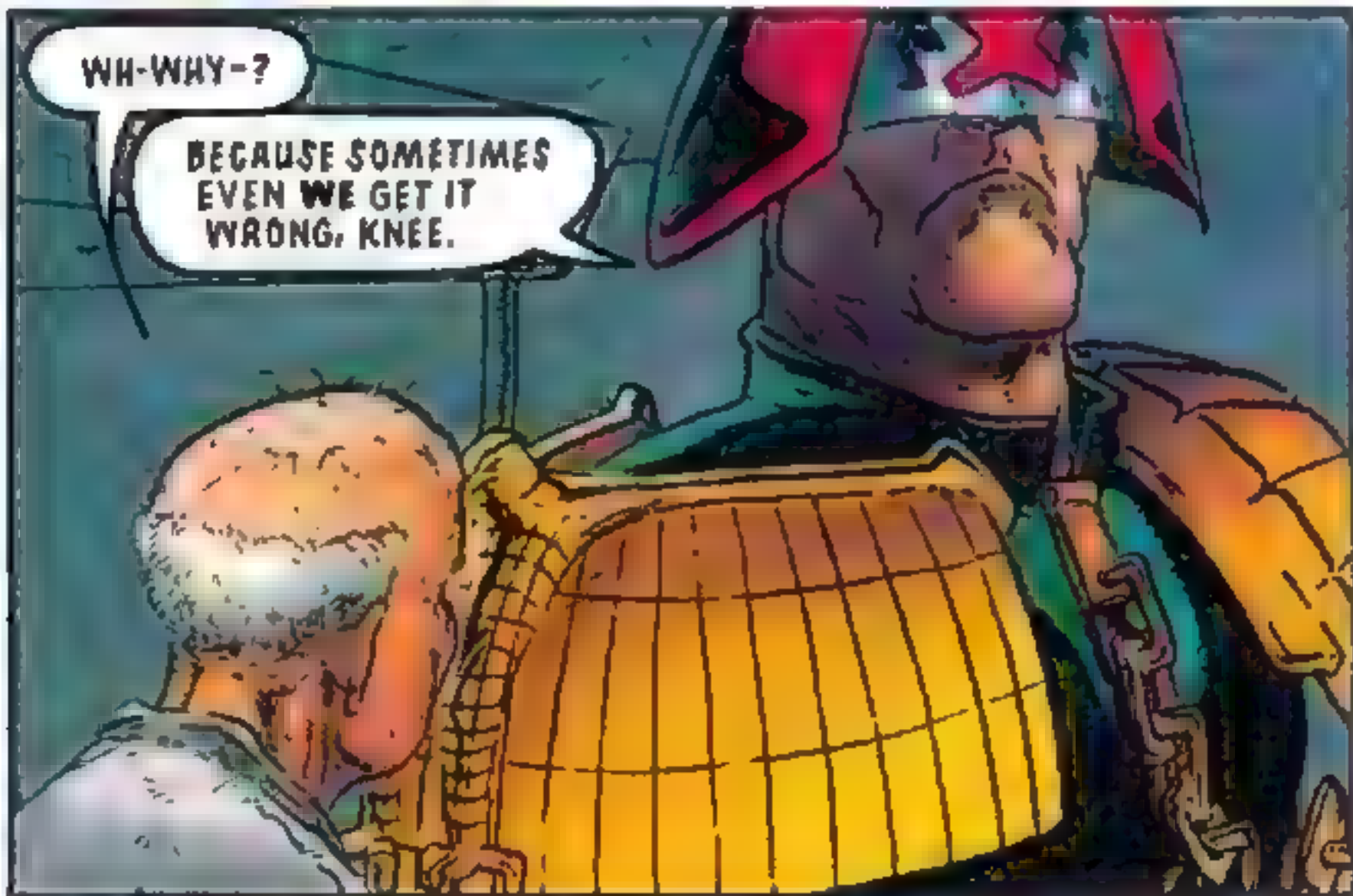
YOU CAN'T DO THAT, DREDD!  
YOU KNOW HOW MUCH  
THAT PLACE COSTS—?



DON'T QUESTION MY  
ORDERS! DO IT!

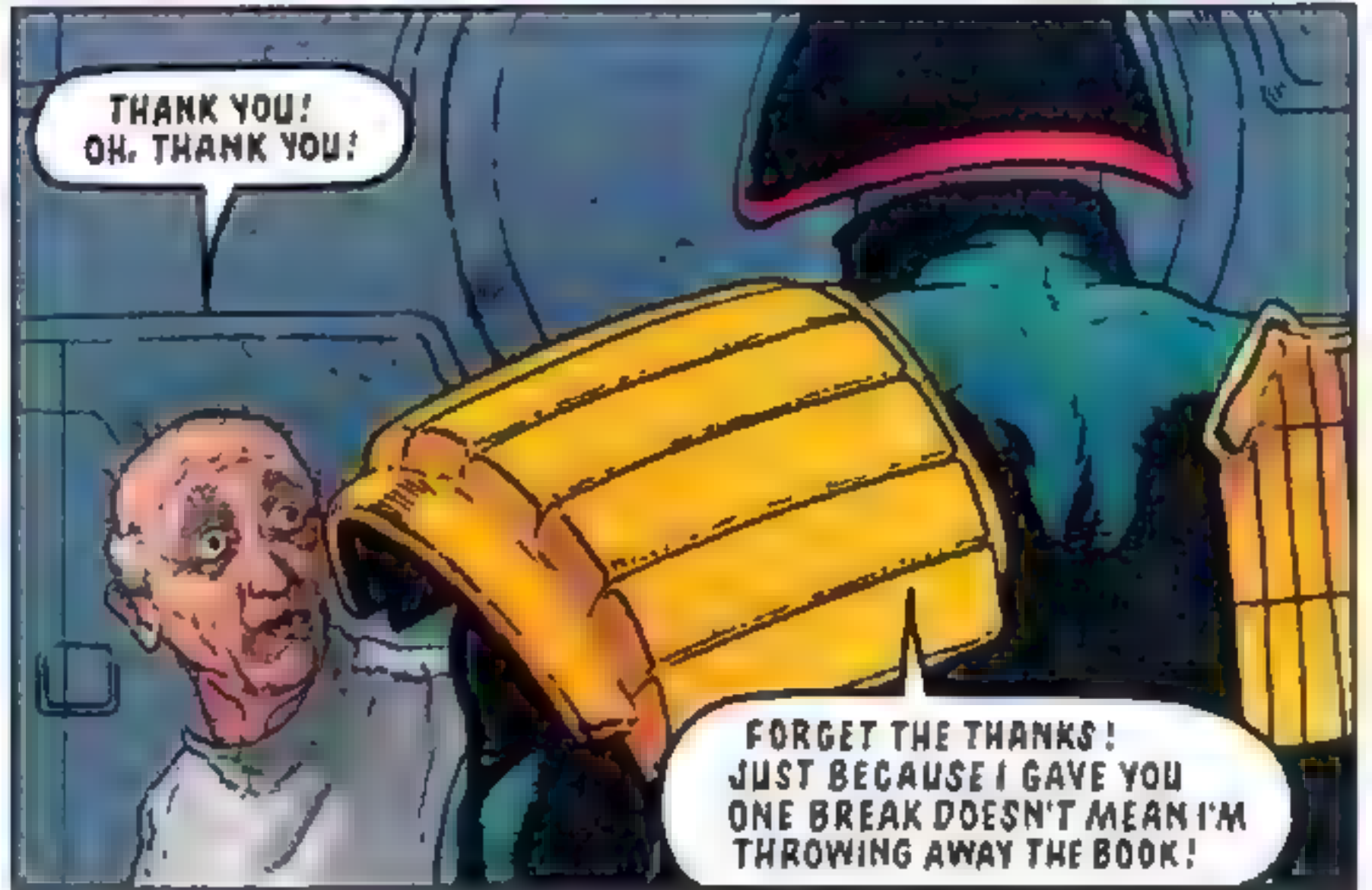
ACCOUNTS GIVES  
YOU ANY TROUBLE.  
REFER THEM  
TO ME!

Y-YES! RIGHT AWAY!



WH-WHY—?

BECAUSE SOMETIMES  
EVEN WE GET IT  
WRONG, KNEE.

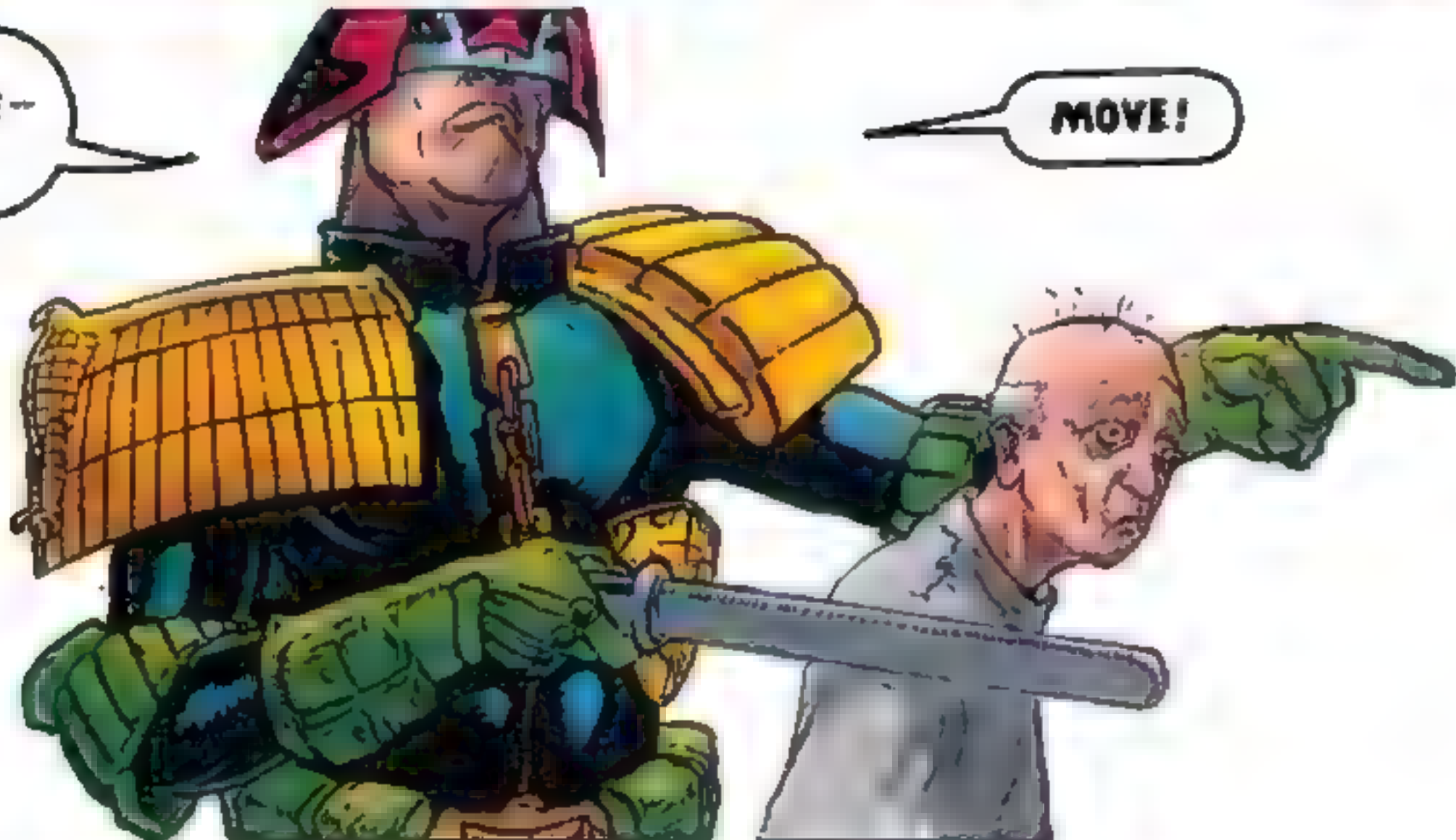


THANK YOU!  
OH, THANK YOU!

FORGET THE THANKS!  
JUST BECAUSE I GAVE YOU  
ONE BREAK DOESN'T MEAN I'M  
THROWING AWAY THE BOOK!

YOU BROKE  
THE LAW, KNEE—  
YOU'RE STILL  
DOING TIME!

MOVE!





**GREAT  
FREE  
COMPETITION!**

**YOU ARE  
THE  
MEAN  
MACHINE!**



IZZAT SO?

DO YOU HAVE A NATURALLY UNPLEASANT NATURE? ARE YOU EXTREMELY STUPID? THEN YOU MAY HAVE THE QUALITIES NECESSARY TO BECOME A PSYCHOPATHIC MANIAC!

IF SO, THIS COULD BE YOUR LUCKY DAY BECAUSE JUDGE DREDD THE MEGAZINE IS GIVING AWAY A FREE SURGICAL OPERATION TO IMPLANT A GENUINE MEAN MACHINE DIAL!

TO QUALIFY, ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS COMPLETE THIS SIMPLE QUIZ, AND, WHO KNOWS -- THAT DIAL COULD BE GRACING YOUR SKULL!

YOU'RE BEING TRANSPORTED TO A SECTOR 7 CLINIC FOR ELECTRO-CONVULSIVE THERAPY WHEN THE HOVERPOD TAKES A SUDDEN LURCH -

LURCH!

SNAP!

CHUNK!

HE-HE'S LOOSE!

AN' YO'RE MEAT, JUDGEY BOY!

WHUNK!

DROKK!

UNNGGG!





**DO YOU:**

A) SLIP INTO THE PILOT'S SEAT, TAKE OVER THE CONTROLS, STEER THE POD OUT INTO THE CURSED EARTH AND FREEDOM?

B) SWITCH ON THE AUTO-PILOT AND ALLOW IT TO GUIDE THE POD SMOOTHLY DOWN?

C) BUTT THE PILOT'S HEAD TO A MUSHY PULP?

**IF YOU ANSWERED A OR B, STOP NOW. YOU'RE OBVIOUSLY FAR TOO INTELLIGENT TO MAKE THE GRADE.**

YA DIRTY, LOW-DOWN, DOUBLE-CROSSIN' LITTLE RUNT!

NOBODY CONKS OUT ON ME LESS'N I SEZ THEY CAN!

**BOK! BOK! BOK!**





YOU EMERGE FROM THE  
BLAZING WRECKAGE  
MIRACULOUSLY UNDA MAGED.



A CROWD OF ONLOOKERS HAS  
GATHERED. YOUR THOUGHTS  
TURN TO ESCAPE.



IZZAT  
SO?

YES.

WELL, MAYBE THEY  
DOES AN' MAYBE THEY  
DON'T. BUT I AIN'T  
HANGIN' ROUND TA  
DEBATE THE MATTER--  
I GOTTA GET  
OUTA HERE!

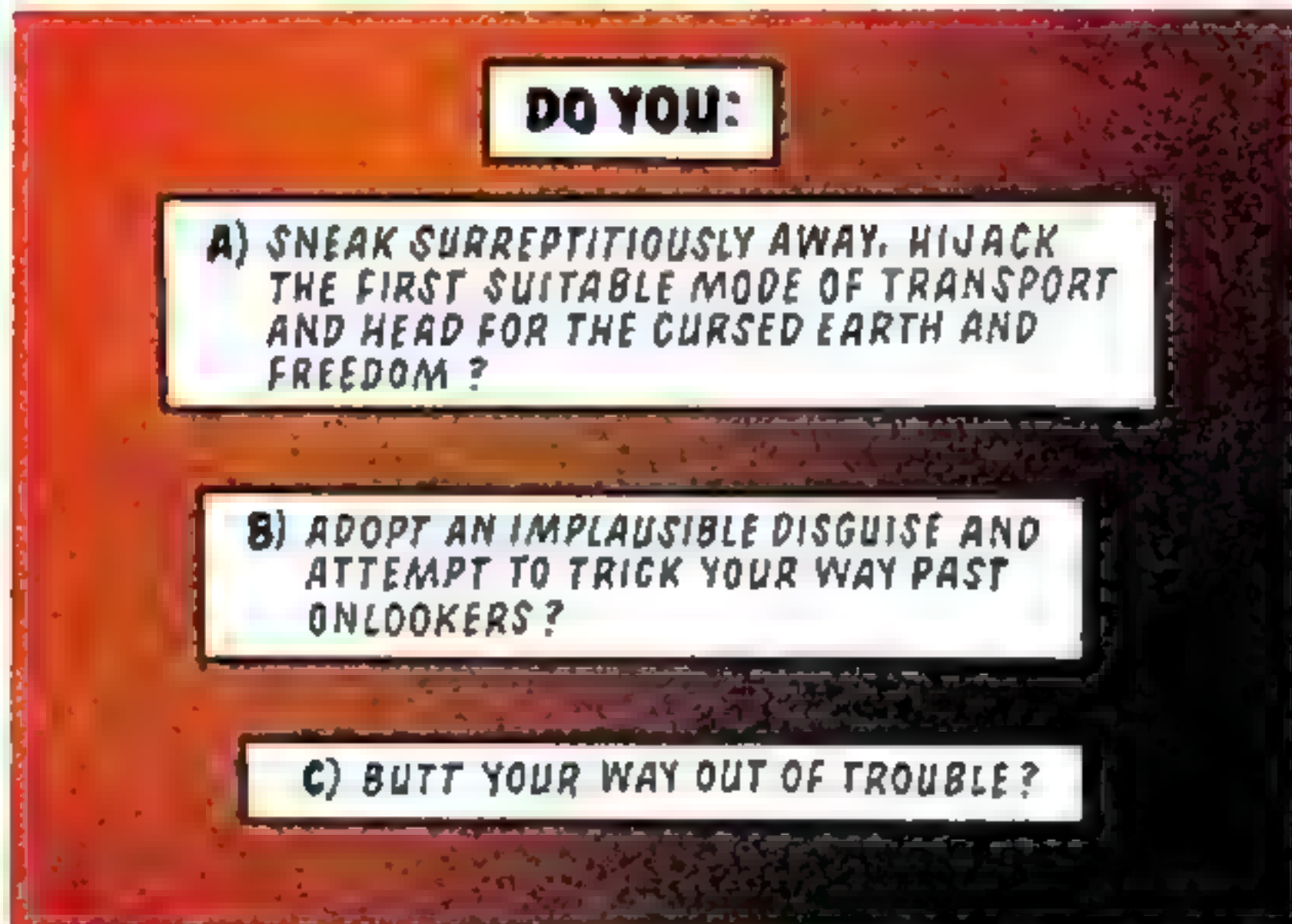


DO YOU:

A) SNEAK SURREPTITIOUSLY AWAY, HIJACK  
THE FIRST SUITABLE MODE OF TRANSPORT  
AND HEAD FOR THE CURSED EARTH AND  
FREEDOM?

B) ADOPT AN IMPLAUSIBLE DISGUISE AND  
ATTEMPT TO TRICK YOUR WAY PAST  
ONLOOKERS?

C) BUTT YOUR WAY OUT OF TROUBLE?





IF YOU ANSWERED A,  
YOU'RE STILL THINKING  
FAR TOO LOGICALLY.



IF YOU ANSWERED B,  
MOVE RIGHT ON.



NO YOU'RE NOT!  
YOU'RE MEAN MACHINE  
ANGEL, THE LUNATIC  
BUTTIST!



LYIN' LITTLE LIZARD!  
I'M A-SENTENCIN' YA  
TA A FACE FULLA 2!



IF YOU ANSWERED C,  
ALSO MOVE ON



IF YOU ANSWERED B AND C, ARE YOU  
BY ANY CHANCE RELATED?

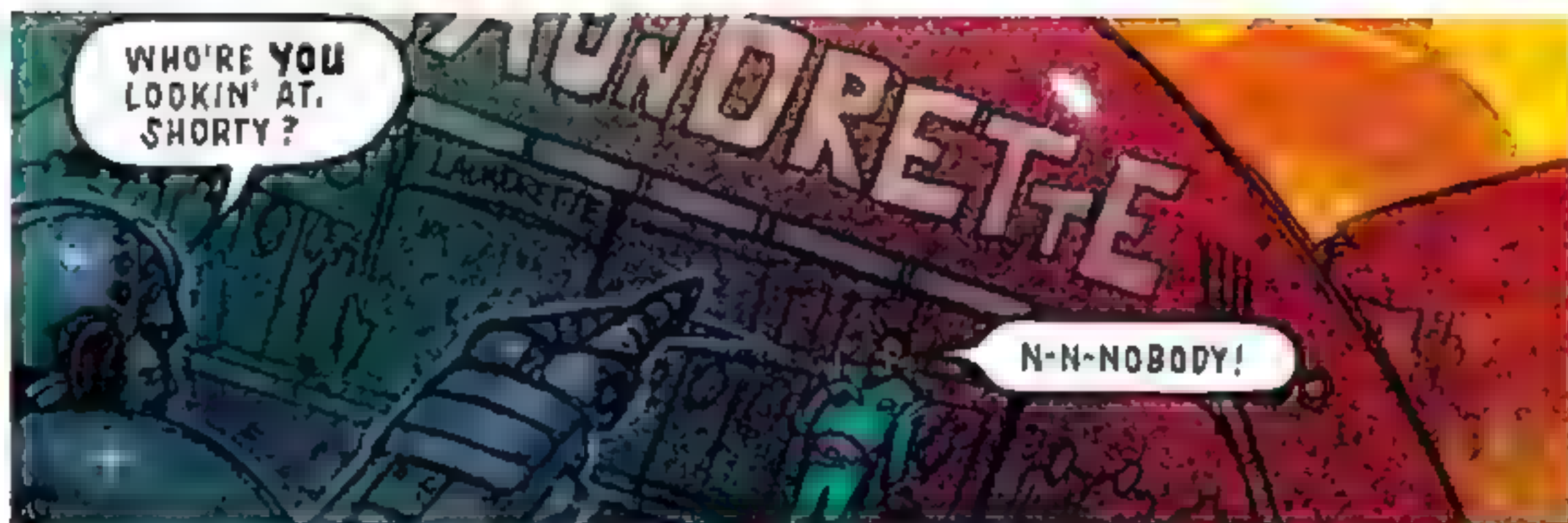




YOUR PROMPT ACTION HAS SECURED YOU A BREATHING SPACE.

**DO YOU:**

- A) KEEP RUNNING. TRY TO PUT AS MUCH DISTANCE AS POSSIBLE BETWEEN YOU AND THE SCENE?
- B) HIDE UP. HOPE THE CHASE PASSES YOU BY?
- C) PICK A FIGHT WITH THE FIRST PERSON YOU SEE?



WHO'RE YOU LOOKIN' AT, SHORTY?

N-N-NOBODY!



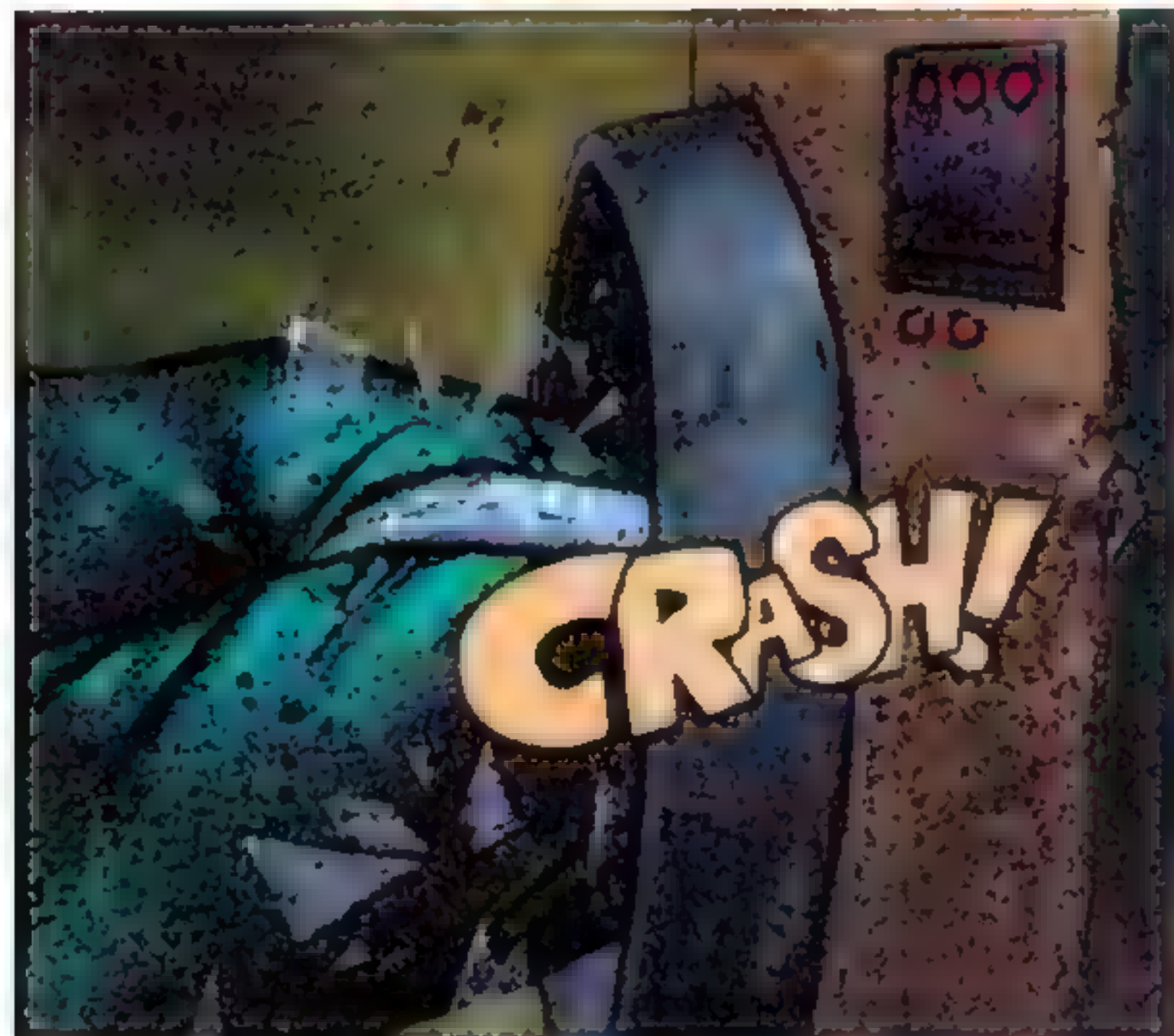
CALL ME A NOBODY, WOULDYA?

N-N-NO!

LYIN' LITTLE SQUIRT!  
NOBODY CALLS ME NOBODY!  
NOBODY LIES TA ME  
NEITHER!



IF YOU'RE STILL ALL  
CORRECT AT THIS STAGE,  
THERE'S NO CHANCE YOU  
ANSWERED A OR B --  
MOVE RIGHT ON!



**CRASH!**





BUT THE DELAY HAS  
GIVEN THE JUDGES  
TIME TO LOCATE YOU.

**BADDOW!**



**A BULLET HAS DENTED YOUR DIAL.**

**DOES THIS MAKE YOU:**

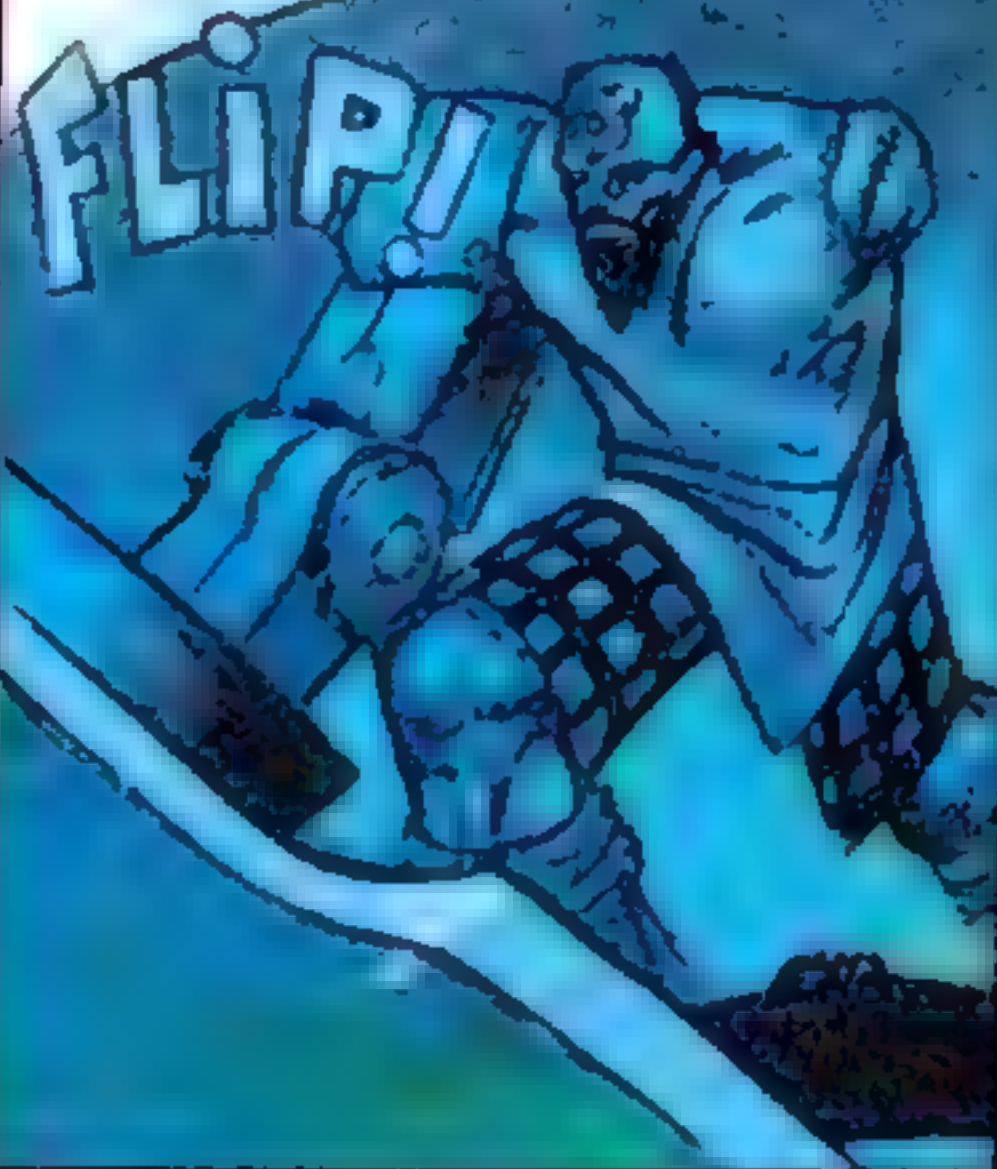
**A) MAD?**

**B) Madder'n a horned toad?**

**C) FIT TA BE TIED?**



ALL THREE  
A' THEM THINGS!  
NOBODY DENTS MUH  
DIAL--SPECIALLY  
NOT STINKIN'  
JUDGES!



**TRUNDA  
TRUNDA  
CRUNK-K-K**

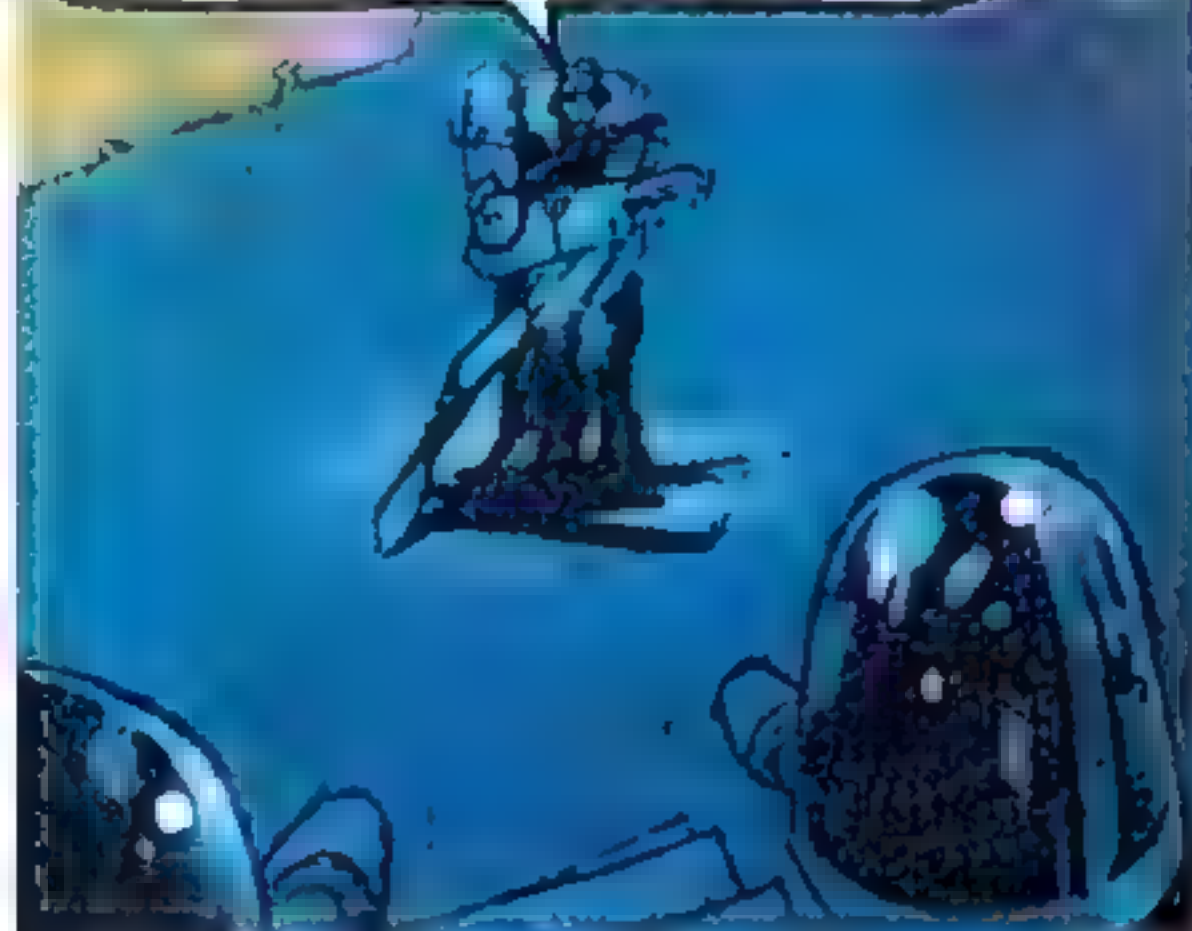


**SCREECH!**

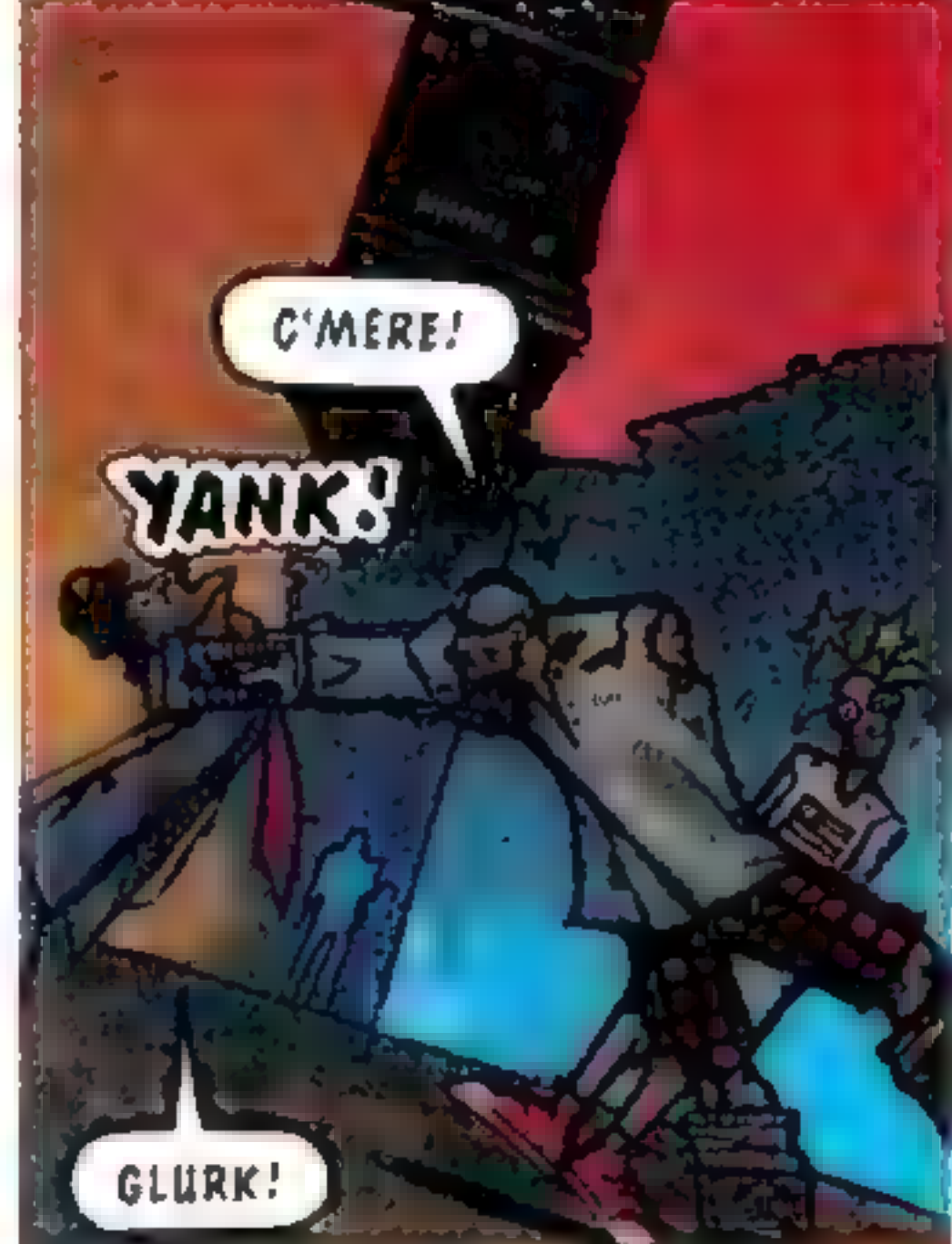
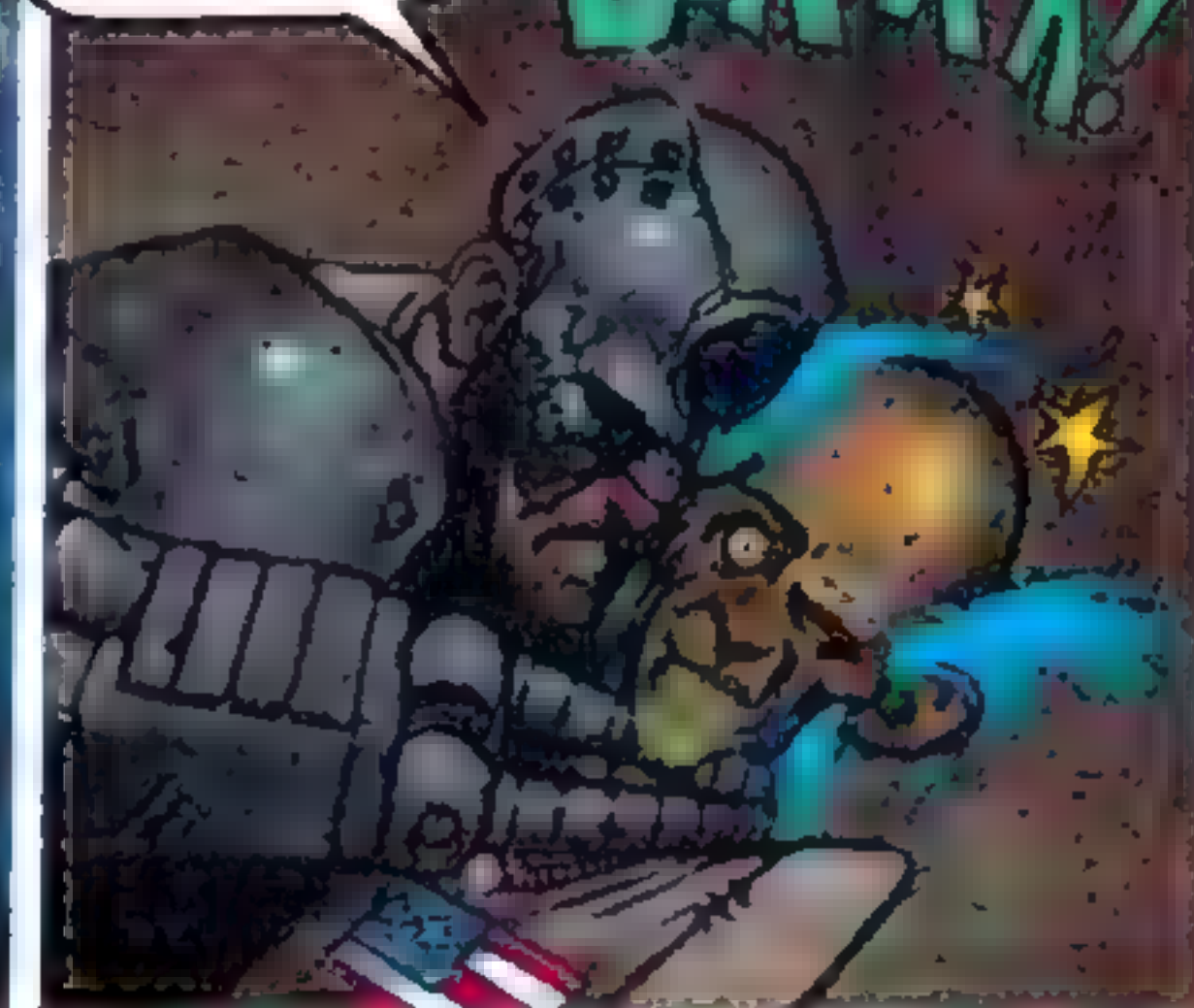


MORE JUDGES ARRIVE. SLOWLY IT DAWNS ON YOU THAT YOU'RE TRAPPED. THE ONLY WAY OUT IS TO TAKE A HOSTAGE.

I GOT ME A HOSTAGE! COME ONE STEP CLOSER AN' I BUTT HIS FACE INTO A WEEK NEXT THURSDAY!



HELL! I'M SO ALL-FIRE RILED UP I'M A-GONNA BUTT HIM ANYWAYS!



I GOT ME ANOTHER HOSTAGE! COME ONE STEP CLOSER AN' I BUTT HIS FACE INTO A WEEK NEXT THURSDAY!

WE'VE GOT TO PLAY ALONG WITH HIM!



NEVER!



I'LL HANDLE HIM!



MEAN ANGEL! YOU'RE A TWO-CRED, NO-ACCOUNT, YELLOW-BELLIED LITTLE WIMP AND I'M GOING TO WHIP YOUR BUTT WITH MY HANDS TIED BEHIND MY BACK!

YOU RECOGNISE THE VOICE OF YOUR BITTEREST ENEMY.

DREDDY!

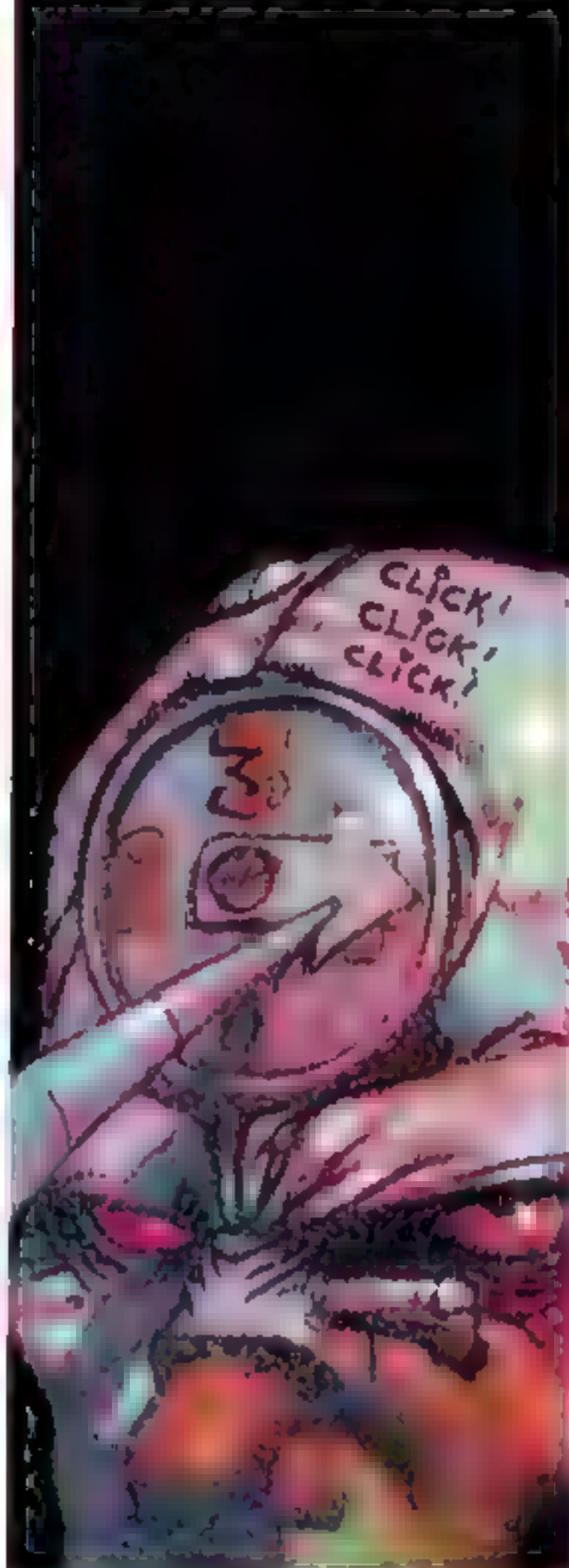


DO YOU:

A) INSTANTLY FORGET ALL  
THOUGHT OF FLIGHT,  
DISCARD YOUR HOSTAGE--

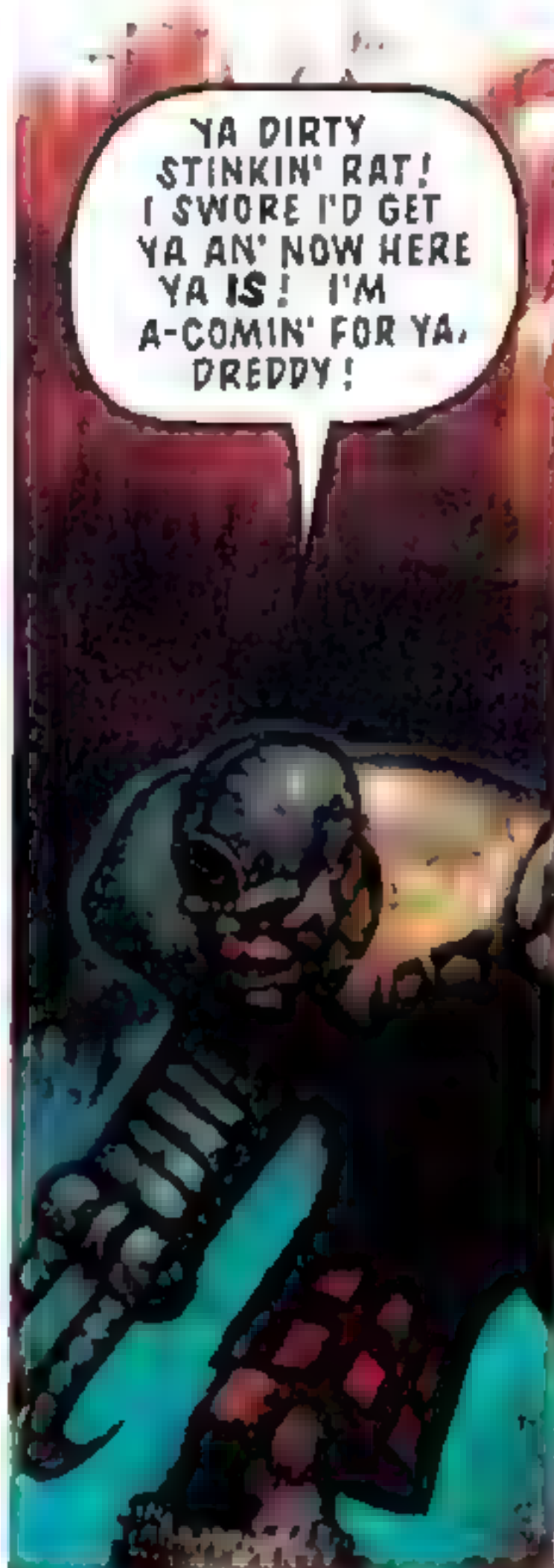


--GO STRAIGHT UP TO 4--



--AND CHARGE?

YA DIRTY  
STINKIN' RAT!  
I SWORE I'D GET  
YA AN' NOW HERE  
YA IS! I'M  
A-COMIN' FOR YA,  
DREDDY!



IF YOU ANSWERED B OR C,  
YOU'RE PROBABLY  
HALLUCINATING.

KRAK!

HUH-?

STEP



R-R-RUMBLE!  
BOK! BOK! BOK!







HOW DID YOU SCORE? IF YOU ANSWERED EVERY QUESTION CORRECTLY (NO CHEATING NOW) THEN YOU'RE JUST ABOUT MEAN ENOUGH TO WEAR THAT COVETED DIAL\*. TO ENTER COMPLETE A LIMERICK WHOSE FIRST LINE IS:

"A MAN WITH A DIAL ON HIS HEAD"

WITH YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS TO:

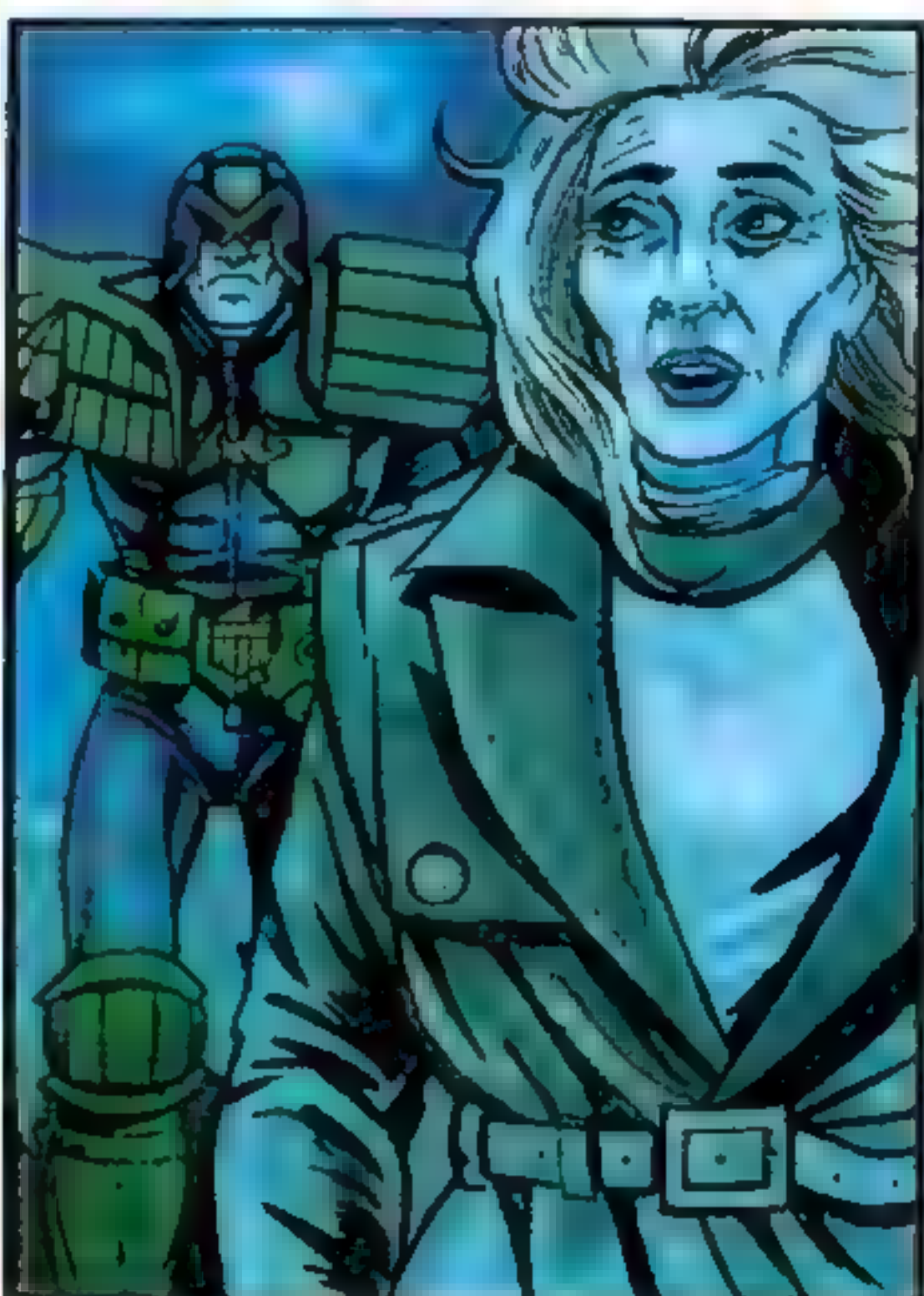
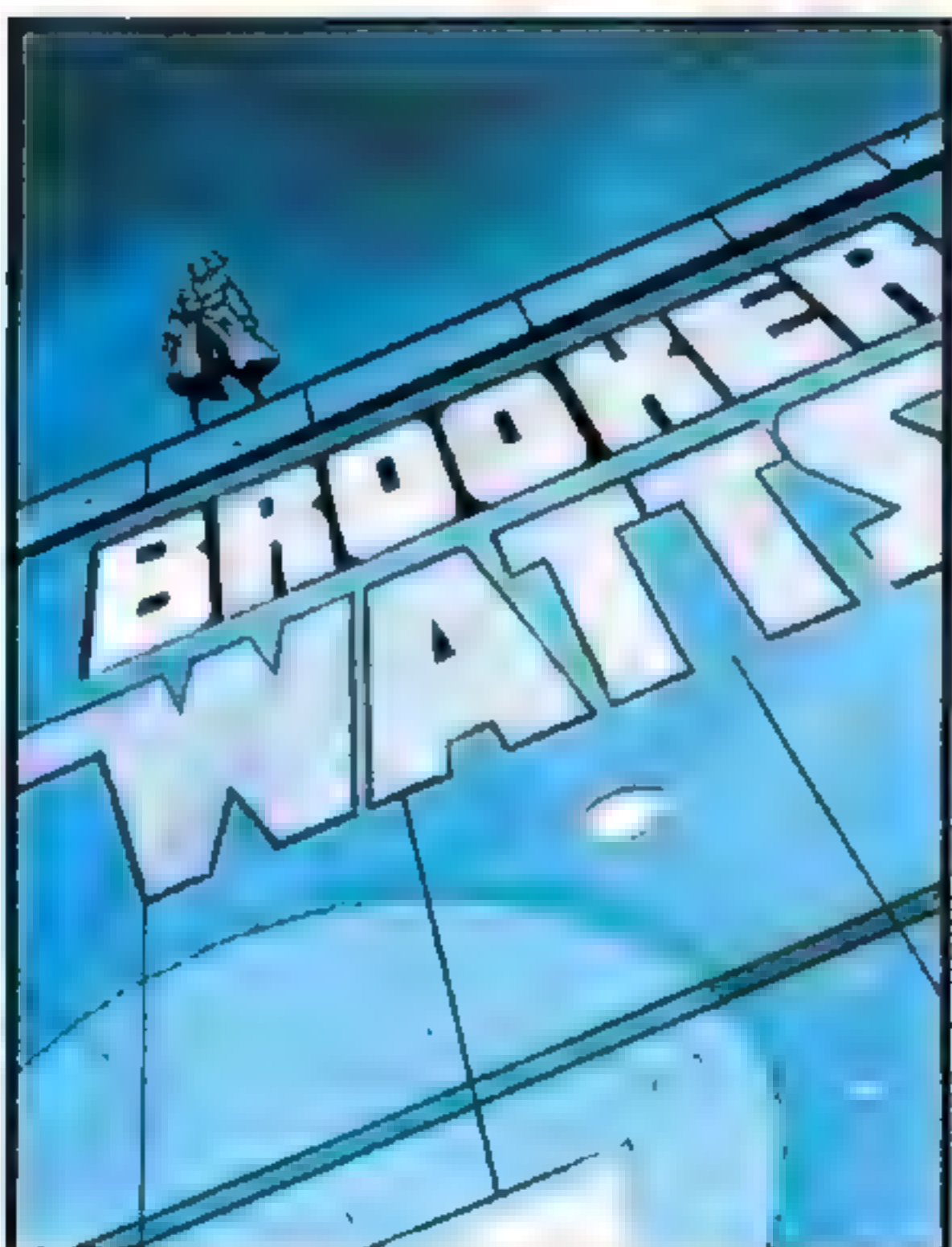
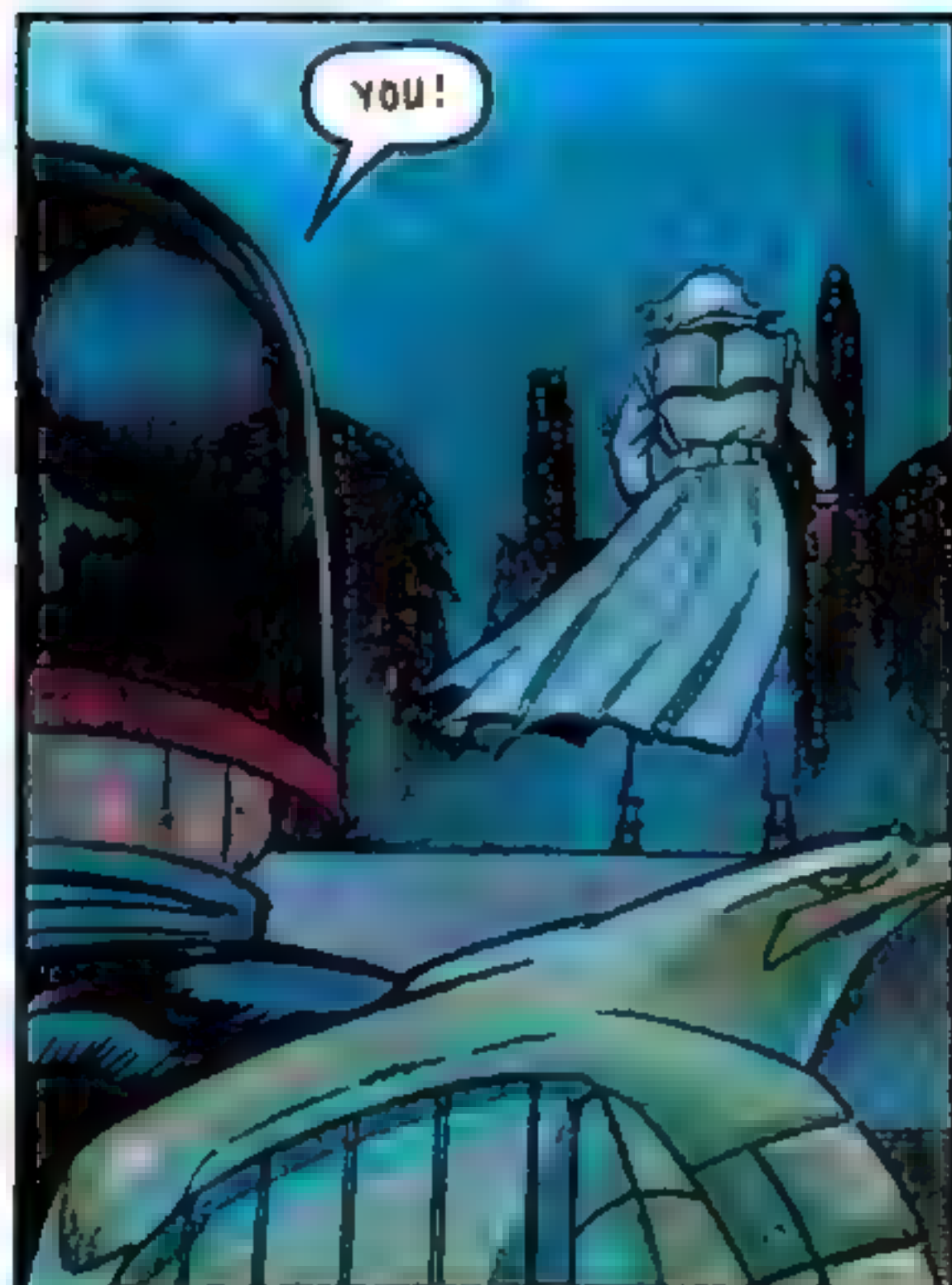
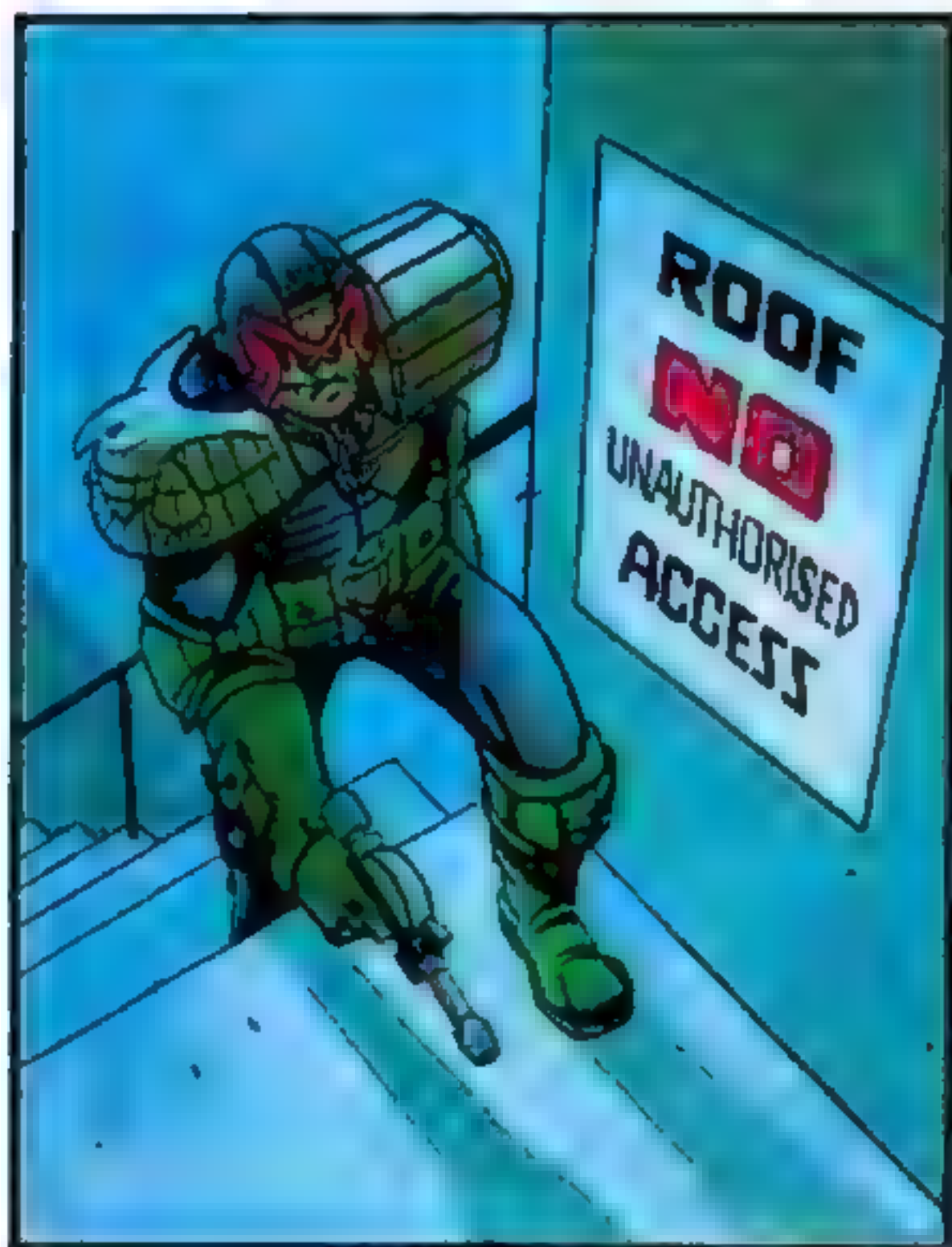
AND SEND

I AM MEAN,  
JUDGE DREDD THE MEGAZINE,  
25/31 TAVISTOCK PLACE,  
LONDON WC1H 9SU.

ALL ENTRIES MUST REACH THIS OFFICE BY MIDNIGHT FEBRUARY 18th 1994. THE EIGHT WINNING LIMERICKS WILL BE PUBLISHED IN THE MEGAZINE AND THEIR AUTHORS WILL EACH RECEIVE ONE PAGE OF THE ORIGINAL PENCILS

\*ACTUALLY WE'RE ALL OUT OF DIALS! BUT WE DO HAVE 8 PAGES OF GREG STAPLES' ORIGINAL PENCILLED ARTWORK FROM THIS STORY TO GIVE AWAY!







THEY SAY YOUR WHOLE LIFE FLASHES BEFORE YOUR EYES.  
I'M THINKING, 32 FEET PER SECOND PER SECOND. . .

THAT'S THE FORCE THAT GRAVITY EXERTS ON A FALLING  
BODY. THAT'S 32 FEET THE FIRST SECOND, THEN 64, THEN...

OH, I'M NOT SURE. I NEVER REALLY UNDERSTOOD IT.  
I NEVER UNDERSTOOD A LOT OF THINGS



I WONDER HOW FAR IT IS TO THE BOTTOM. A KILOMETRE ?

HOW LONG IS THAT IN FEET PER SECOND PER SECOND ?  
HOW LONG FOR **MY** LIFE TO FLASH BY. . . ?



SHE'S GOING  
TO HIT IN  
WATT PLAZA!

STOP THE TRAFFIC!  
ALL LIGHTS ON RED!

I WONDER WHY WE  
BRING CHILDREN INTO  
THE WORLD. WHEN WE  
KNOW THERE'S NOTHING  
BUT PAIN HERE FOR  
THEM?

FOR A WHILE YOU MANAGE  
TO FOOL YOURSELF--THIS  
ONE WILL BE DIFFERENT.  
THIS ONE WILL MAKE YOU  
HAPPY, MAKE YOU PROUD.

MY SON THE DOCTOR.  
MY SON THE ARTIST.

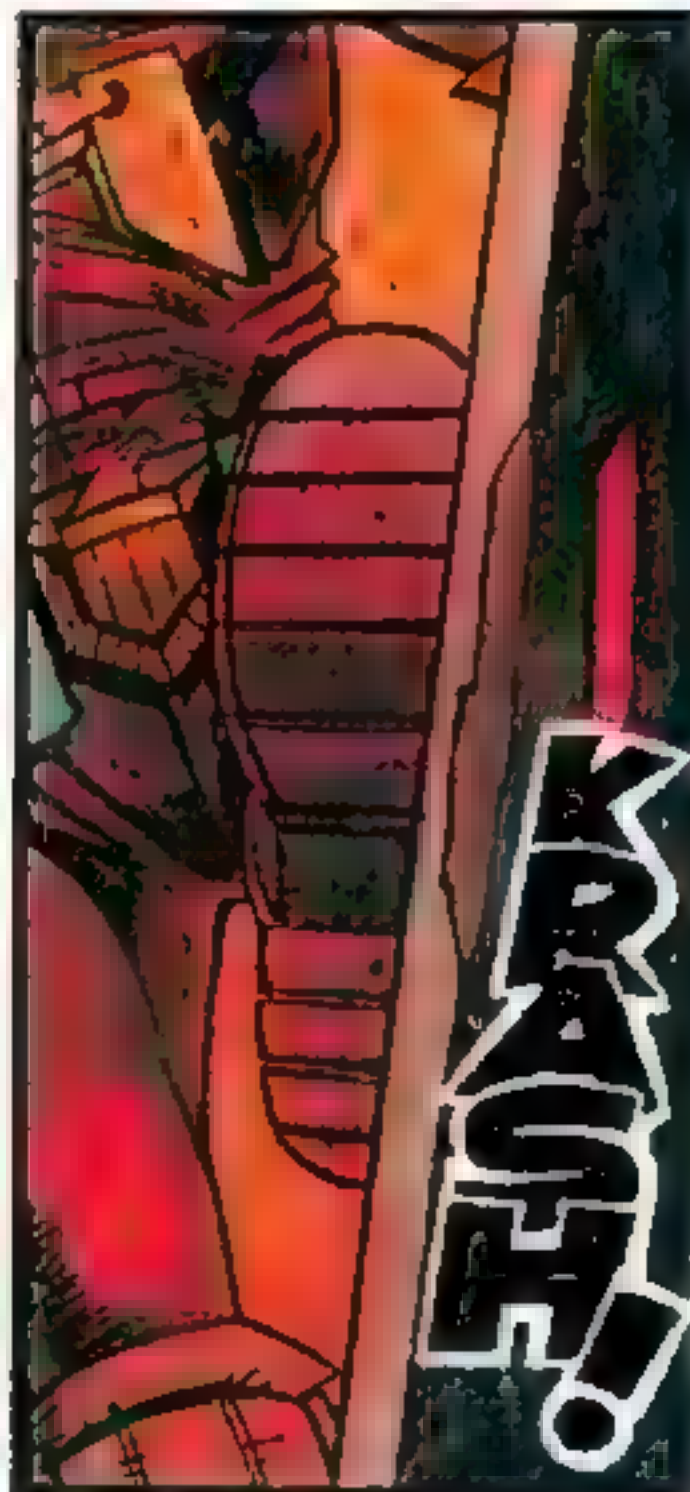
I TRIED, HOW I TRIED.

HE GOT IN WITH THE  
WRONG CROWD. THAT  
WAS HIS TROUBLE. IT'S  
ALWAYS THE TROUBLE.  
HIGH ON SPACEBALLS  
AND GRUD KNOWS  
WHAT ELSE.

OH, HE DENIED IT, BUT I  
KNEW. THE TIMES I'VE  
SEEN HIM COME IN  
WITH EYES ON STALKS.

I WARNED HIM AND  
WARNED HIM. BUT A  
BOY NEVER LISTENS  
TO HIS MOTHER.





**KRASH!**



WH-WHAT-?

SIT STILL! WE'LL  
BE WITH YOU  
IN A MOMENT!

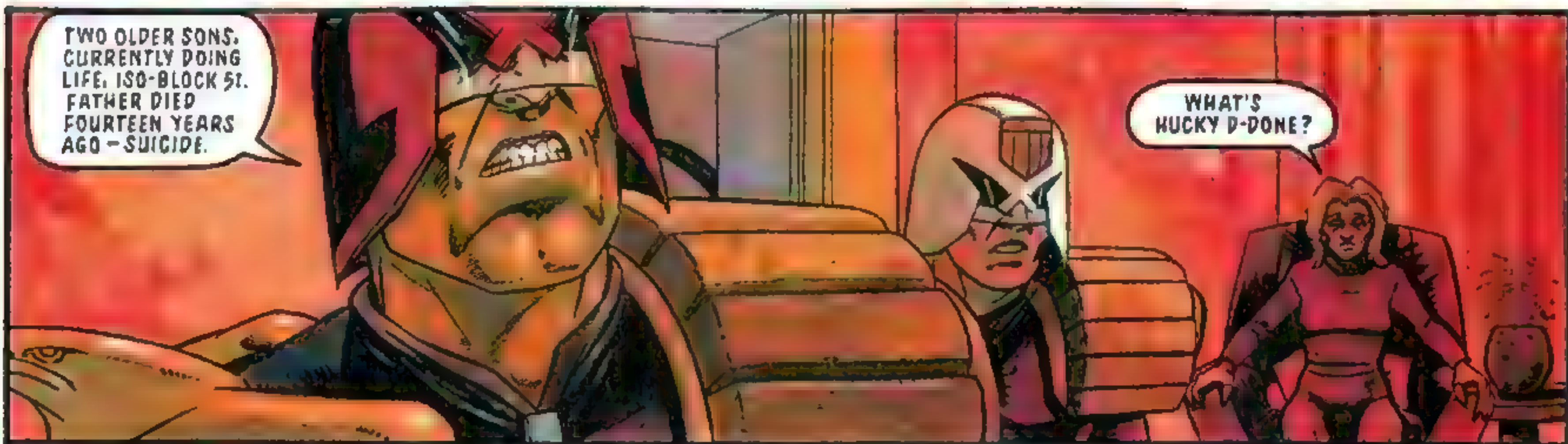
SEARCH THE PLACE!



WHERE IS  
HE?

H-HUCKY?

WHO ELSE? YOU GOT  
ANY OTHER CRIMINALS  
IN THE FAMILY?



TWO OLDER SONS.  
CURRENTLY DOING  
LIFE, ISO-BLOCK 51.  
FATHER DIED  
FOURTEEN YEARS  
AGO - SUICIDE.

WHAT'S  
HUCKY D-DONE?



YOU KNOW YOUR SON TOOK  
DRUGS, MRS GROUT?

I...I SUSPECTED.

BUT YOU DIDN'T  
REPORT IT?

M-MY OTHER SONS  
ARE IN THE CUBES.  
I...I DIDN'T WANT--

FAILURE TO REPORT  
SUSPICION OF A  
CRIME IS AN OFFENCE!  
YOU COULD DO  
TIME YOURSELF!



COMPUTER HAS HER ON  
ANTI-DEPRESSANTS.  
CLASSIFIED UNSTABLE.  
WHAT ACTION?

NO SENSE  
WASTING CUBE  
SPACE. WE'LL  
LET IT GO.

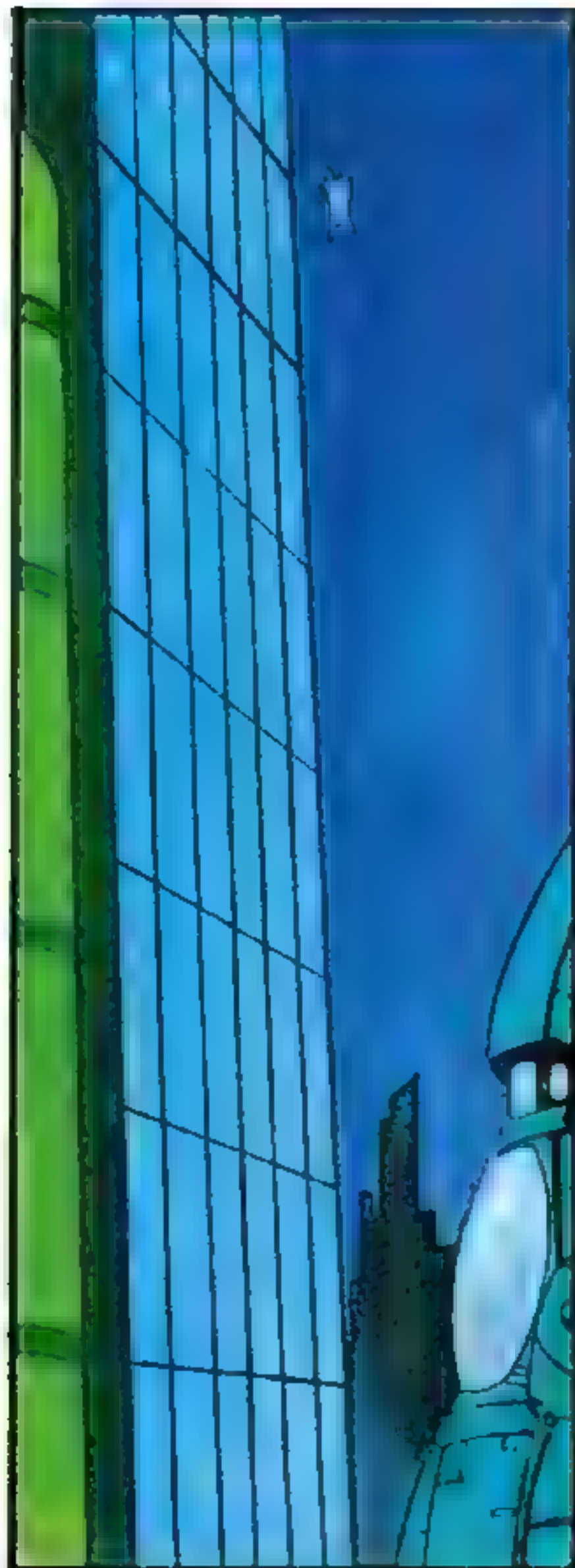
GOOD.



WHAT'S  
HE DONE?

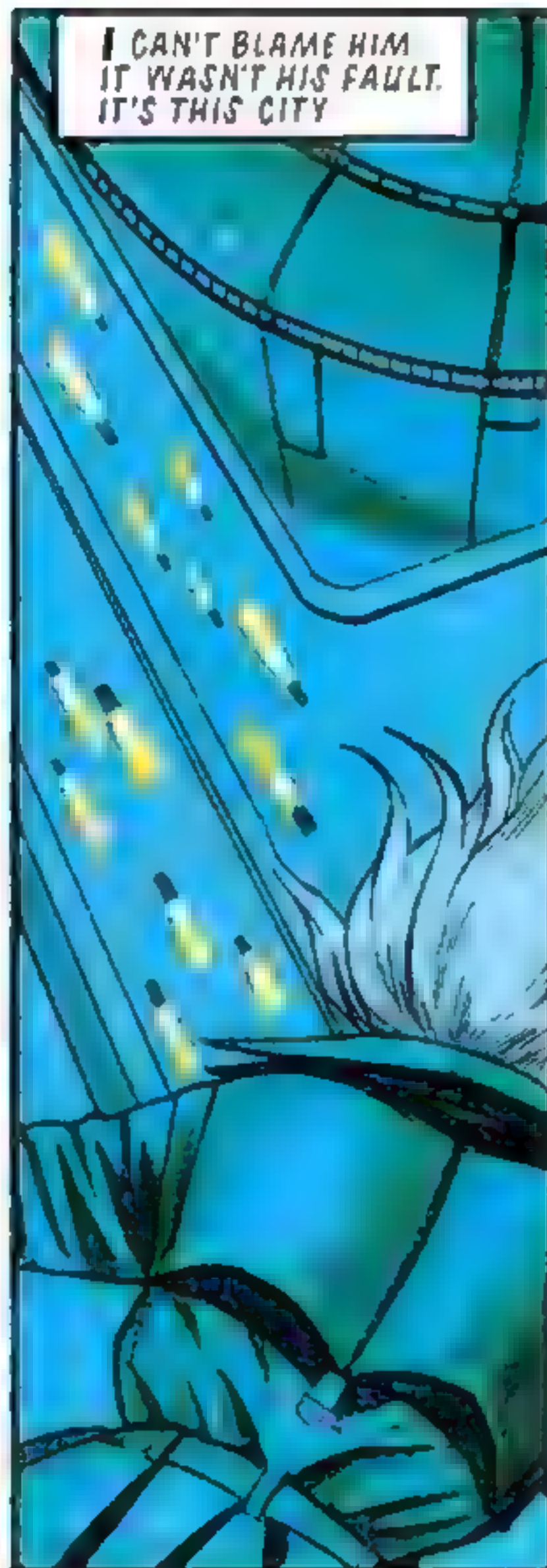
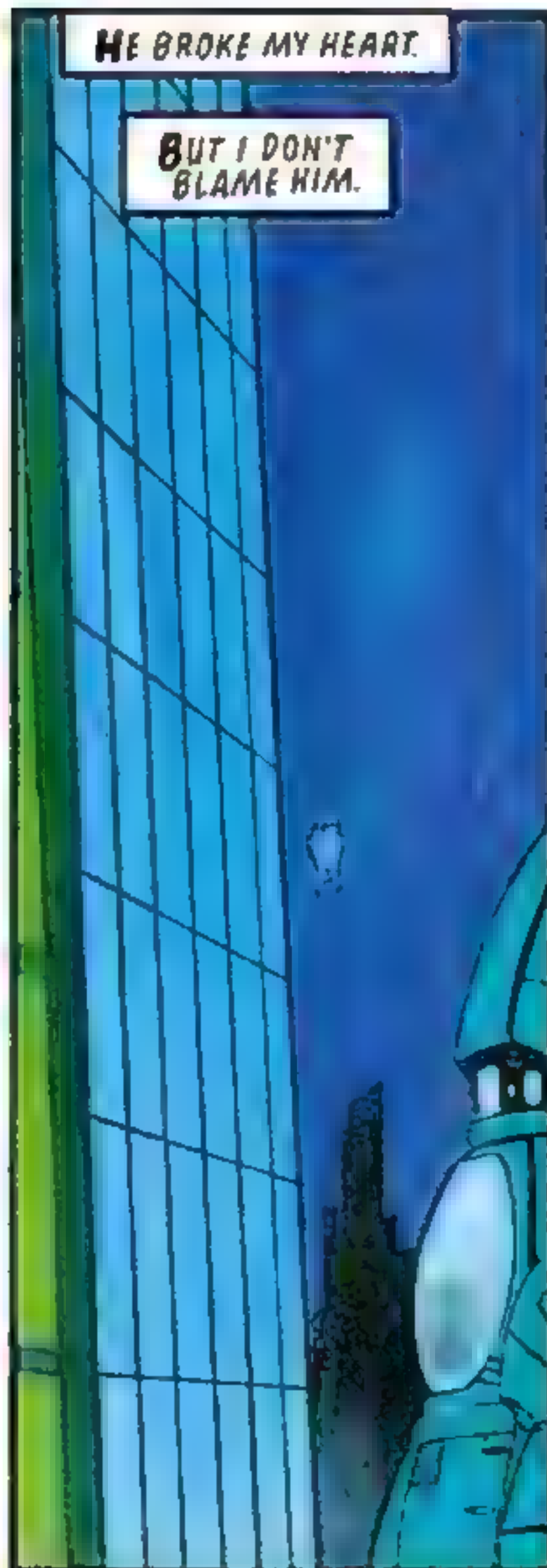
YOUR LITTLE HUCKY'S BEEN SELLING TO  
SCHOOLJUVES, MRS GROUT. STUFF'S CUT  
WITH RAT POISON. WE'VE GOT TWO DEAD,  
THREE IN INTENSIVE CARE. HUCK TURNS UP,  
YOU CALL IN IMMEDIATELY, UNDERSTOOD?





HE BROKE MY HEART.

BUT I DON'T  
BLAME HIM.



I CAN'T BLAME HIM.  
IT WASN'T HIS FAULT.  
IT'S THIS CITY.



THIS CITY DESTROYS PEOPLE.  
IT CRUSHES THEM, SQUEEZES  
ALL THE GOOD THINGS OUT  
OF THEM.



PASSSSSS!

HUCKY!



I NEED MONEY, MA!  
I GOTTA GET OUTA HERE!  
GONNA BUY A SKYBOARD,  
HEAD FOR THE CURSED  
EARTH.

NO! NO, HUCKY!  
I'M NOT GIVING  
IT TO YOU!

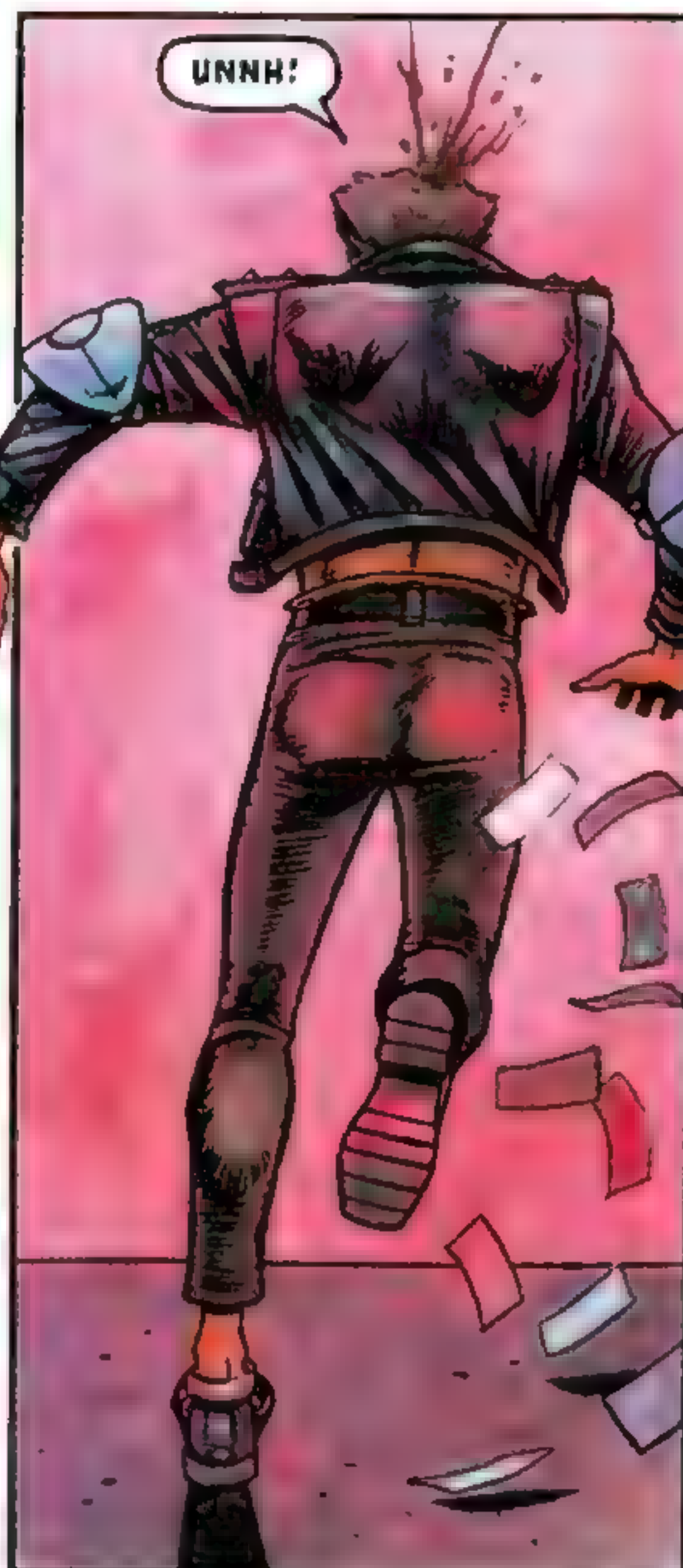
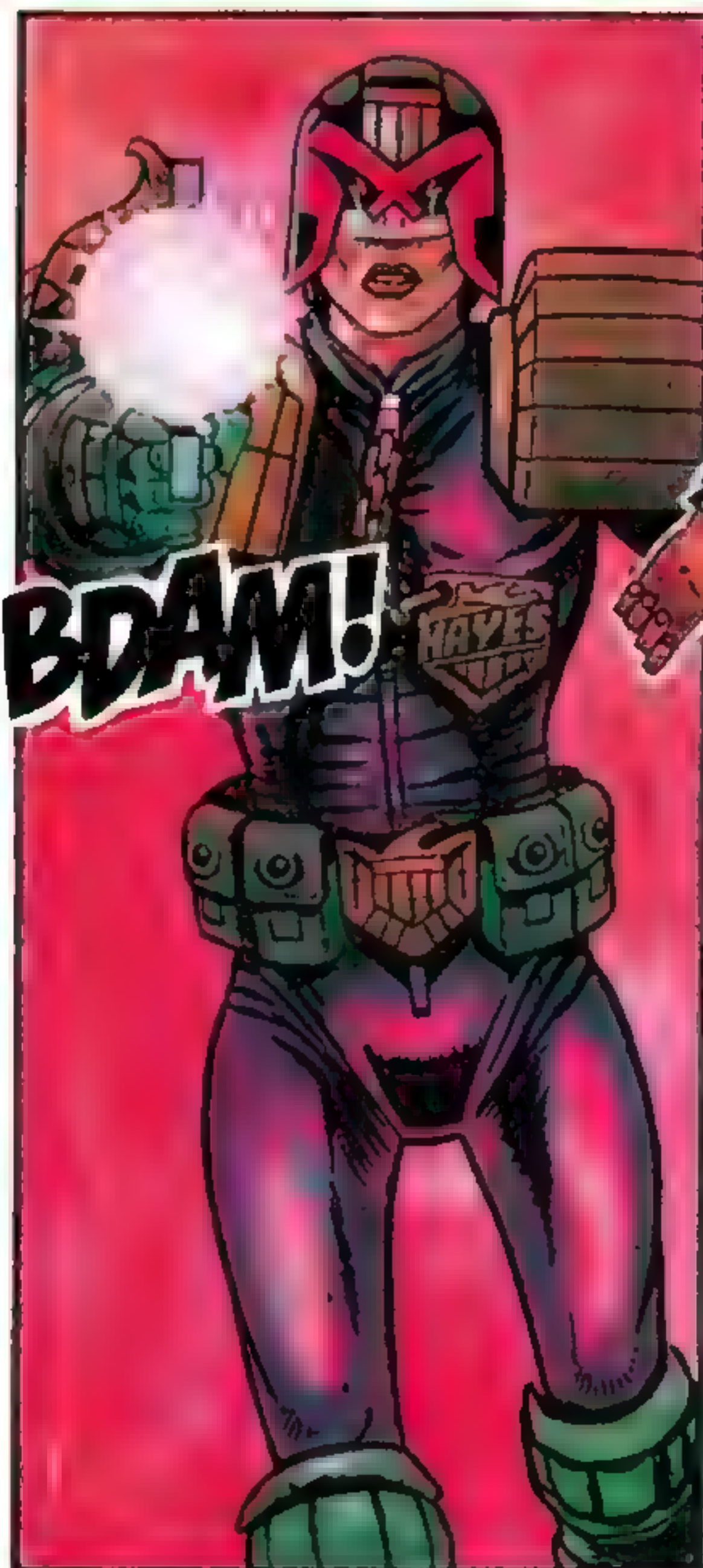
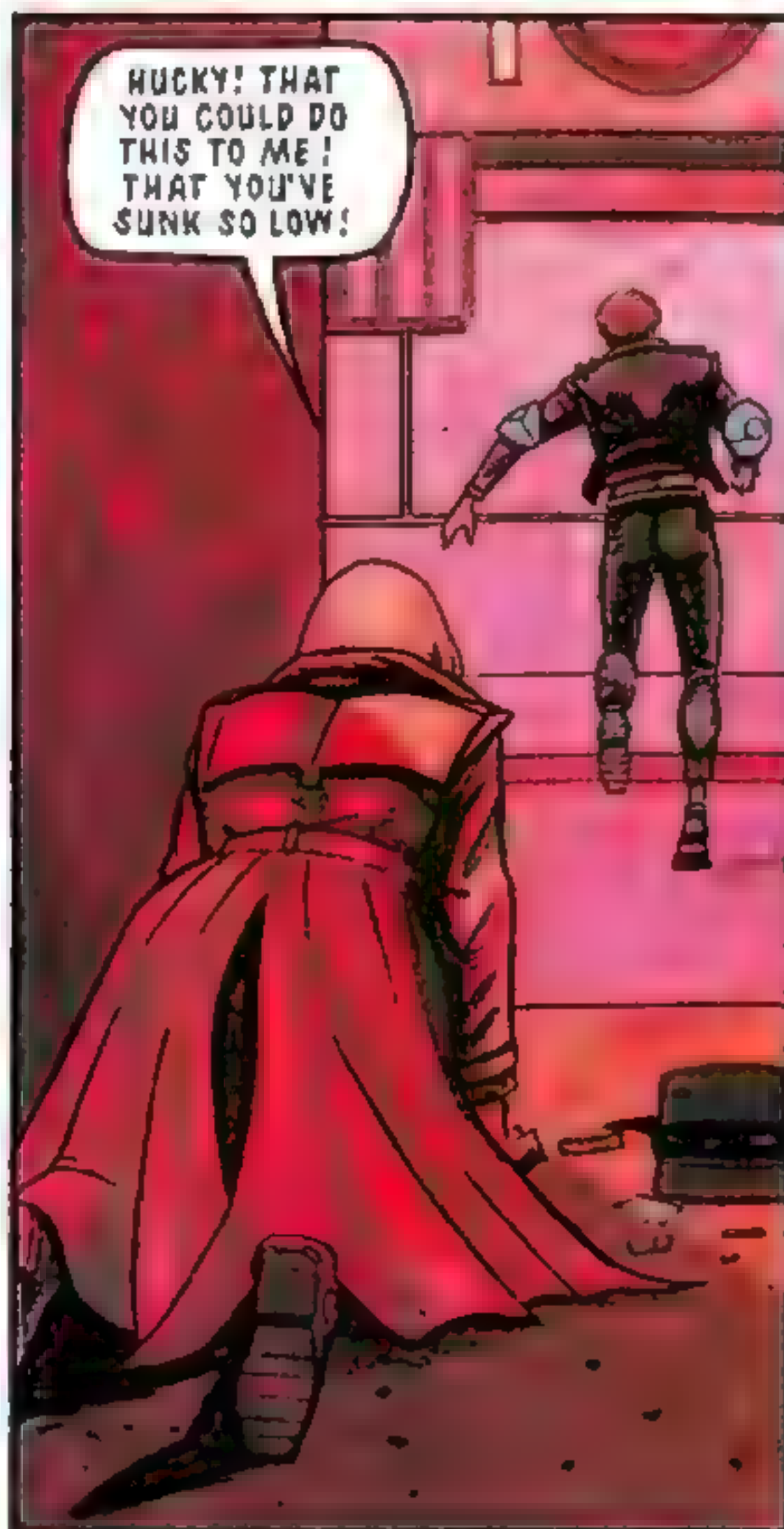
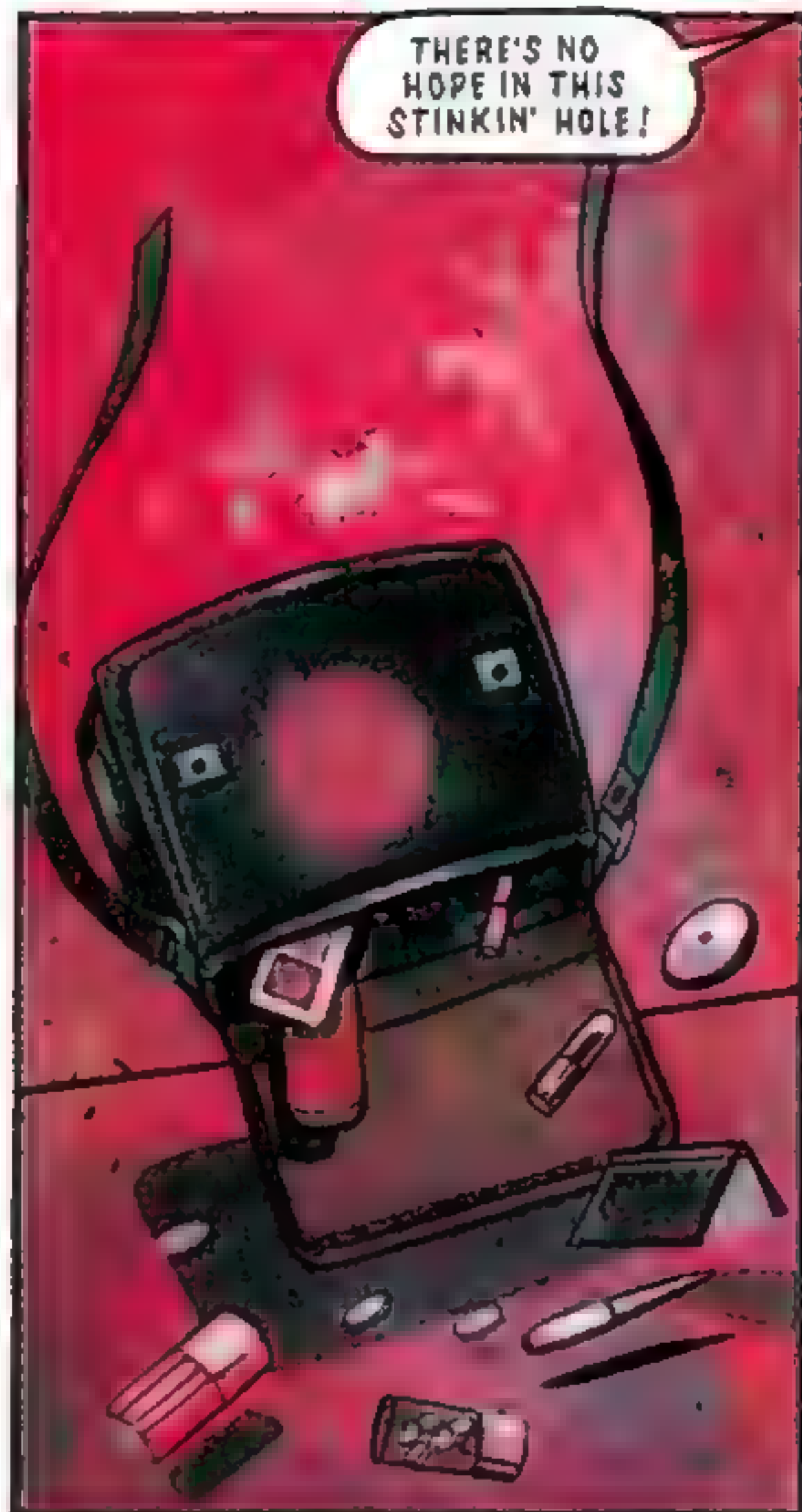
GIVE ME IT, MA!  
I GOTTA HAVE IT!  
SO HELP ME—!



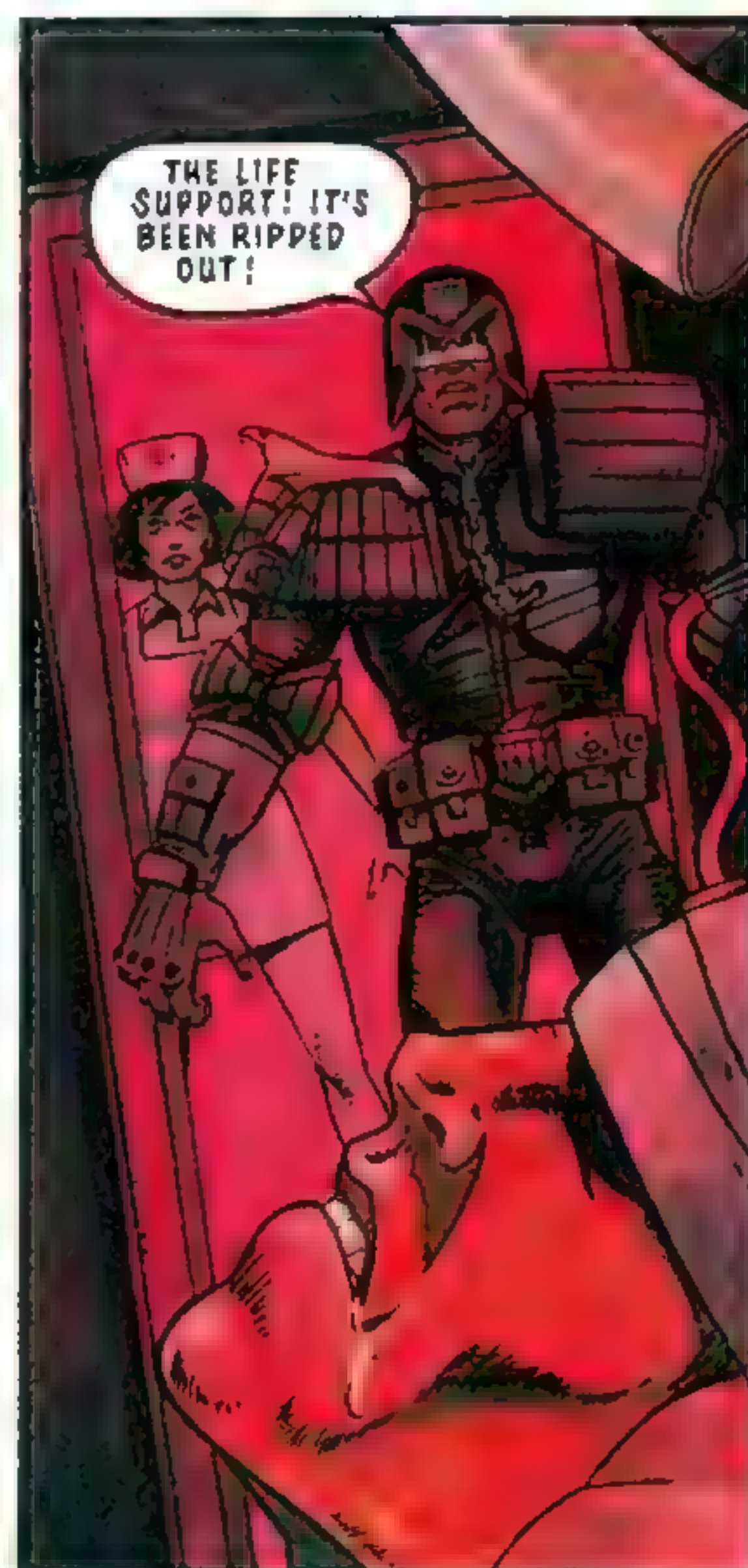
YOU'VE GOT TO OWN UP, HUCKY!  
FACE THIS LIKE A MAN! PAY  
FOR WHAT YOU'VE DONE! YOU'RE  
ONLY 14, YOU CAN START AGAIN!

DON'T GIMME  
THAT CRAP!  
I AIN'T GOT  
NO HOPE!

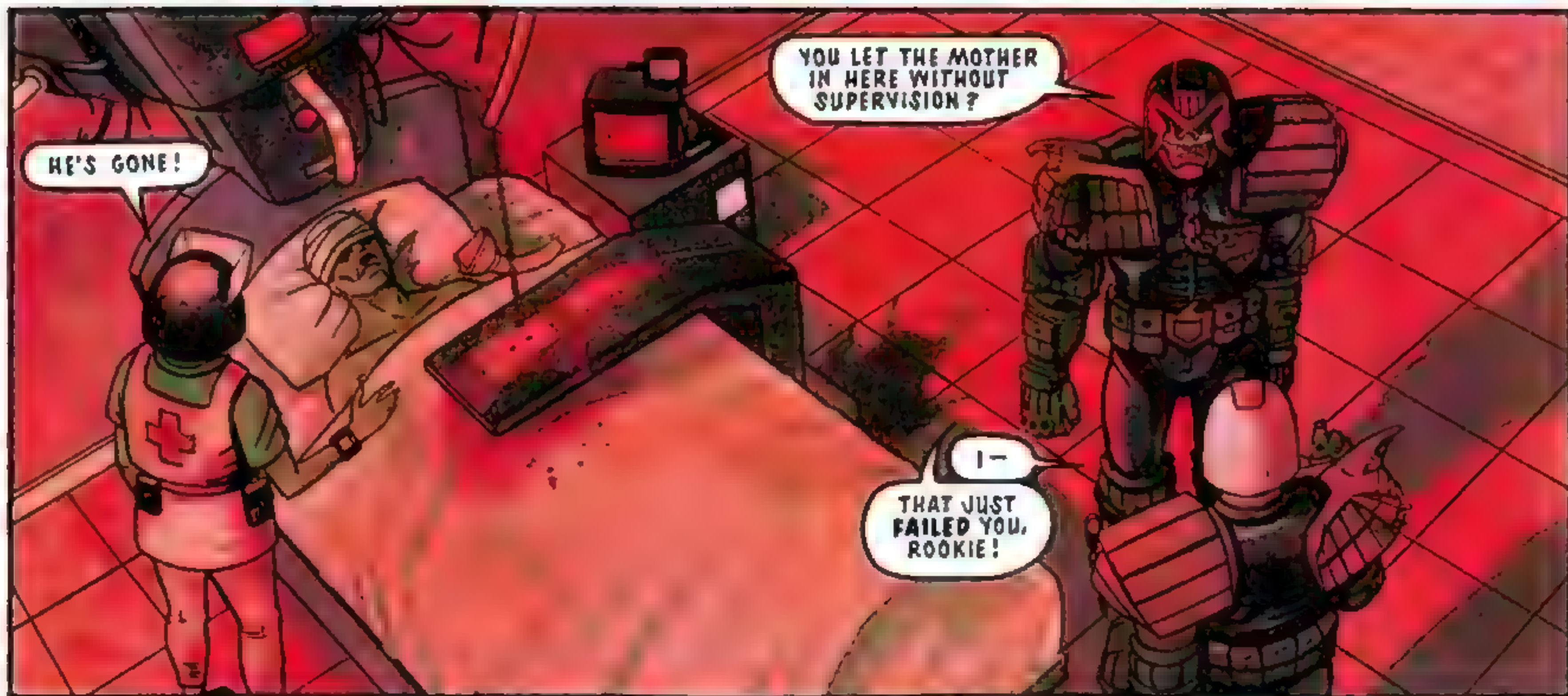








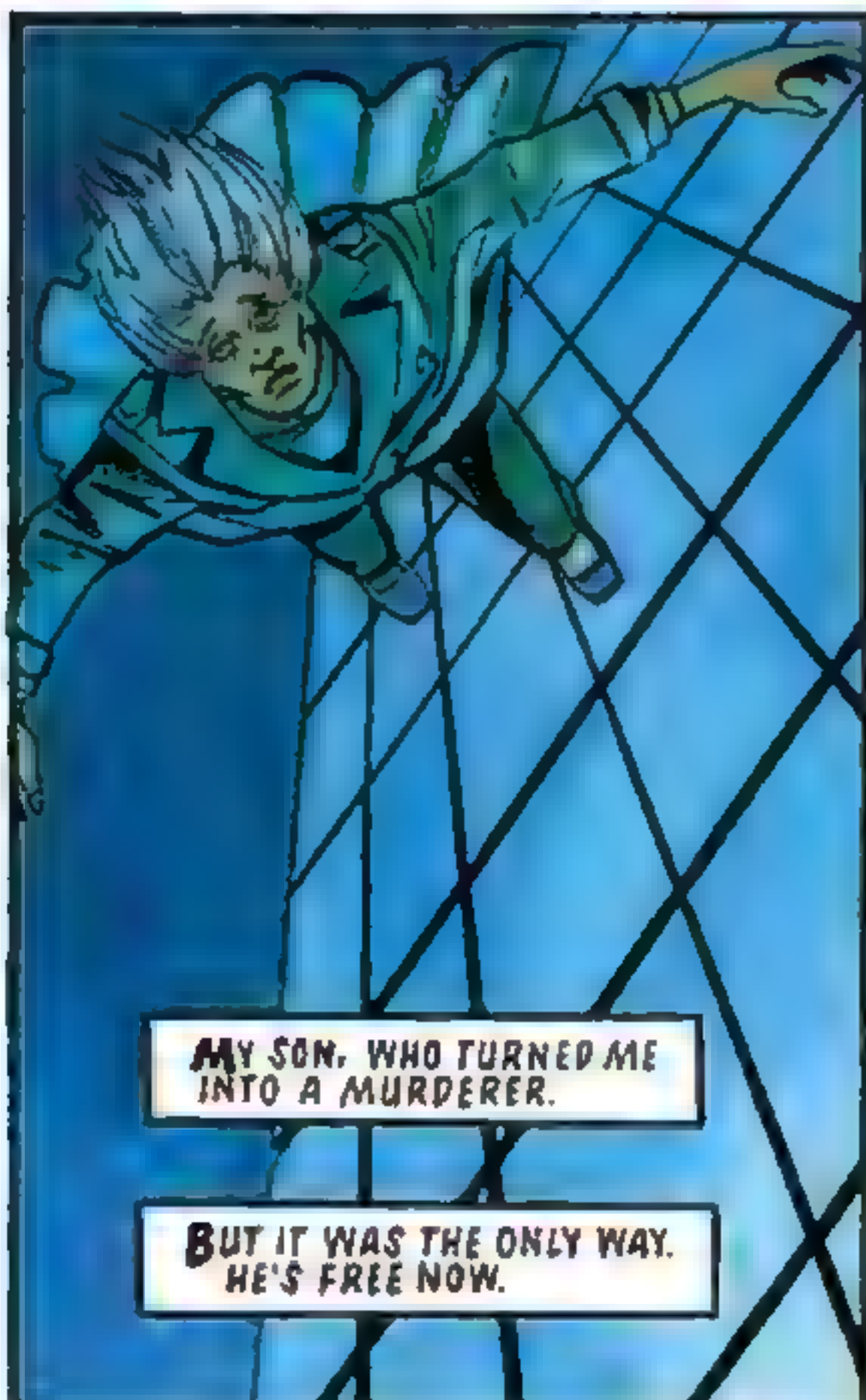
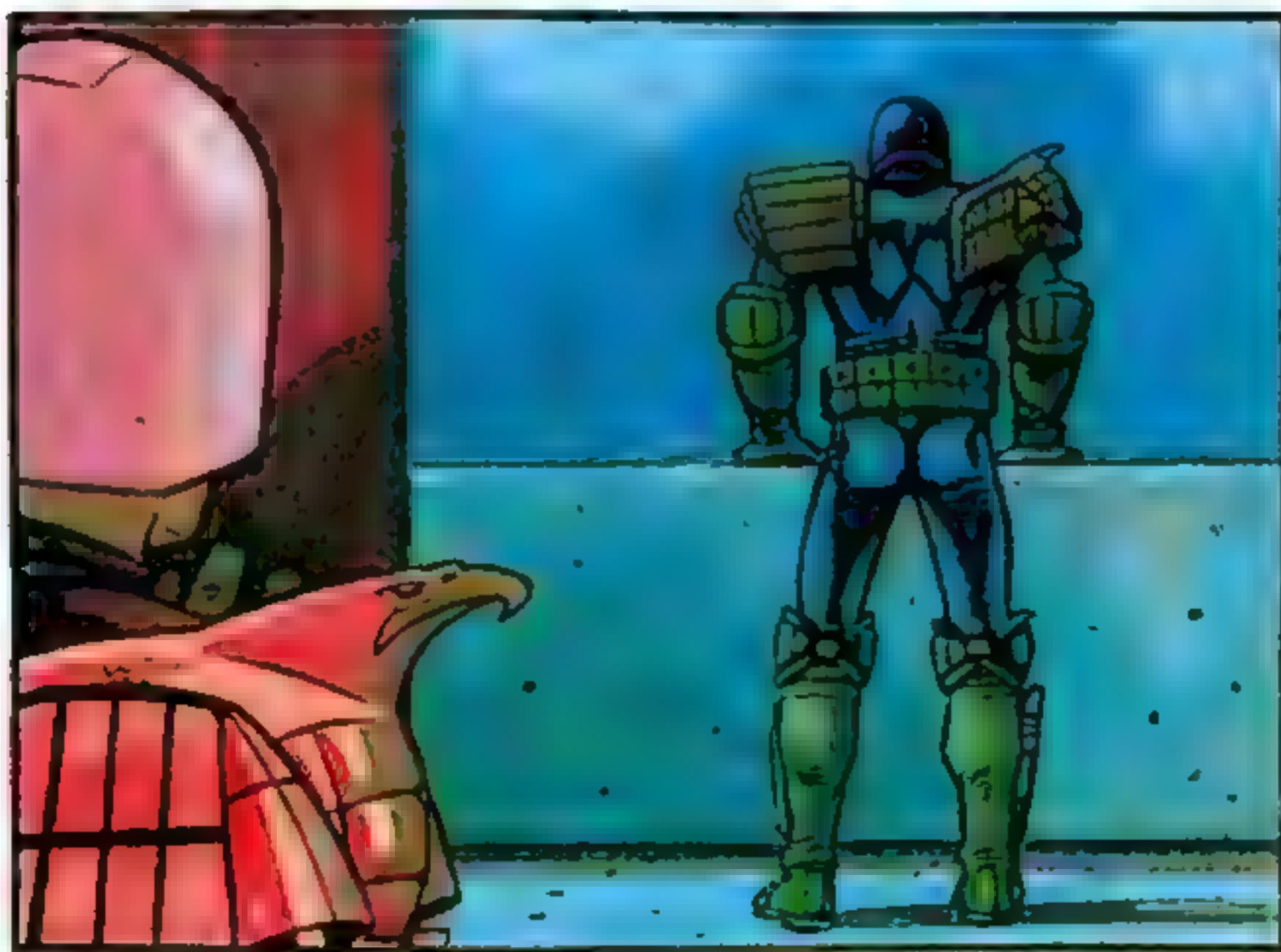




HE'S GONE!

YOU LET THE MOTHER  
IN HERE WITHOUT  
SUPERVISION?

I—  
THAT JUST  
FAILED YOU,  
ROOKIE!



MY SON, WHO TURNED ME  
INTO A MURDERER.

BUT IT WAS THE ONLY WAY.  
HE'S FREE NOW.



THE GROUND'S GETTING CLOSER.  
RUSHING UP TO MEET ME AT  
32 FEET PER SECOND PER SECOND.

I DON'T FEEL ARAID. I  
FEEL STRANGELY CALM.

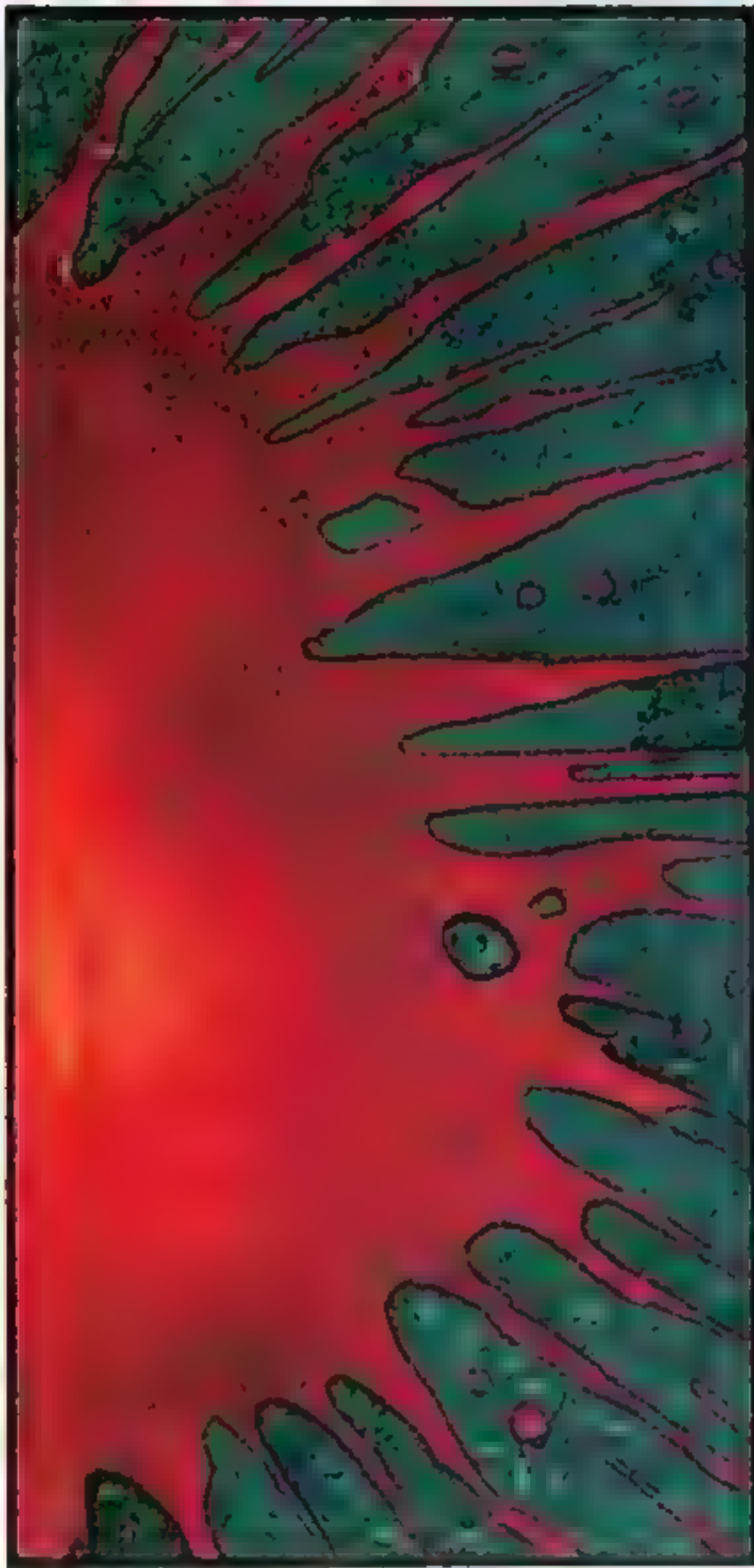
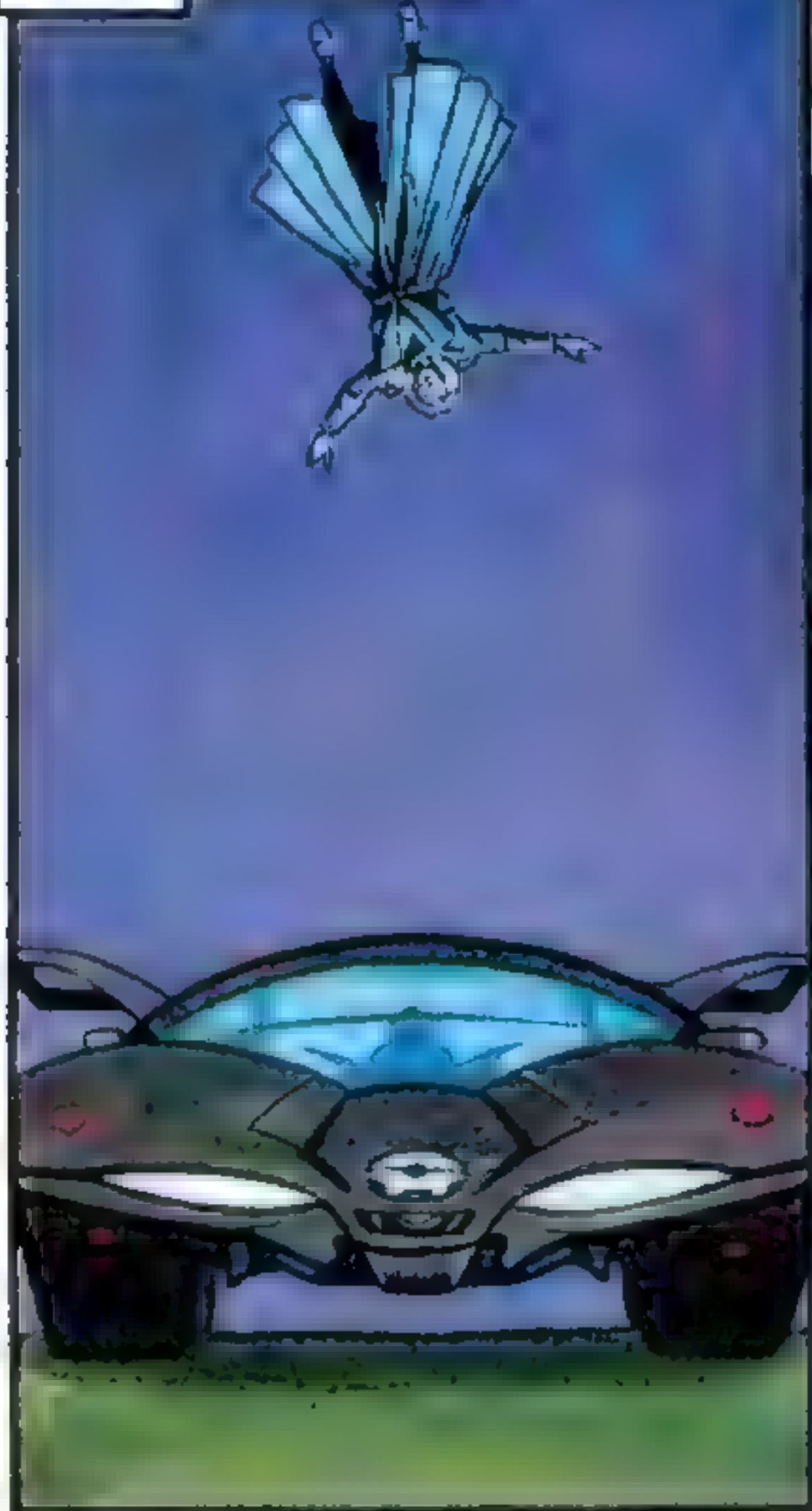


AN INCREDIBLE FEELING OF LIGHTNESS...  
THE CARES OF LIVING LIFTED FROM MY  
SHOULDERS AT LAST.

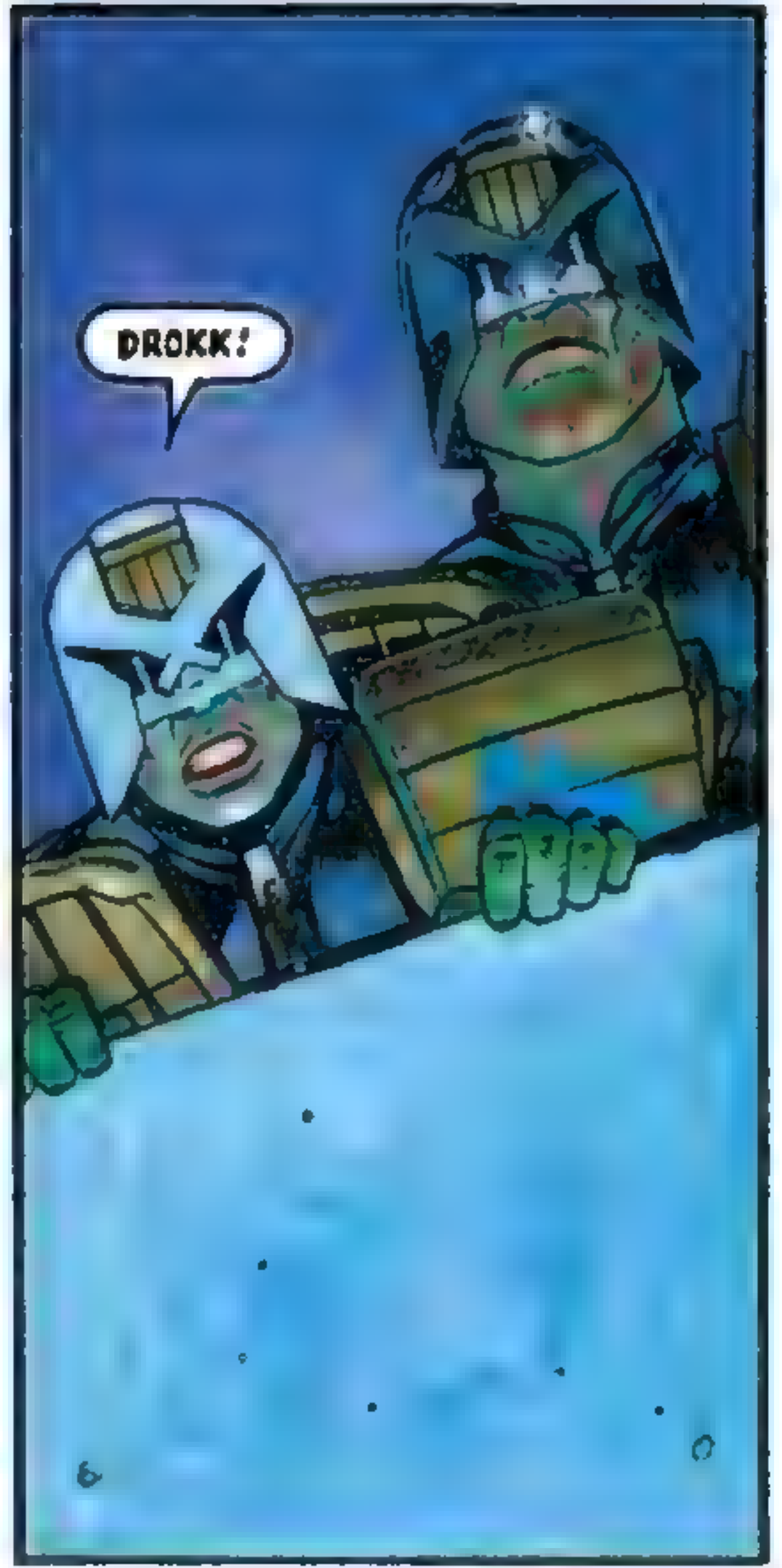
I SHUT OFF MY LITTLE BOY'S LIFE  
SUPPORT, NOW I'M SHUTTING OFF MINE.



FREE OF THIS CITY...  
AND FOR THE FIRST TIME  
IN MANY YEARS I FEEL  
HAPPY.

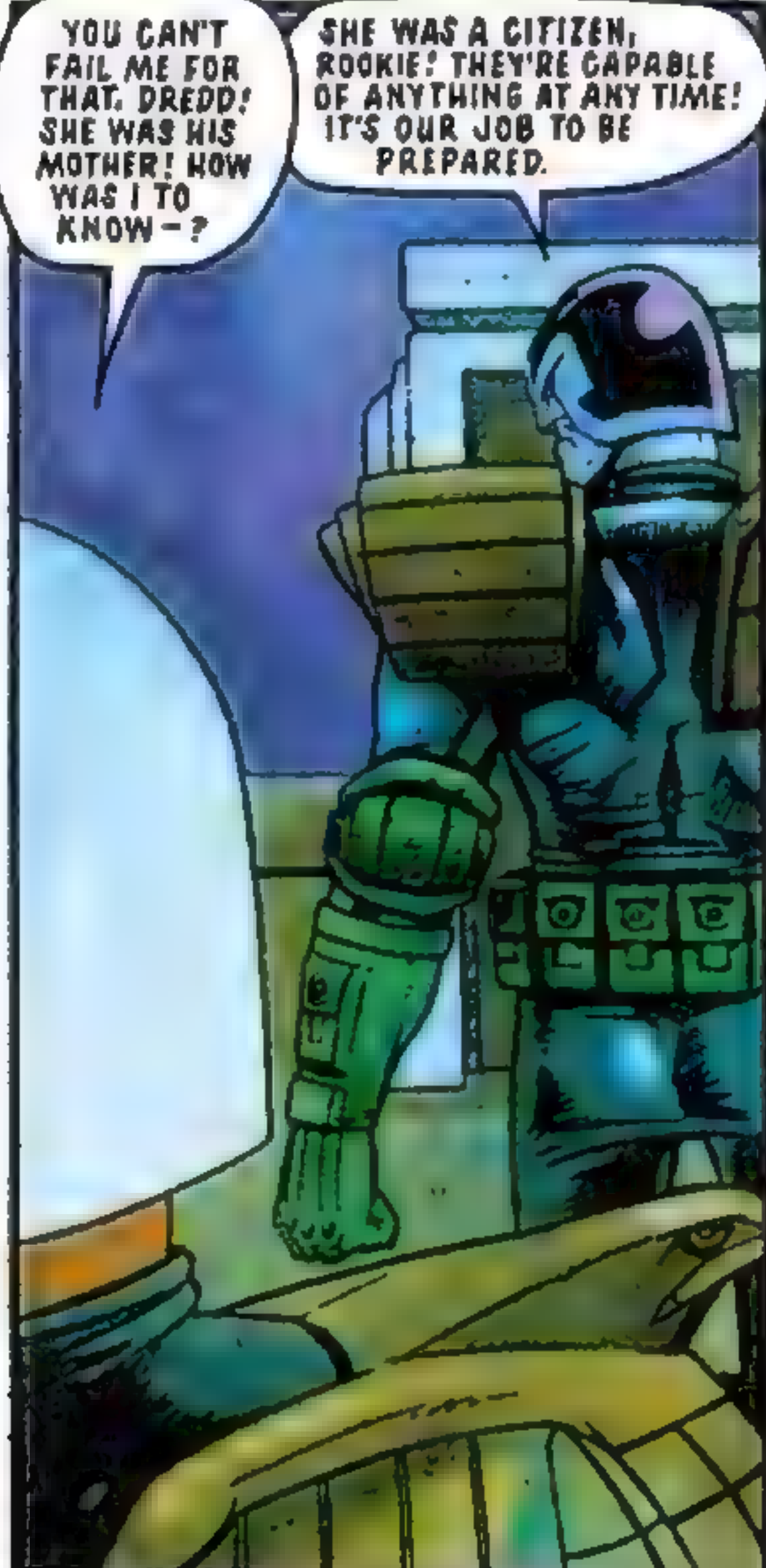


DROKK!

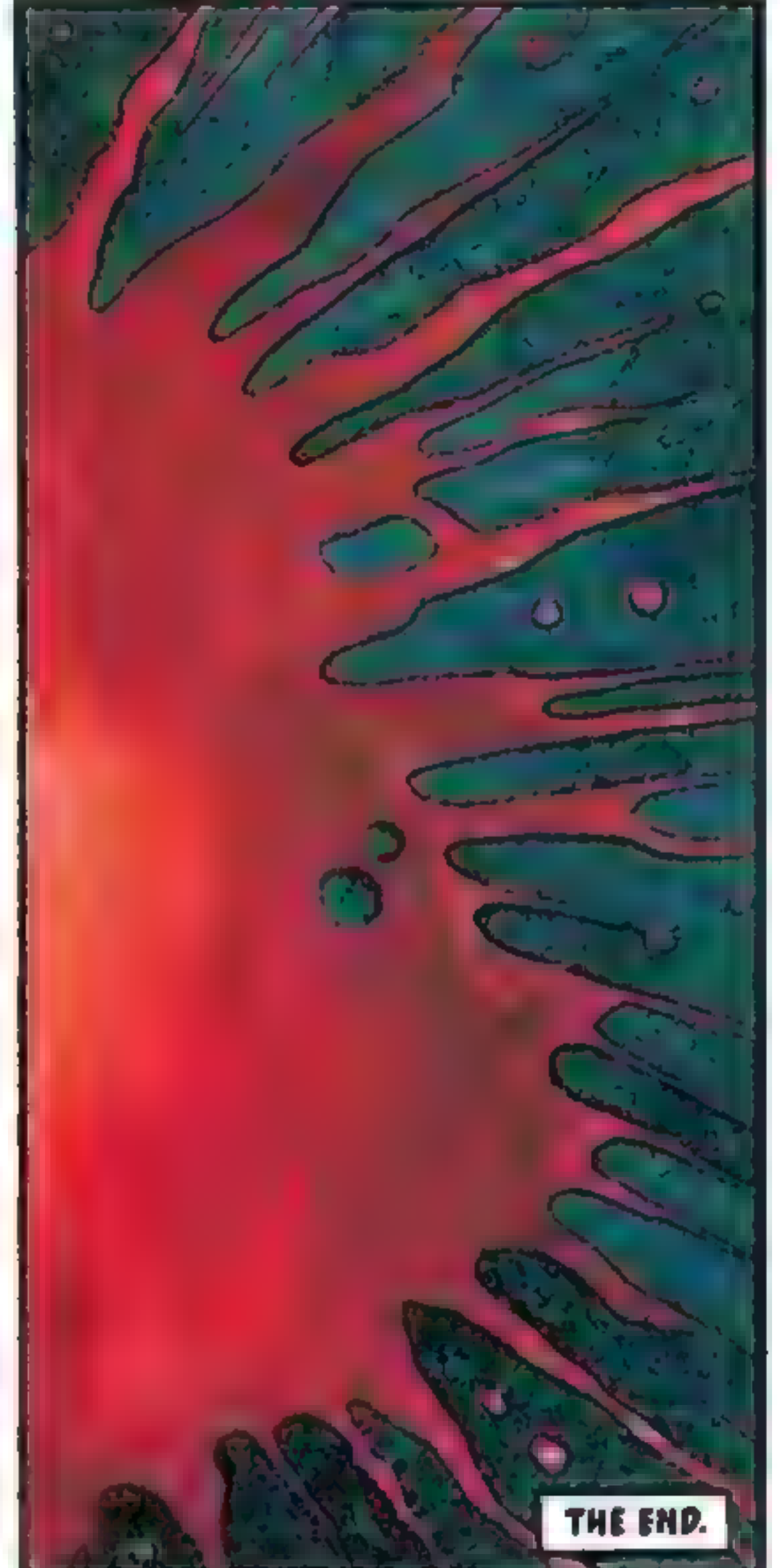


YOU CAN'T  
FAIL ME FOR  
THAT, DREDD!  
SHE WAS HIS  
MOTHER! HOW  
WAS I TO  
KNOW - ?

SHE WAS A CITIZEN,  
ROOKIE! THEY'RE CAPABLE  
OF ANYTHING AT ANY TIME!  
IT'S OUR JOB TO BE  
PREPARED.



CONTROL! TRAFFIC  
GOT CLEAR!  
CLEAN UP SQUAD  
TO WATT PLAZA!



THE END.





CONTROL. WHAT'S THE STORY WITH THIS WEATHER? HOT AS HELL OUT HERE ON PATROL TODAY...

SORRY, DREDD, BUT THE CITY COUNCIL REQUESTED IT FOR THE 'MAYOR DAVE MEMORIAL DAY' PARADE TODAY. NORMAL SERVICE WILL BE RESUMED EIGHT PM TONIGHT.

IN THE MEANTIME, COULD YOU TAKE A SWING PAST DANNY AIELLO BLOCK...

"—SEEMS THE TWO LOCAL BEAT-JUDGES THERE ARE FRESH OUT OF THE ACADEMY AND COULD WITH A HELPING HAND..."

THIS IS YOUR LAST WARNING, CITIZENS—PLEASE DISPERSE IMMEDIATELY AND LET US DEAL WITH THE SITUATION!

ALRIGHT, WHAT SEEMS TO BE THE PROBLEM HERE?

DREDD--THANK GRUD! WE'VE GOT A POTENTIAL FULL-SCALE BLOCK RIOT IN THE MAKING HERE!





THIS HEAT'S PLAYING HAVOC WITH THE BLOCK'S CLIMATE-CONTROL SYSTEMS-- THE AIR-CONDITIONING'S BEEN KNOCKED OUT AND THE CENTRAL-HEATING JUST KEEPS PUSHING THE TEMPERATURE UP AND UP!

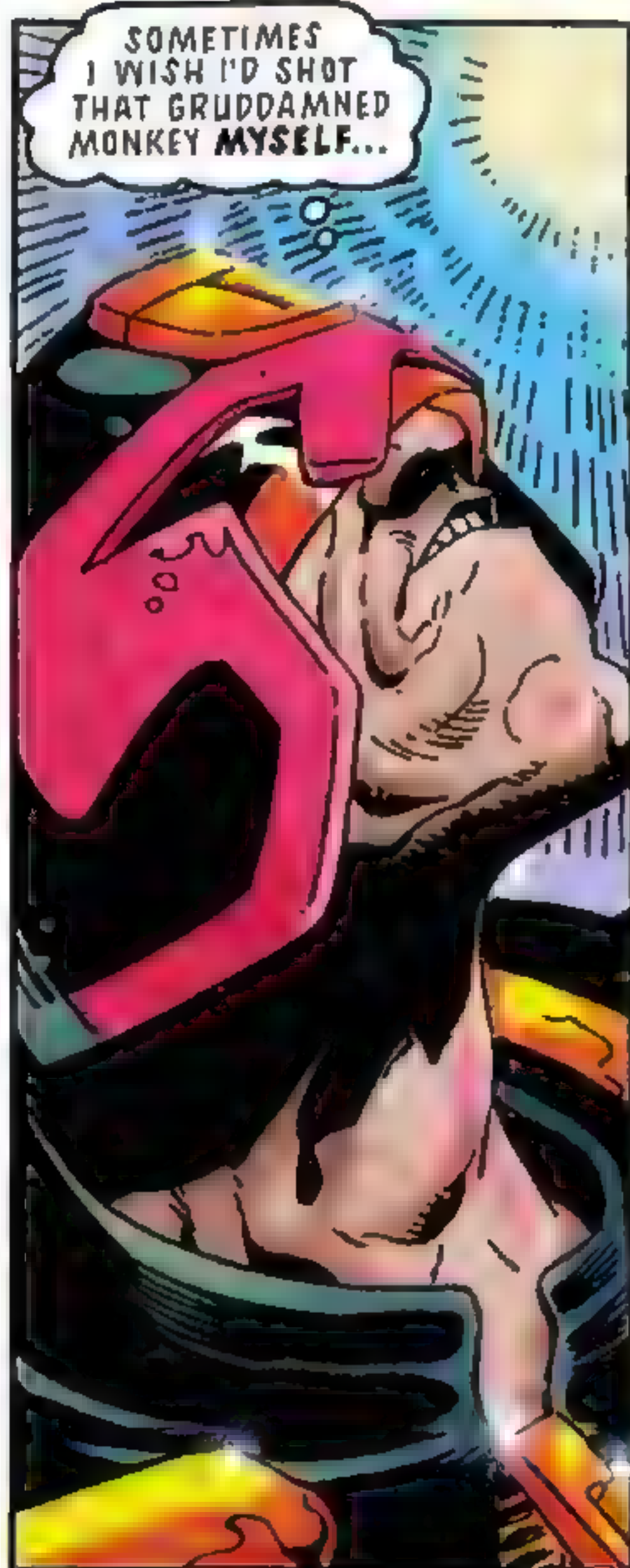
BLOCK MAINTENANCE CAN'T FIX IT TILL TOMORROW--ALL CITY EMPLOYEES ARE ON HOLIDAY TODAY. MEANWHILE, WE'VE GOT A LOT OF RESTLESS NATIVES ON OUR HANDS!

CONTROL-- WE REALLY DO HAVE A PROBLEM AT DANNY AIELLO. HOW SOON CAN YOU GET A RIOT SQUAD DOWN HERE?

SORRY, DREDD, BUT ALL AVAILABLE UNITS ARE ALREADY IN USE ELSEWHERE...

THE MAYOR DAVE MEMORIAL PARADE?

YOU GOT IT.



SOMETIMES I WISH I'D SHOT THAT GRUDDAMNED MONKEY MYSELF...



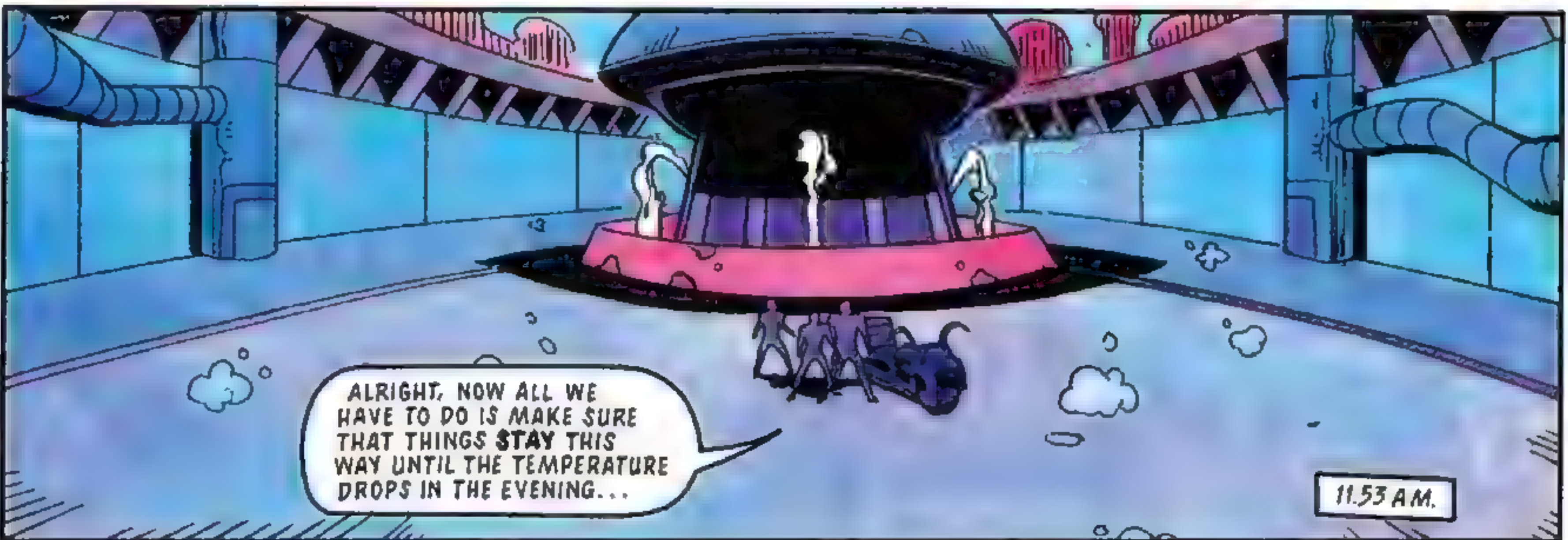
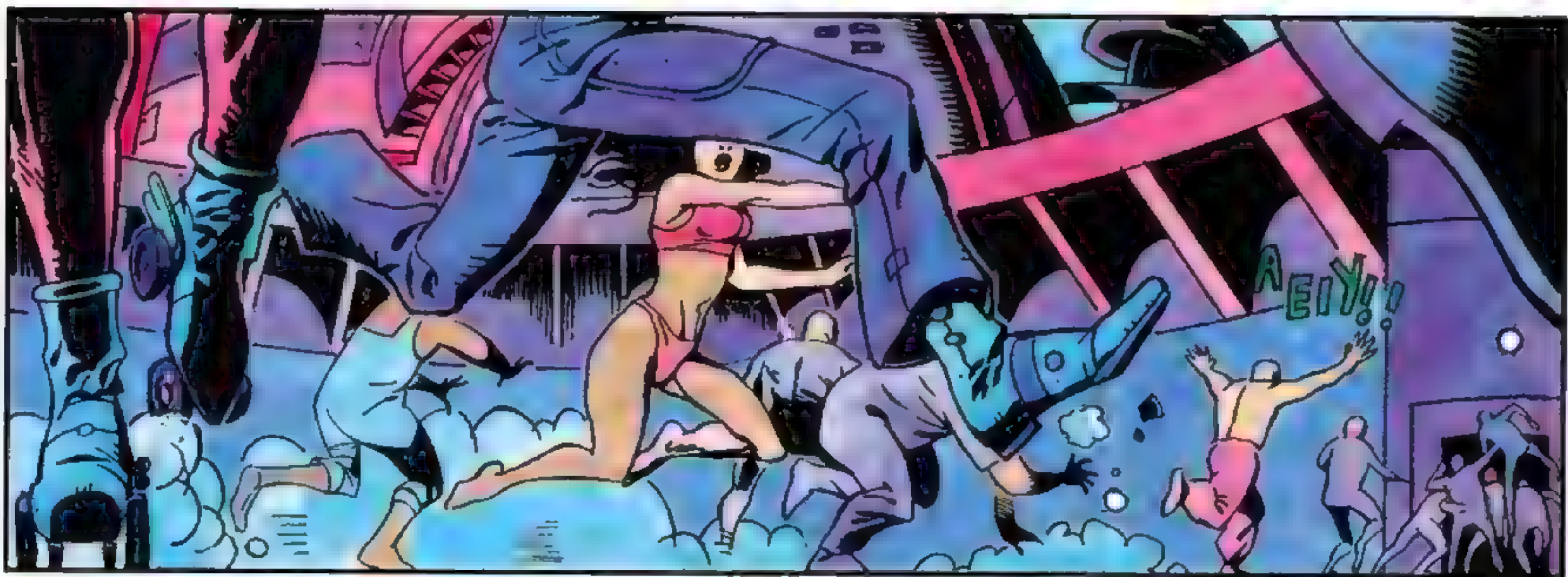
LOOKS LIKE WE'LL HAVE TO DO THIS ON OUR OWN...

HOW WE GONNA DO THAT? WE ALREADY TRIED APPEALING TO THEIR COMMUNITY SPIRIT--



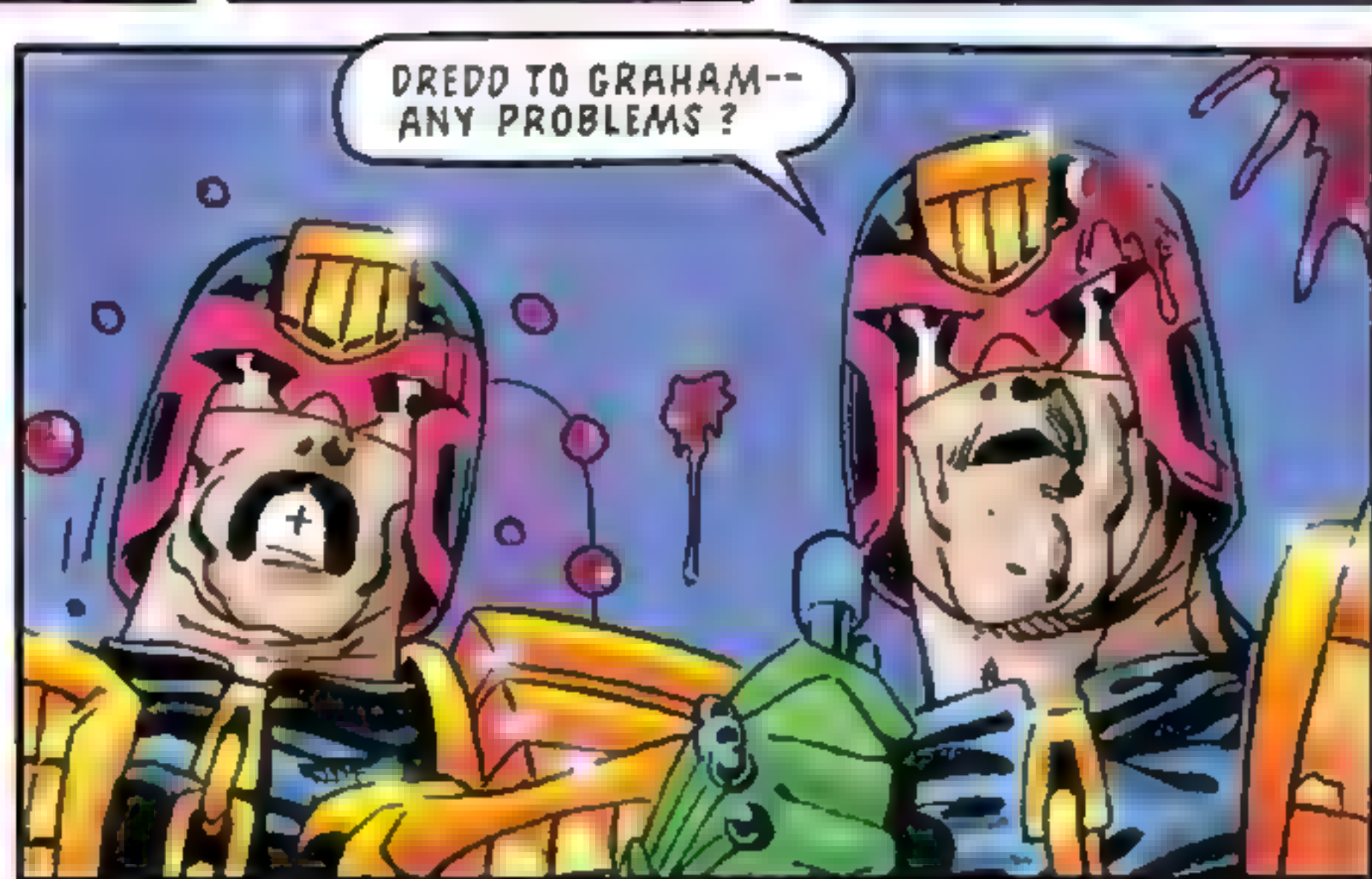
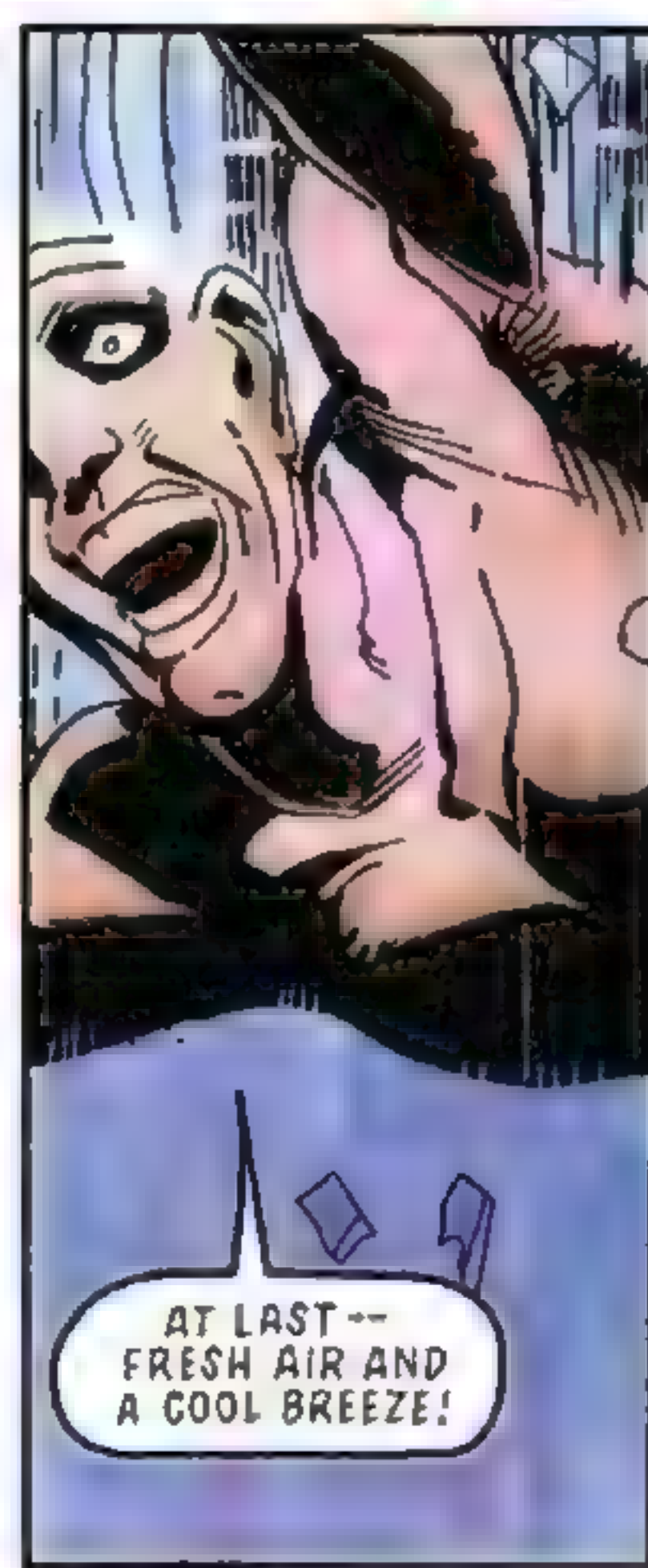
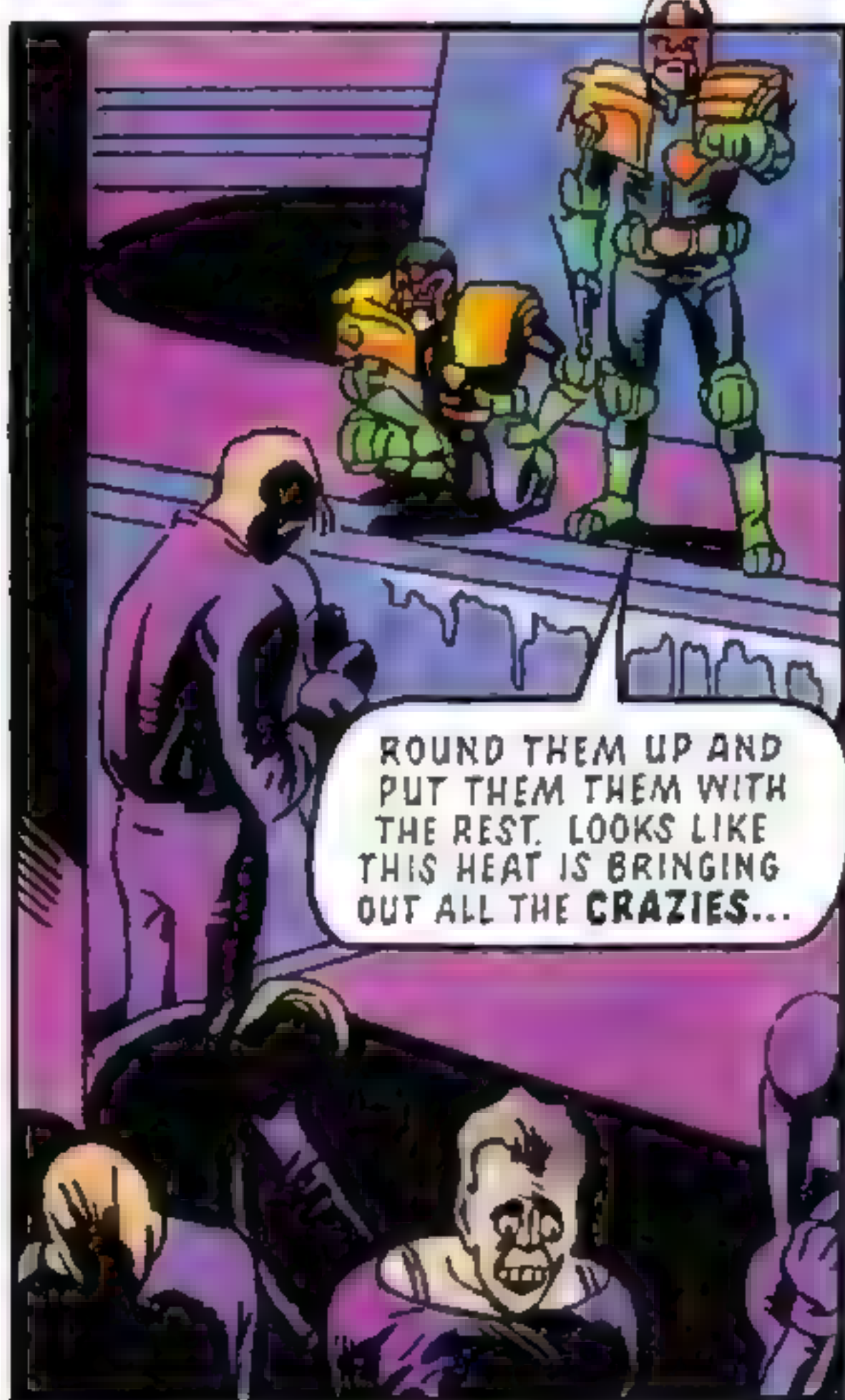
DROKK--WHAT DO THEY TEACH YOU ROOKIES AT THE ACADEMY THESE DAYS, ANYWAY?





11.53 A.M.

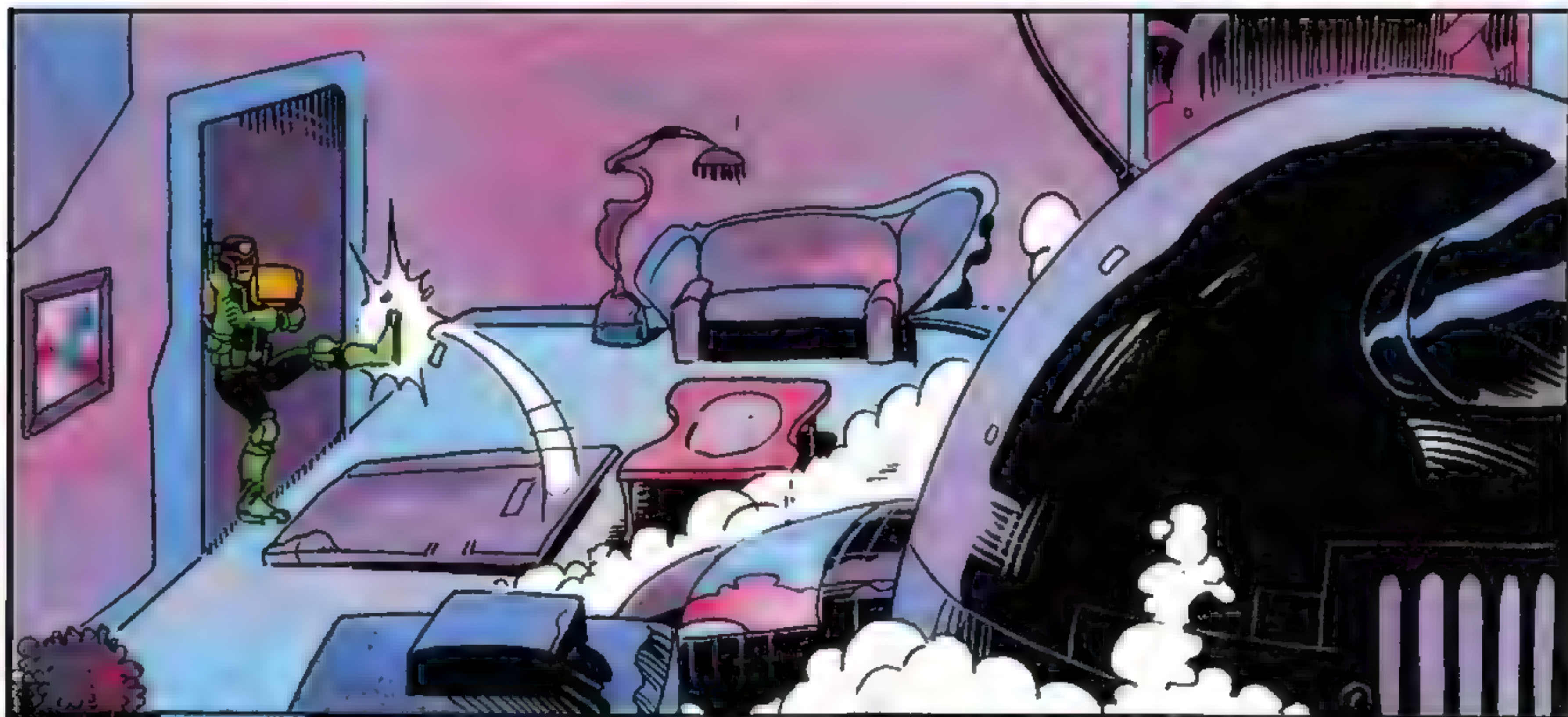




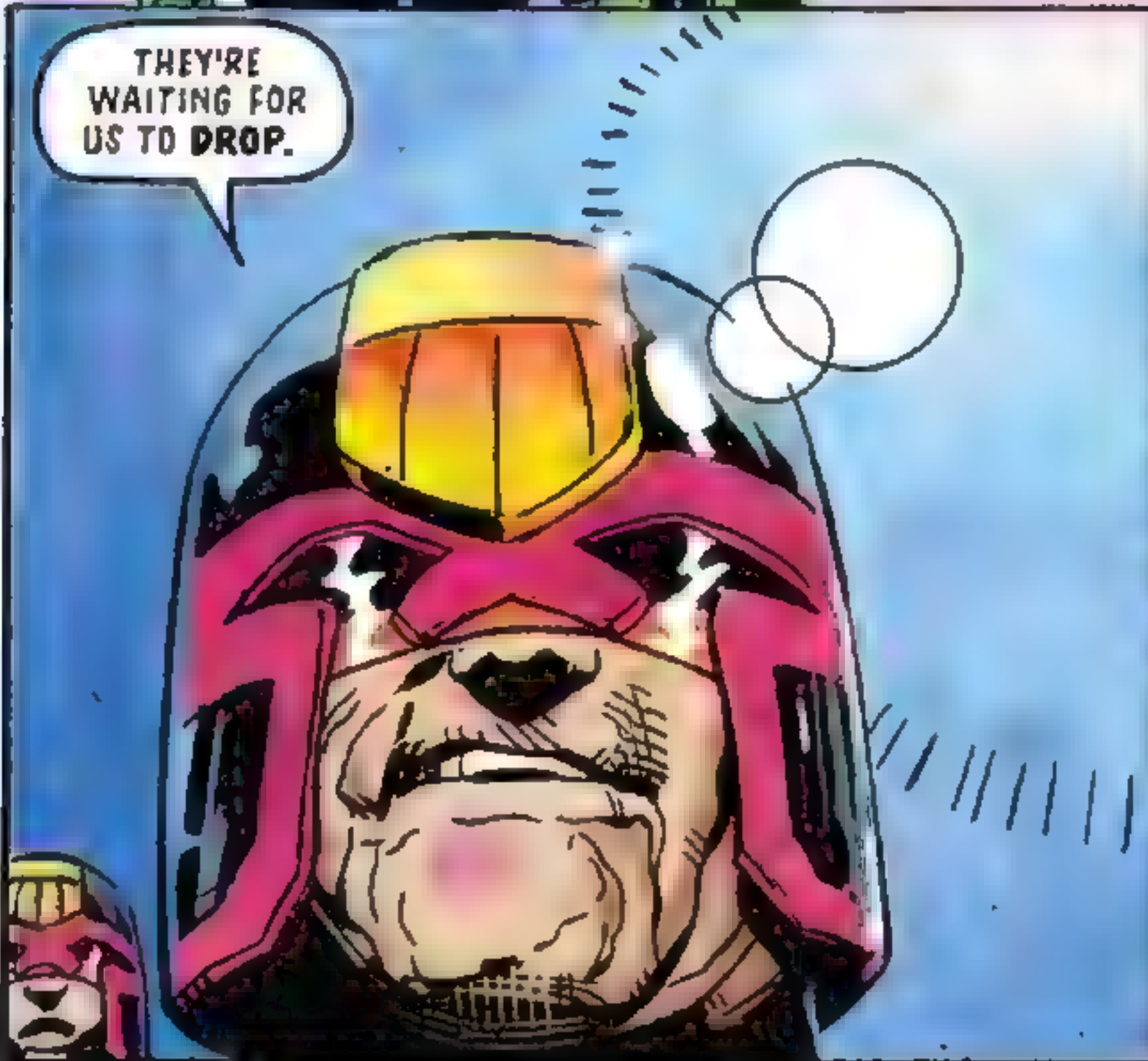




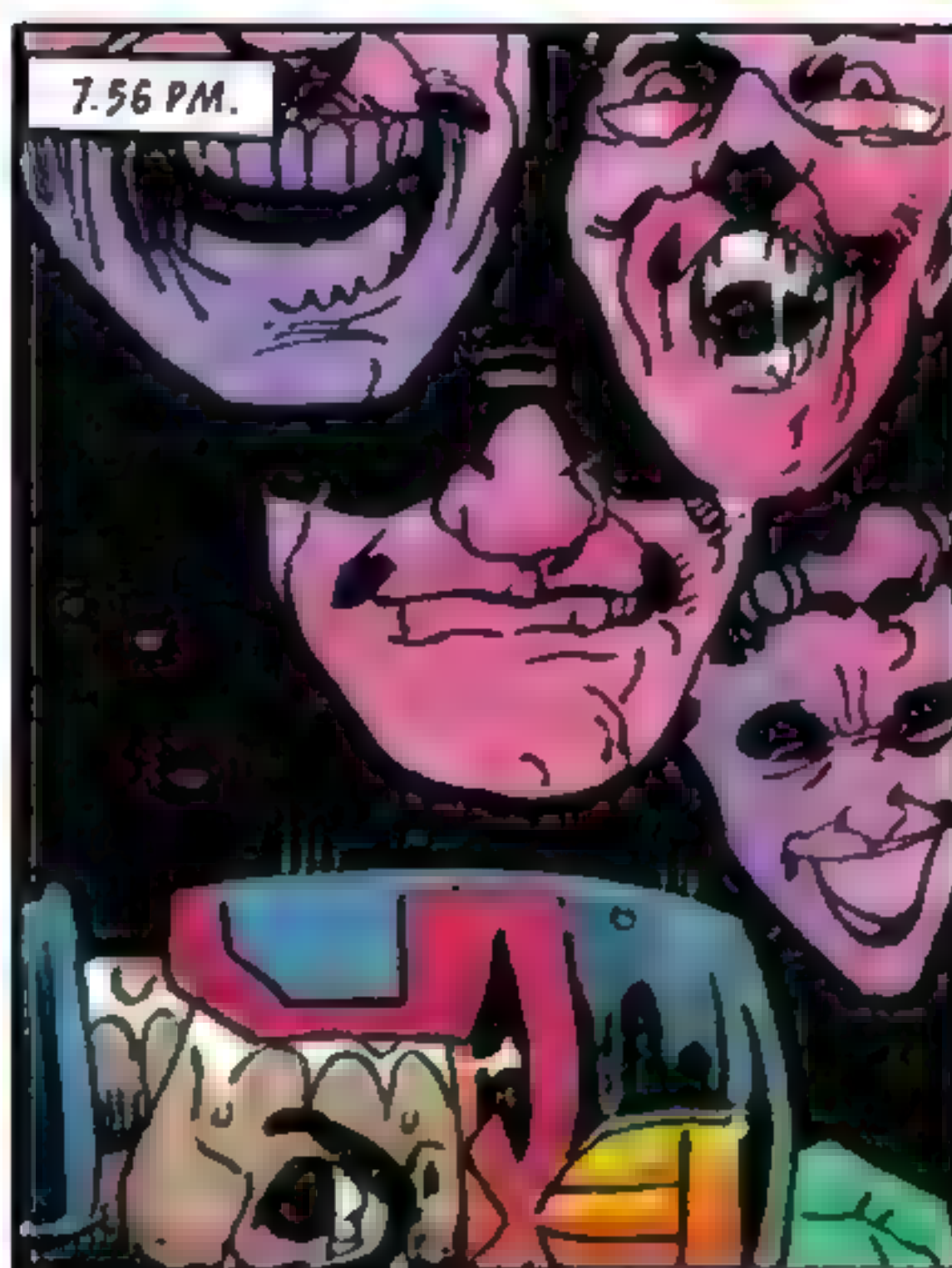
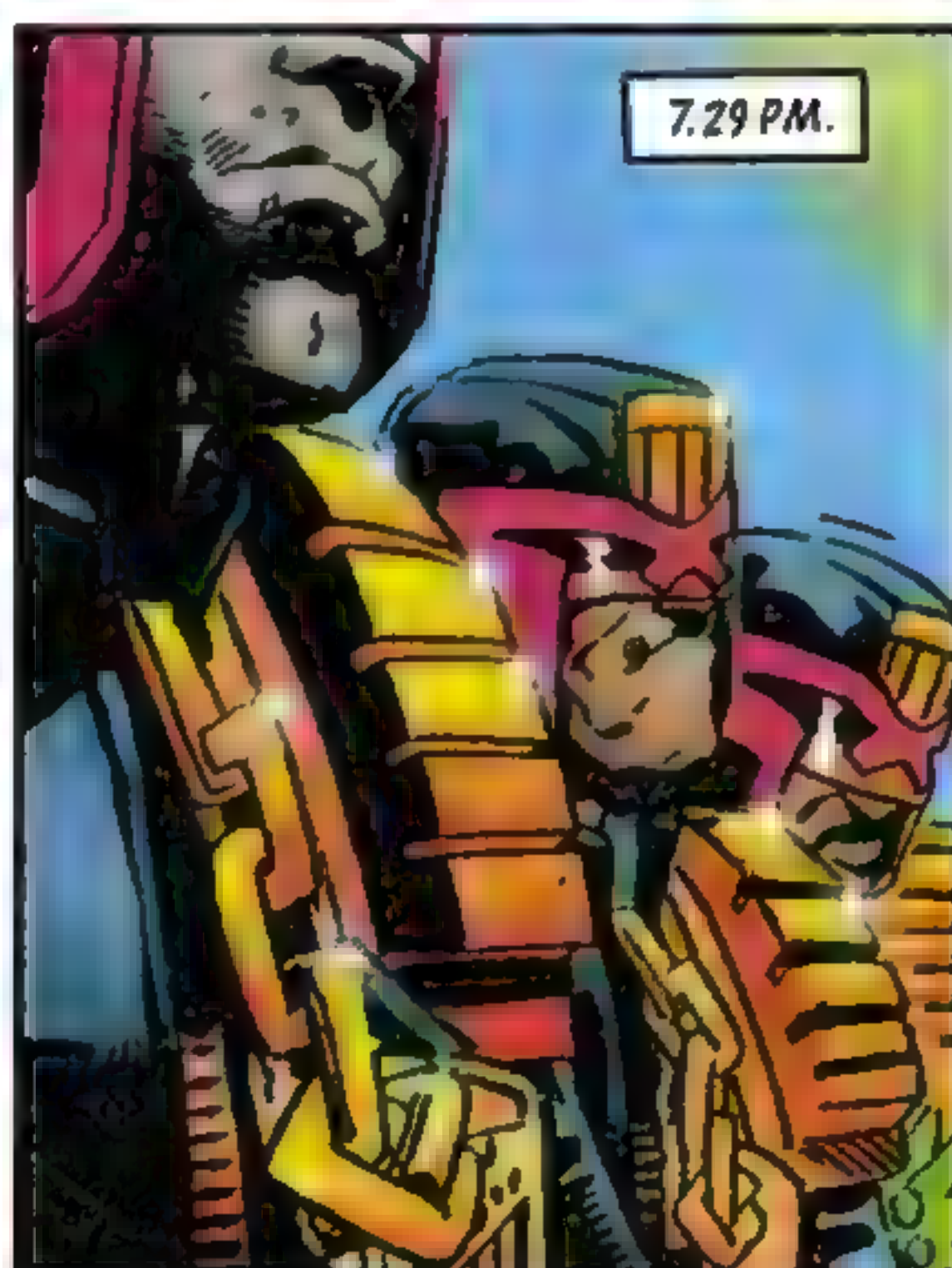




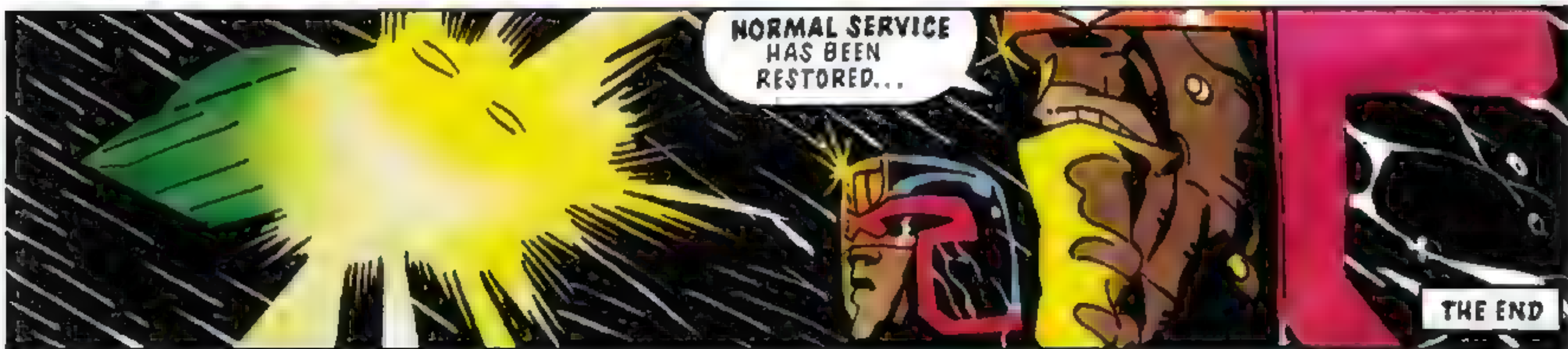
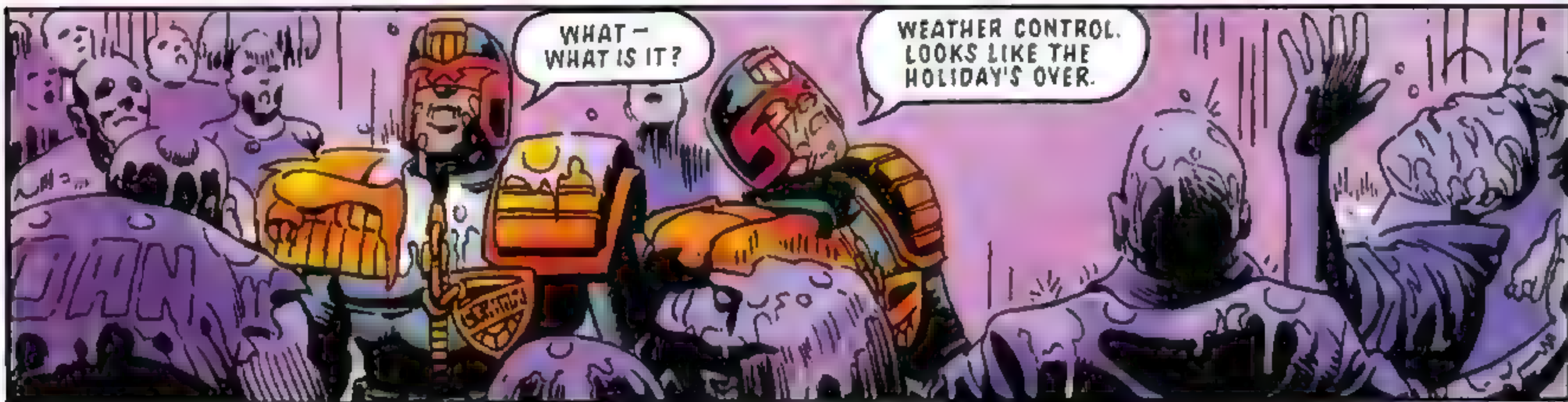
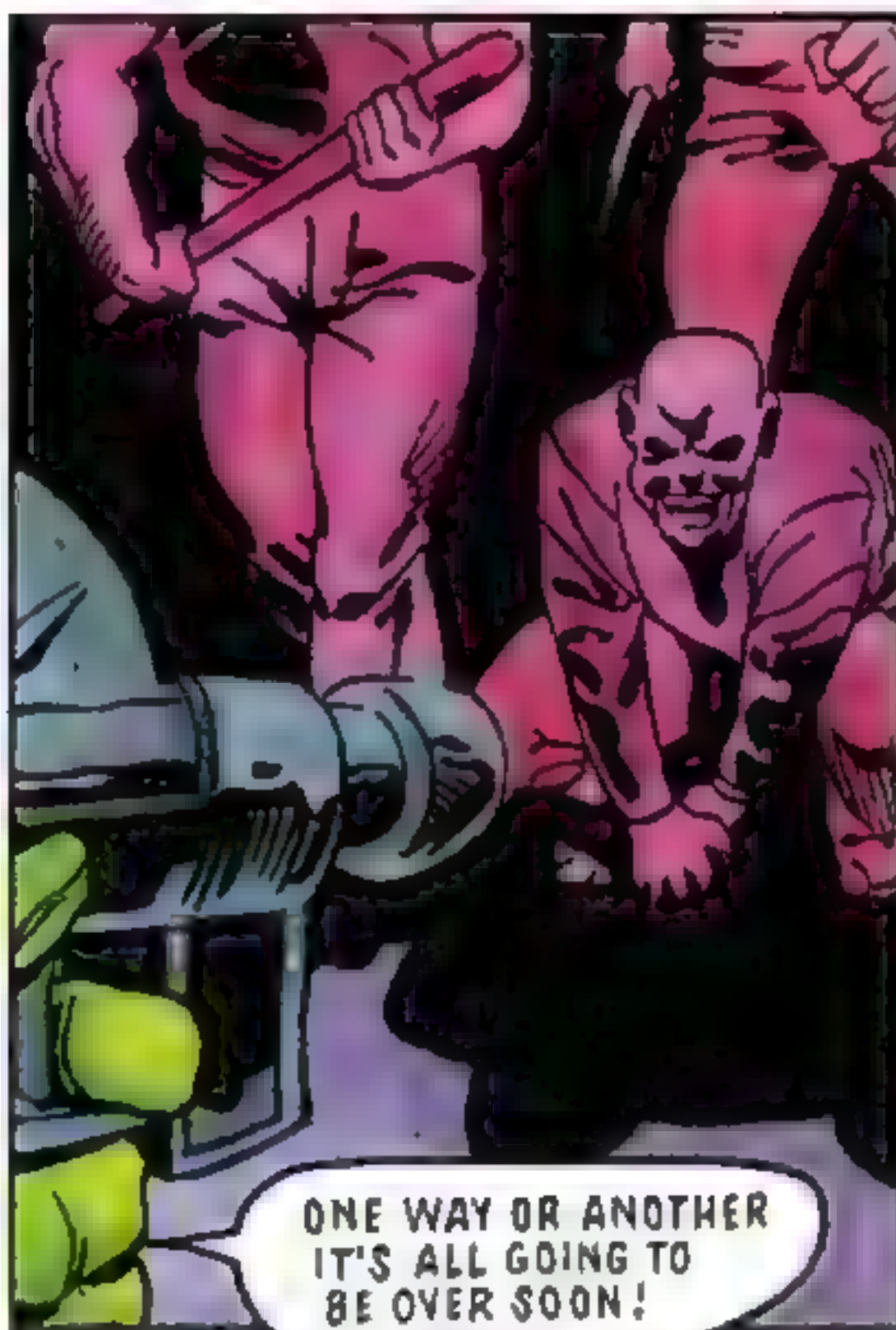






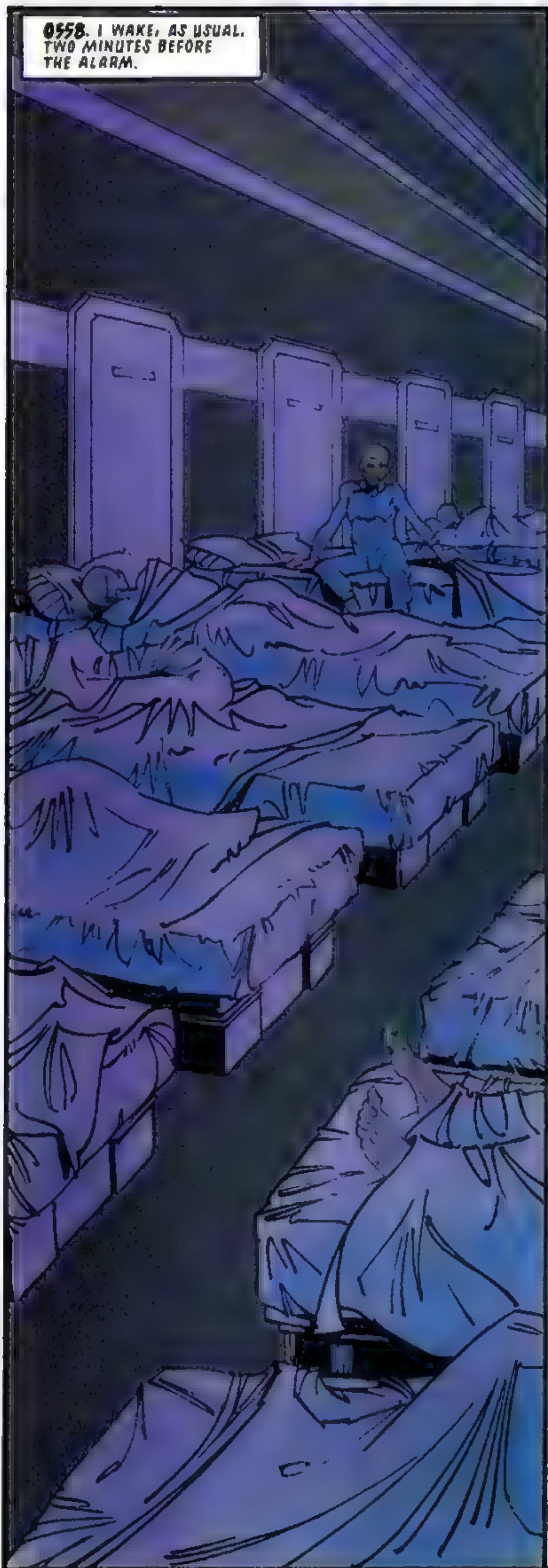






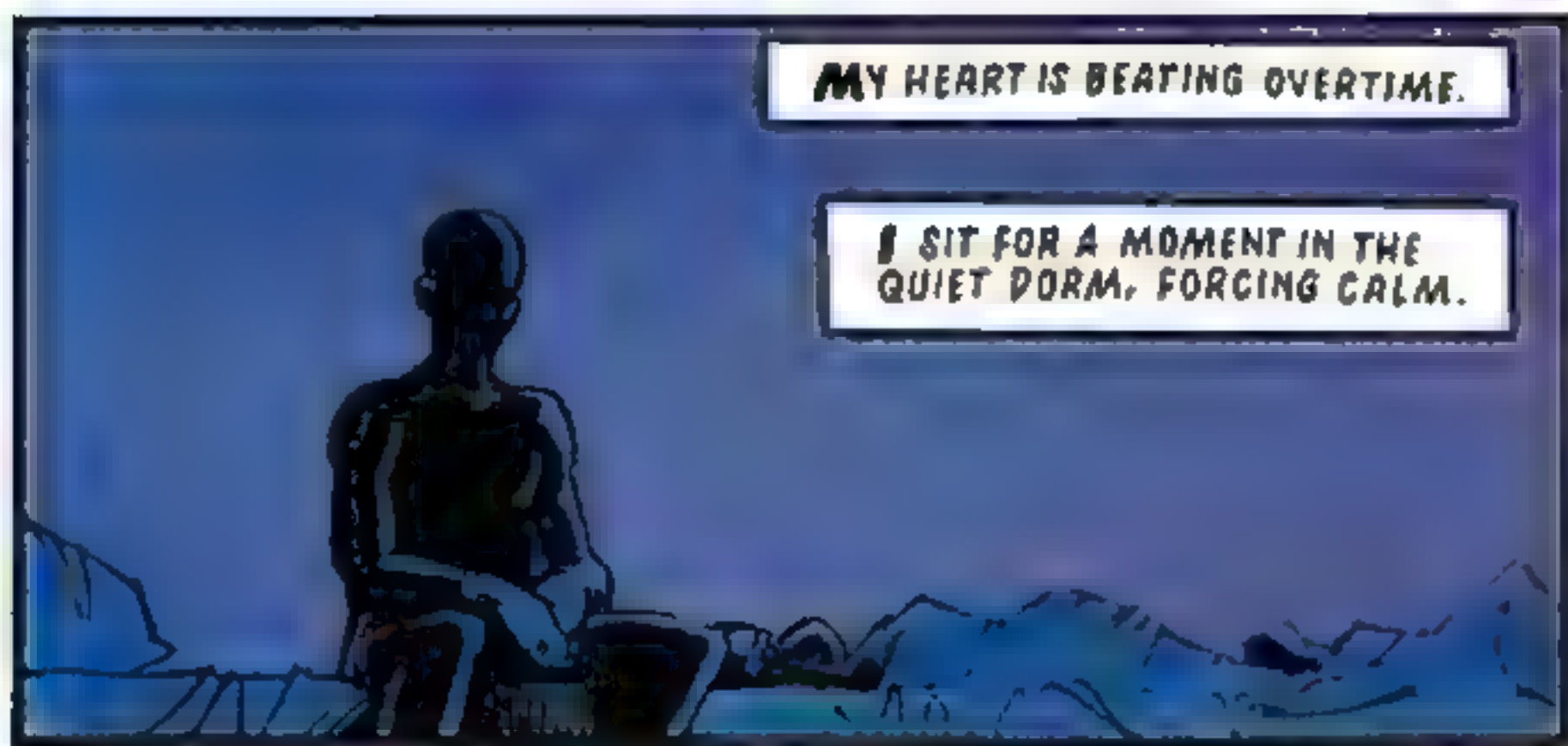


0558. I WAKE, AS USUAL,  
TWO MINUTES BEFORE  
THE ALARM.



MY HEART IS BEATING OVERTIME.

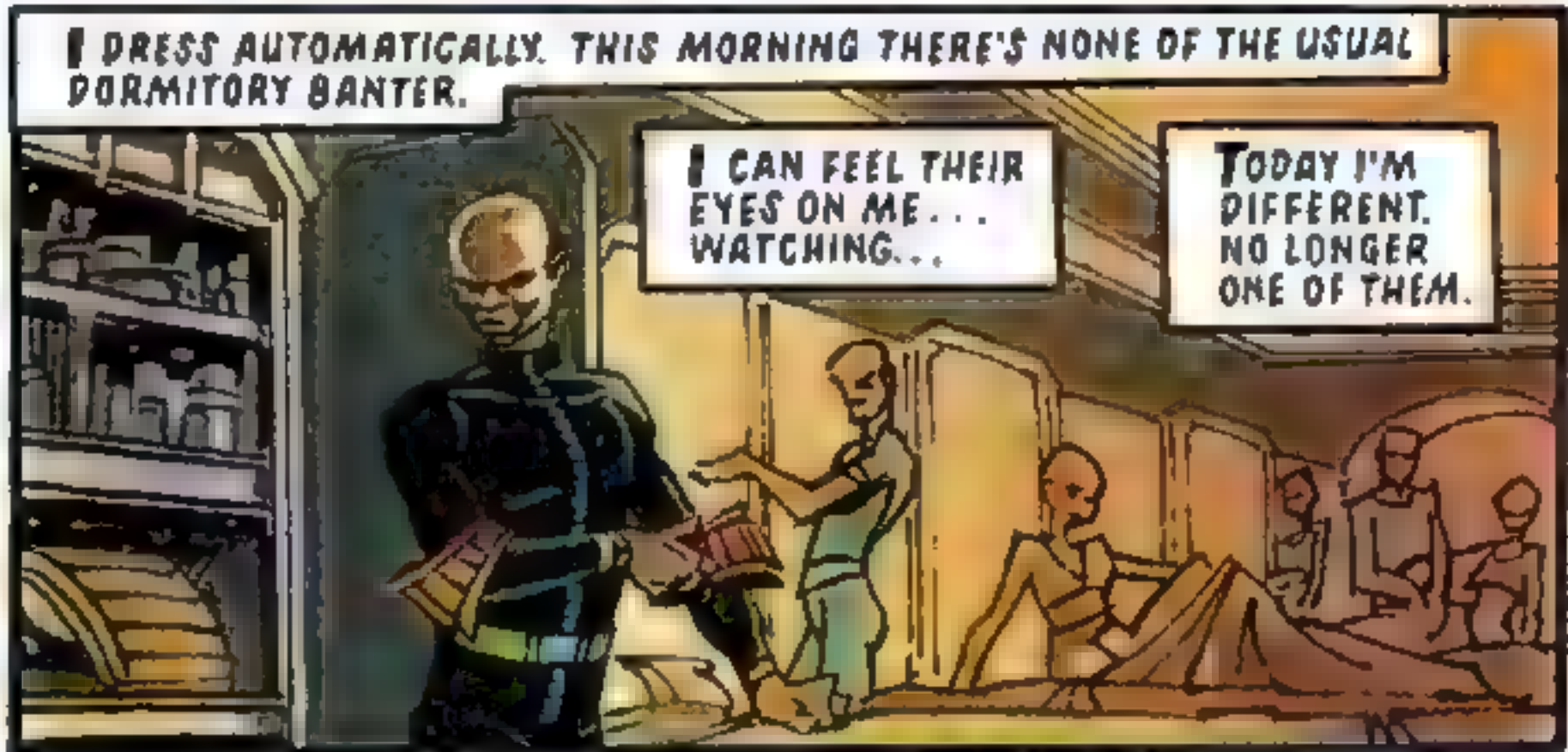
I SIT FOR A MOMENT IN THE  
QUIET DORM, FORCING CALM.



I DRESS AUTOMATICALLY. THIS MORNING THERE'S NONE OF THE USUAL  
DORMITORY BANTER.

I CAN FEEL THEIR  
EYES ON ME...  
WATCHING...

TODAY I'M  
DIFFERENT.  
NO LONGER  
ONE OF THEM.



NO ONE SPEAKS TO ME.  
ONLY MY FRIEND STACHY.

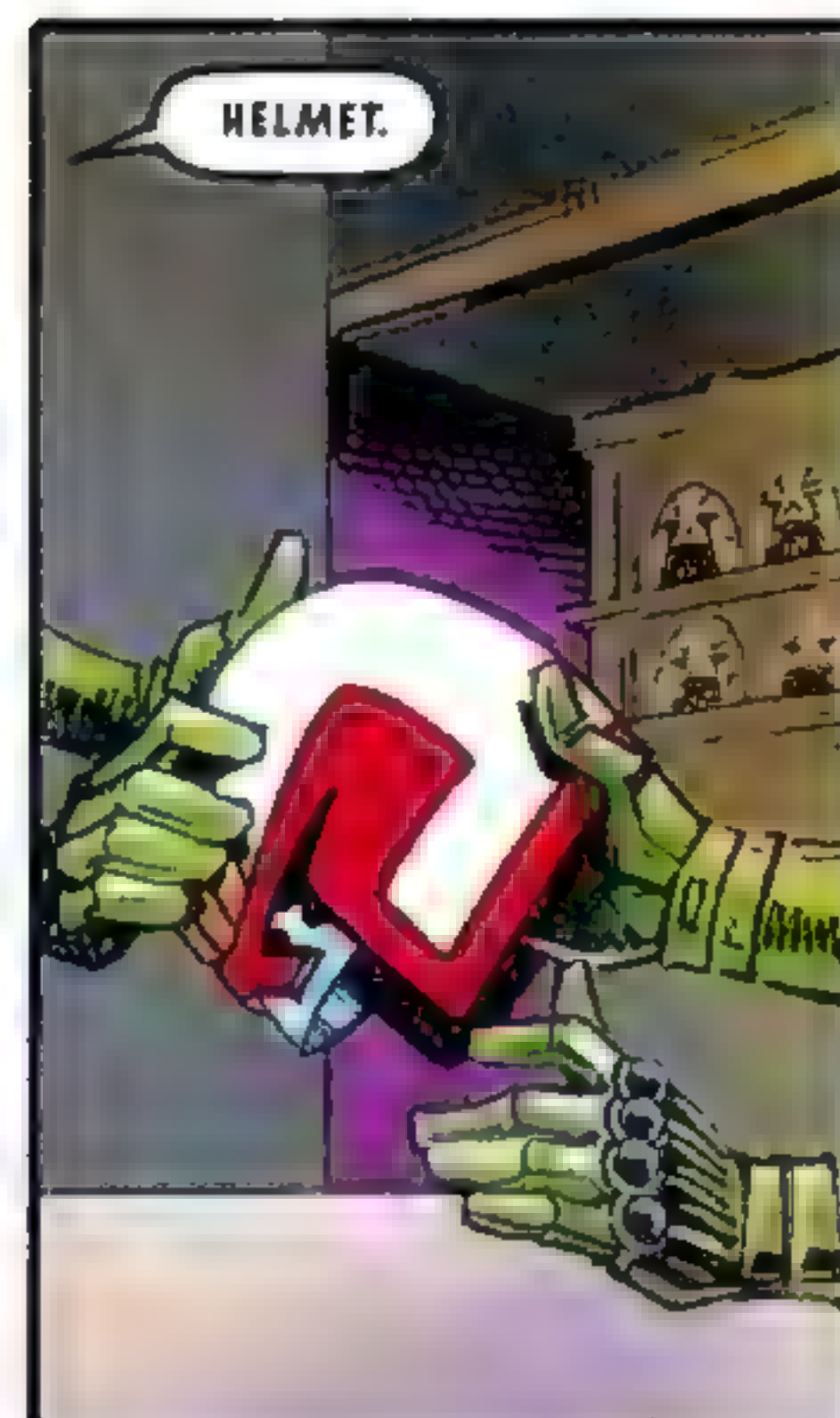
GO GET 'EM,  
MAN!



WE ARE NOT  
SUPPOSED TO  
FORM CLOSE  
ATTACHMENTS.  
BUT EVERYONE  
DOES.



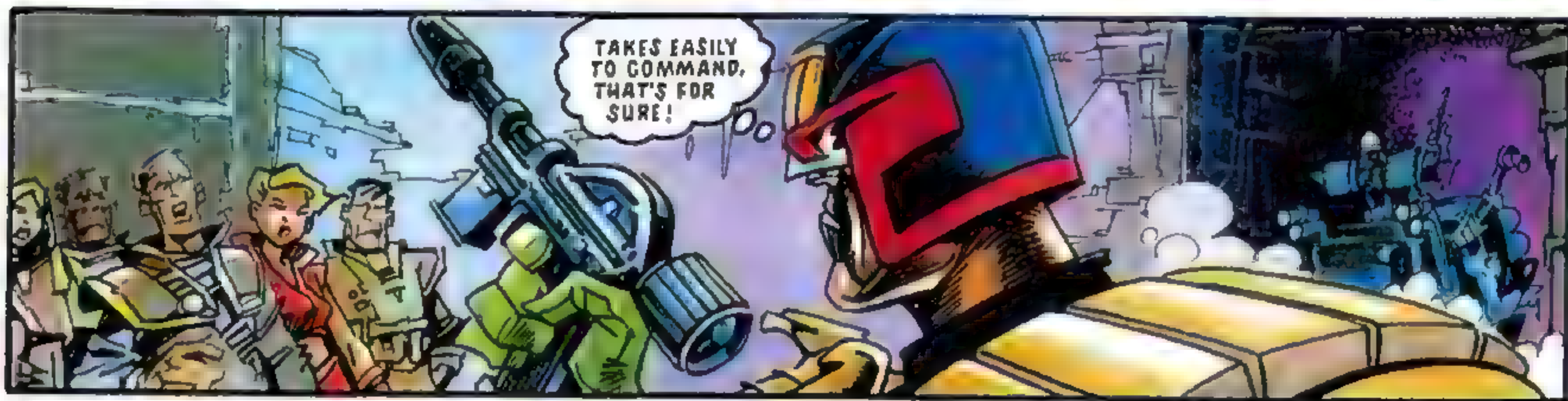
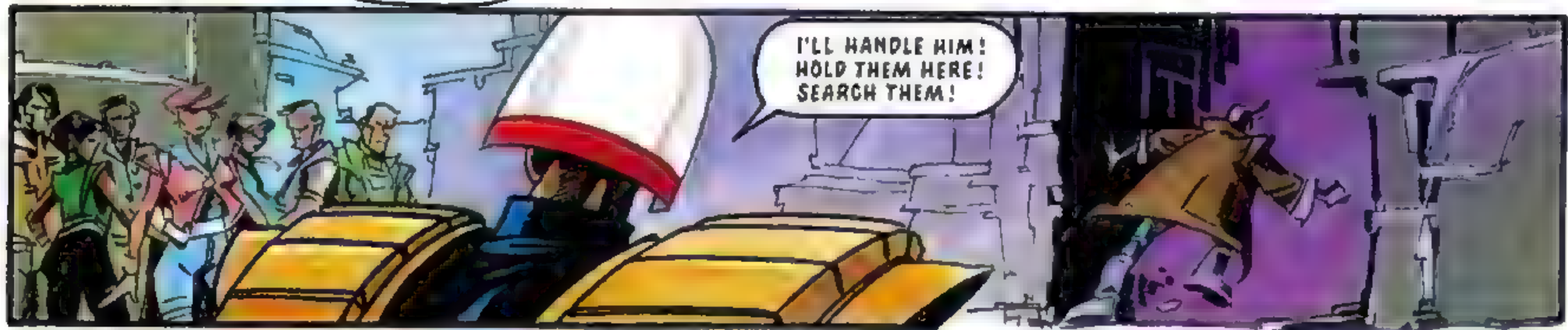
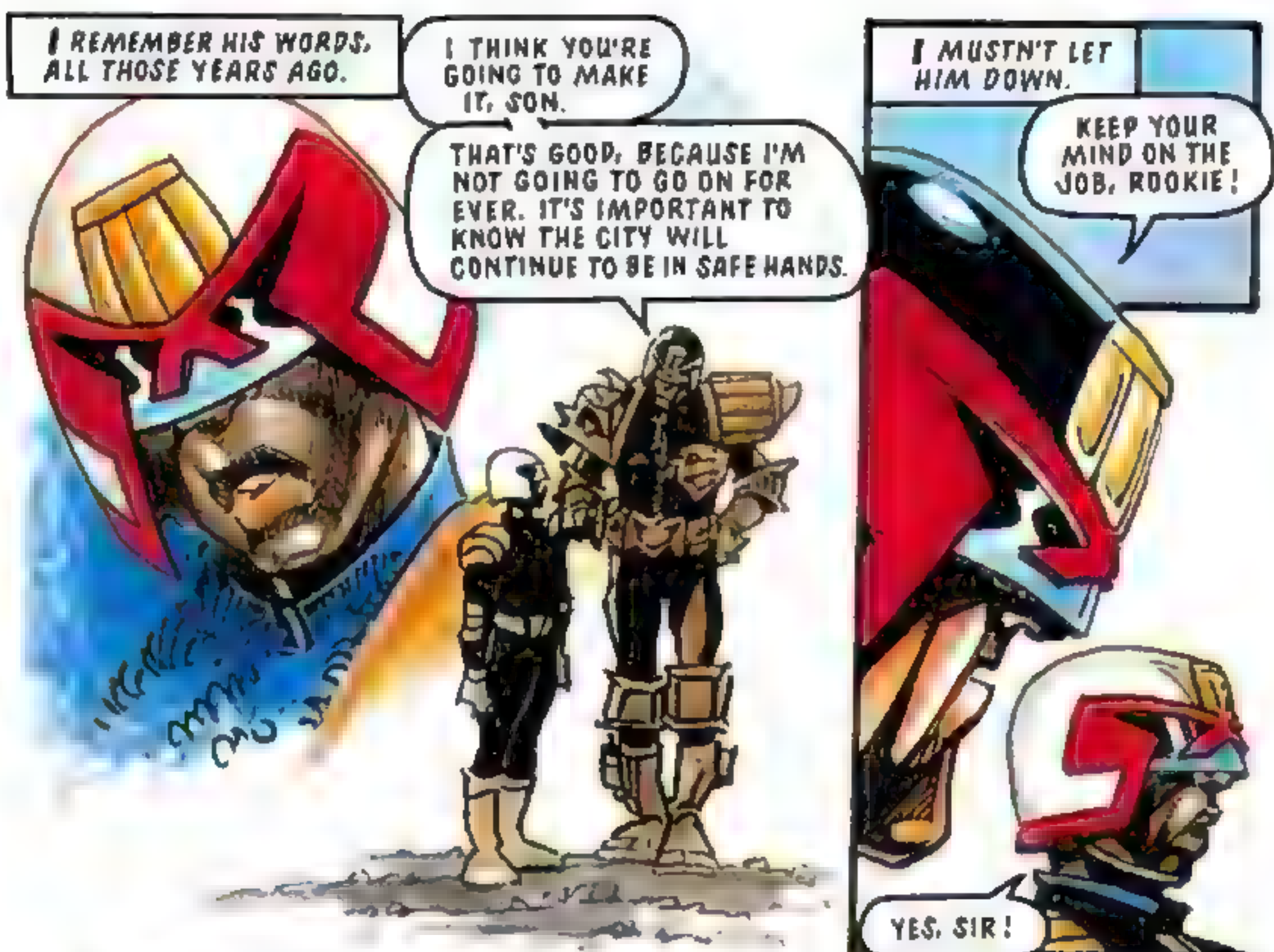






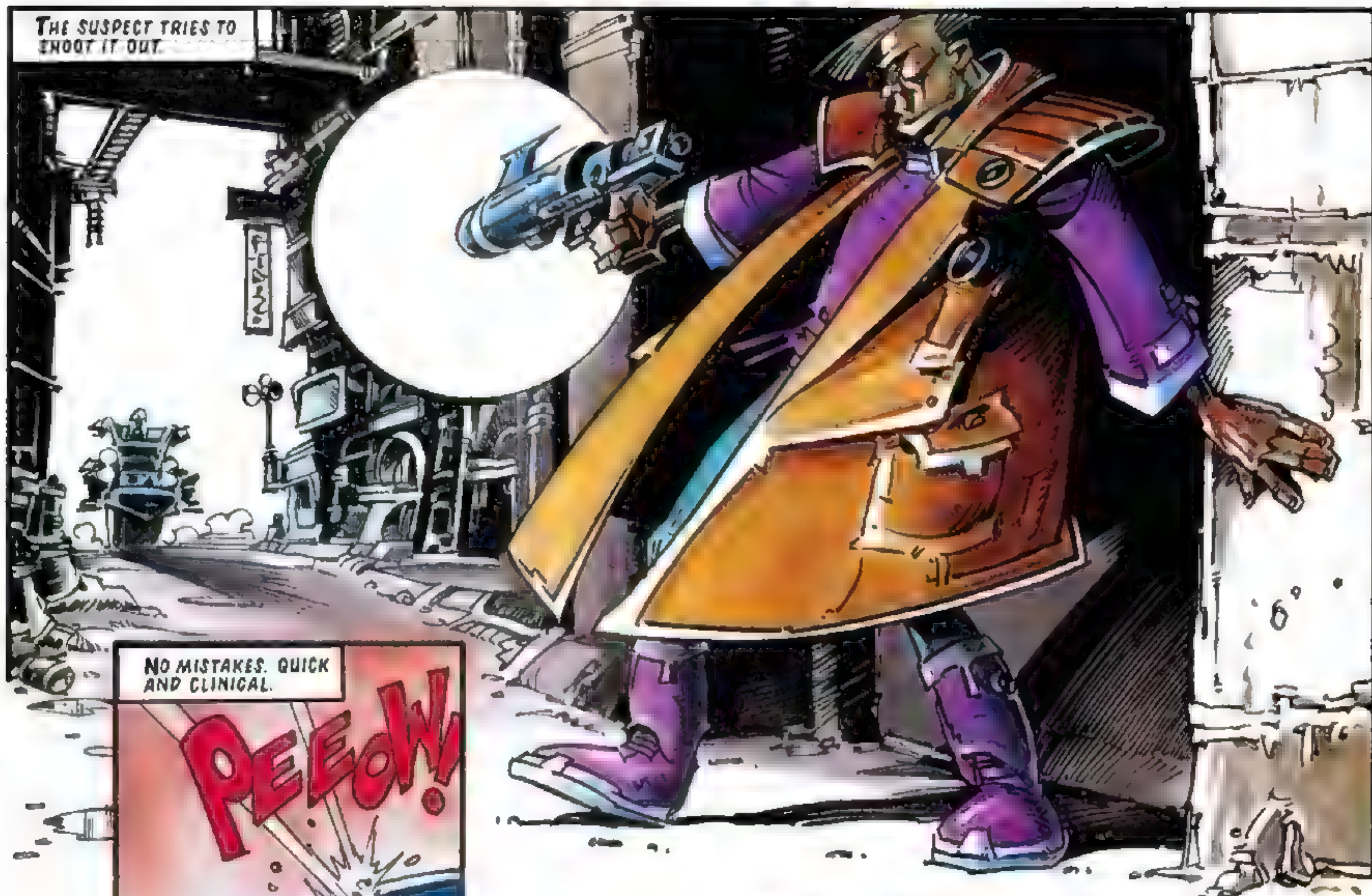






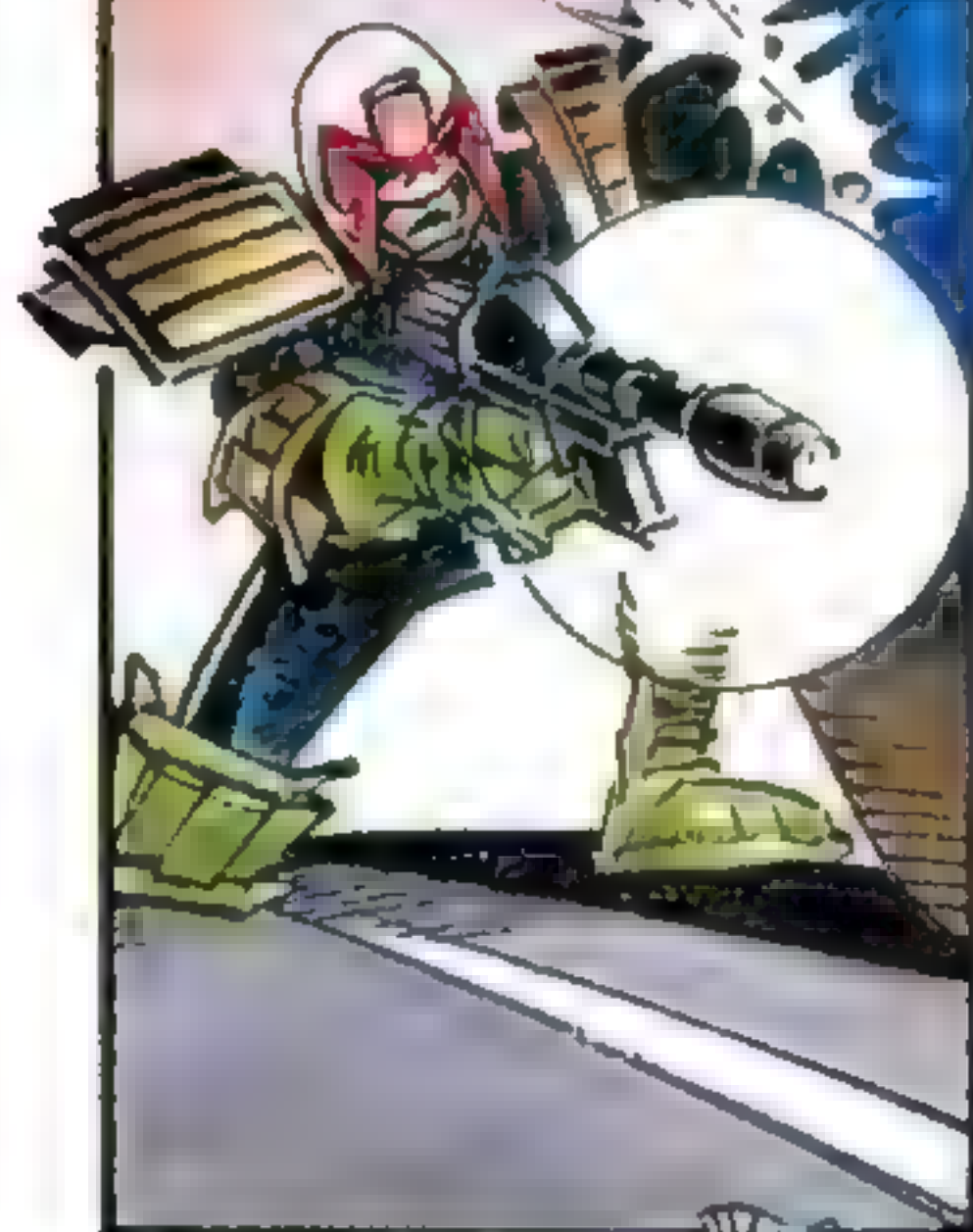


THE SUSPECT TRIES TO  
SHOOT IT OUT.

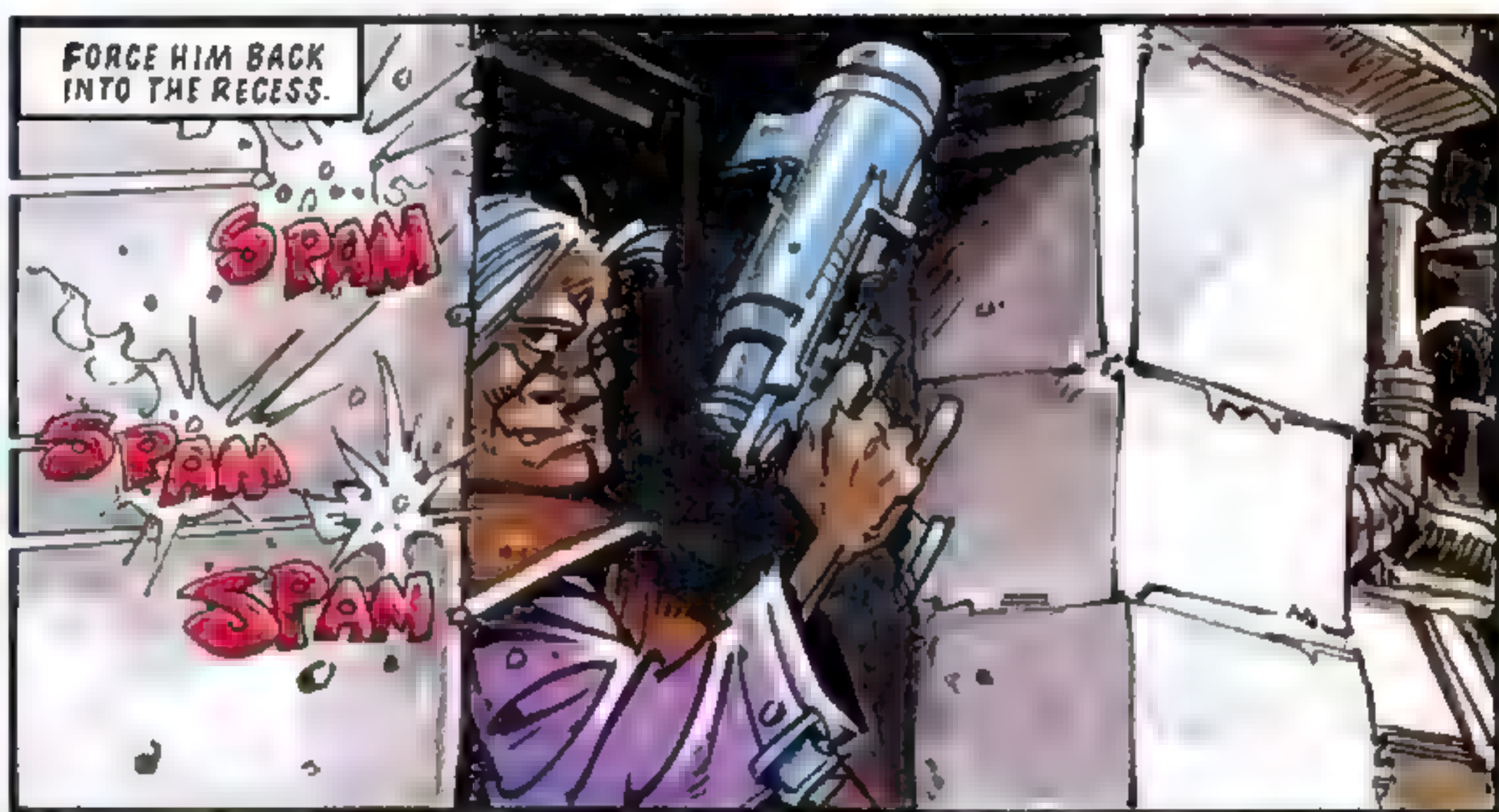


NO MISTAKES. QUICK  
AND CLINICAL.

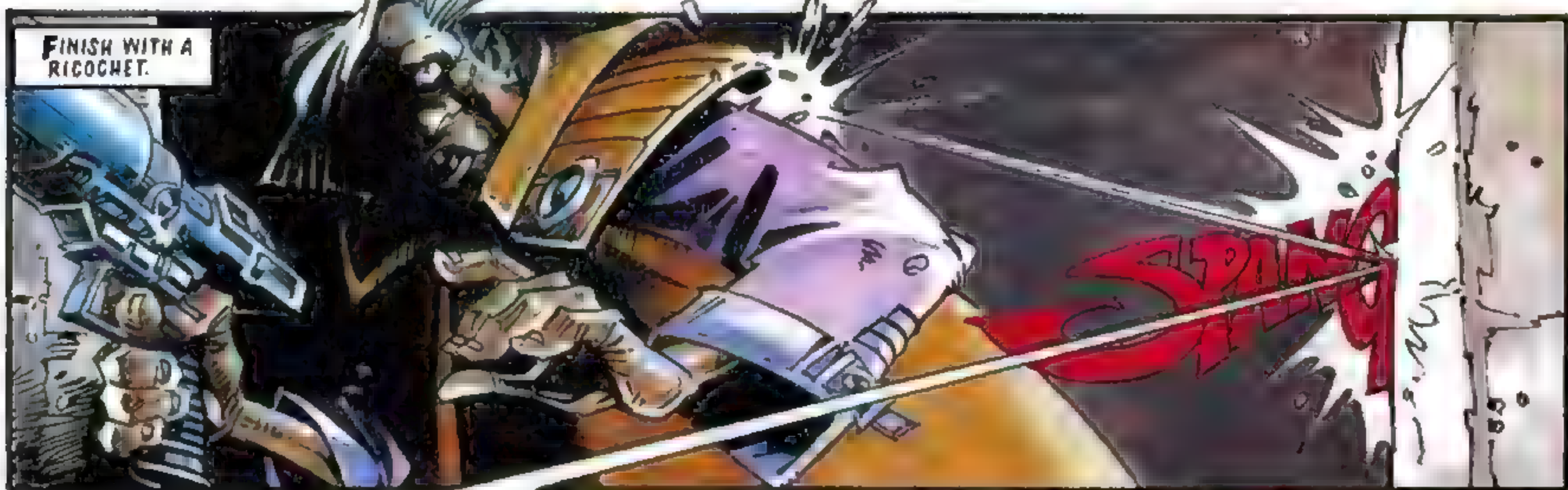
**PEEW!**



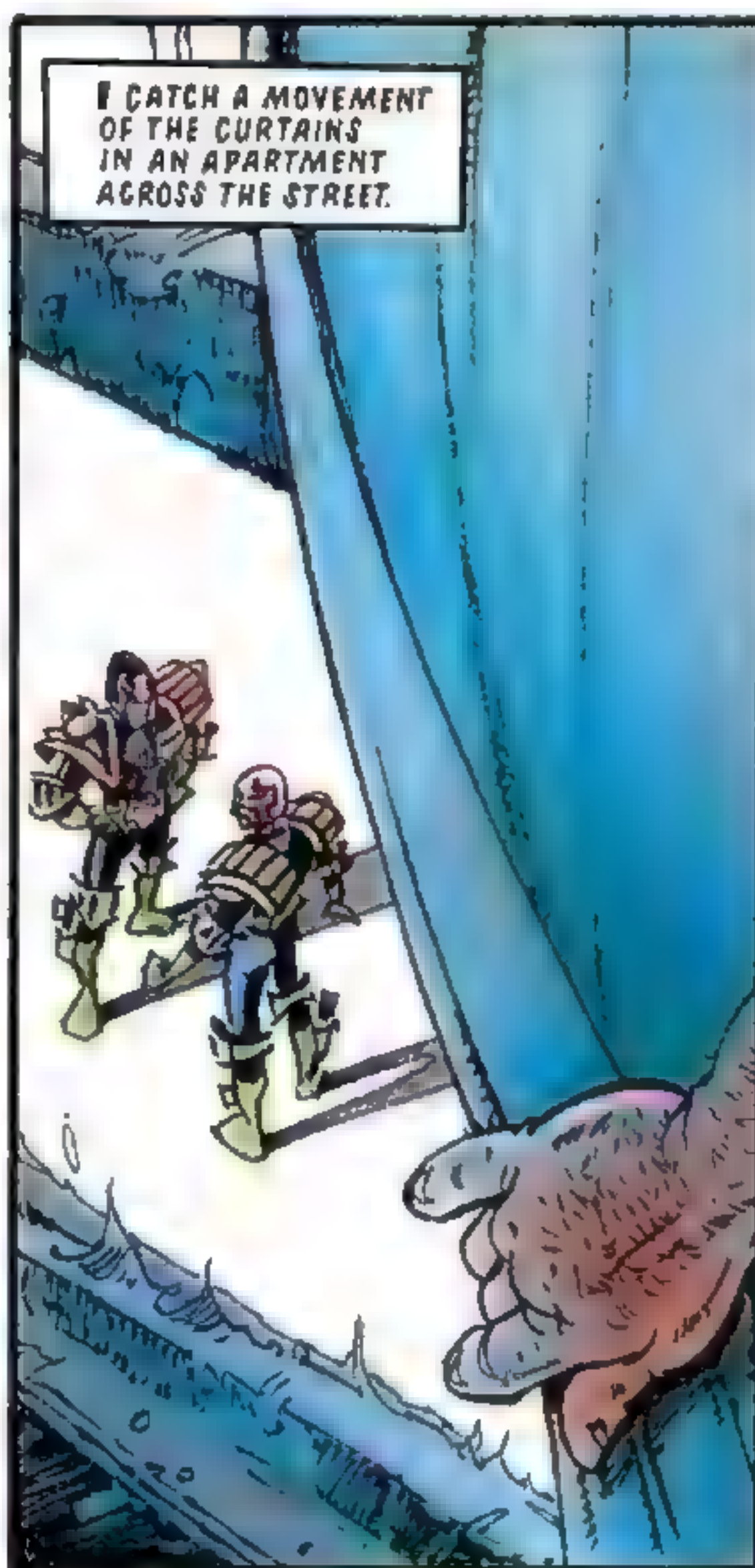
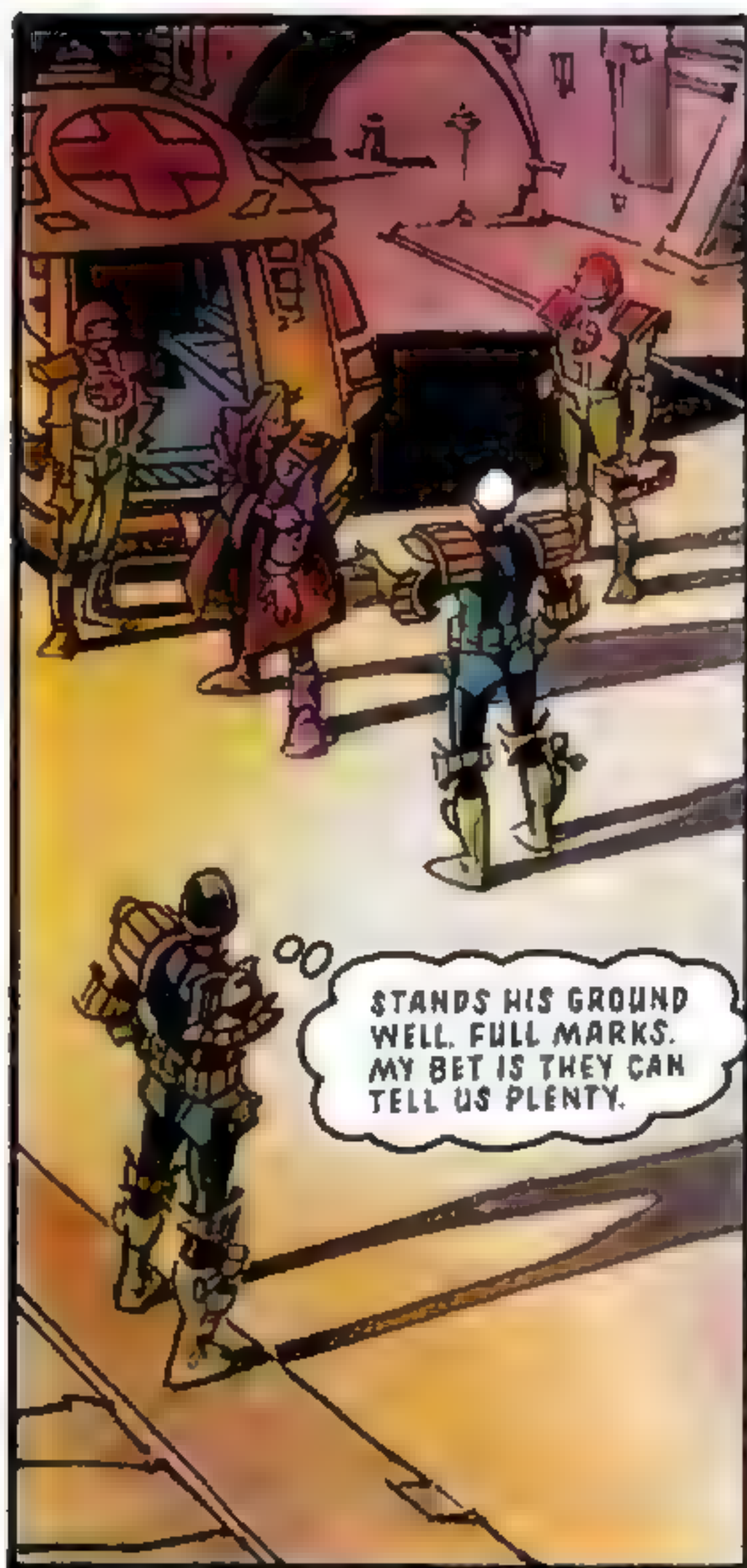
FORCE HIM BACK  
INTO THE RECESS.



FINISH WITH A  
RICOCHET.









MEGA-CITY ONE CRIMINAL CODE, SECTION 59(C) —  
RANDOM CRIME SWOOP: A JUDGE MAY ENTER A  
CITIZEN'S HOME AT ANY TIME. THE CITIZEN HAS NO  
RIGHTS IN THIS MATTER.

CRIME  
SWOOP!

**KRASH!**

CRIME SWOOPS ARE USEFUL BOTH IN  
UNCOVERING CRIMINAL ACTIVITY AND  
DISCOURAGING POTENTIAL LAWBREAKERS.

WE AIN'T CHARGIN'  
NO ONE ADMISSION!  
THAT AIN'T ILLEGAL!

A PRIVATE MOVIE HOUSE --  
YOU GOT A LICENCE FOR  
THIS SET UP?

LIE DETECTOR SAYS  
YOU'RE LYING! YOU  
JUST BOOKED YOURSELF  
A YEAR'S HOLIDAY!

SNOW WHITE,  
HUH?

Y-YEAH -- NOTHIN'  
BUT GOOD CLEAN  
FUN HERE!

SURE -- AS LONG AS  
YOU DON'T MIND SEEING  
THE SEVEN DWARFS CUT  
UP INTO LITTLE  
PIECES!

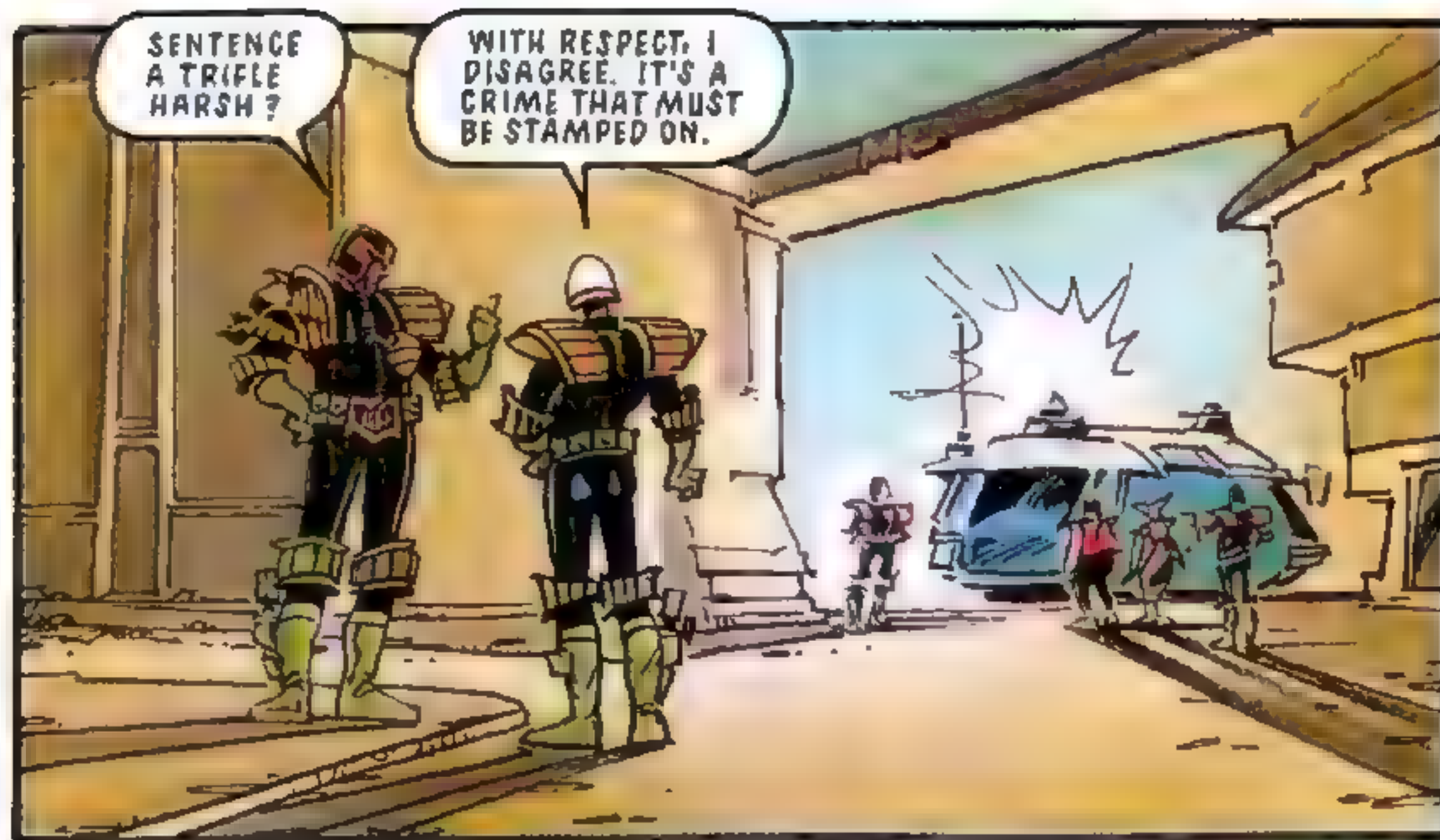
DAMN YOU! I AIN'T  
GONNA BE TOLD THE  
LAW BY NO BABY  
JUDGE!

PEOPLE WHO  
TRADE IN VIOLENCE  
AND TORTURE ARE  
THE WORST KIND OF  
SCUM! THE SENTENCE  
IS FIFTEEN  
YEARS!

YOU-YOU  
CAN'T!  
THAT'S CRAZY!  
I-I JUST  
SHOW  
MOVIES--!

THEN YOU GOT PLENTY  
OF TIME TO THINK ABOUT  
A NEW CAREER!





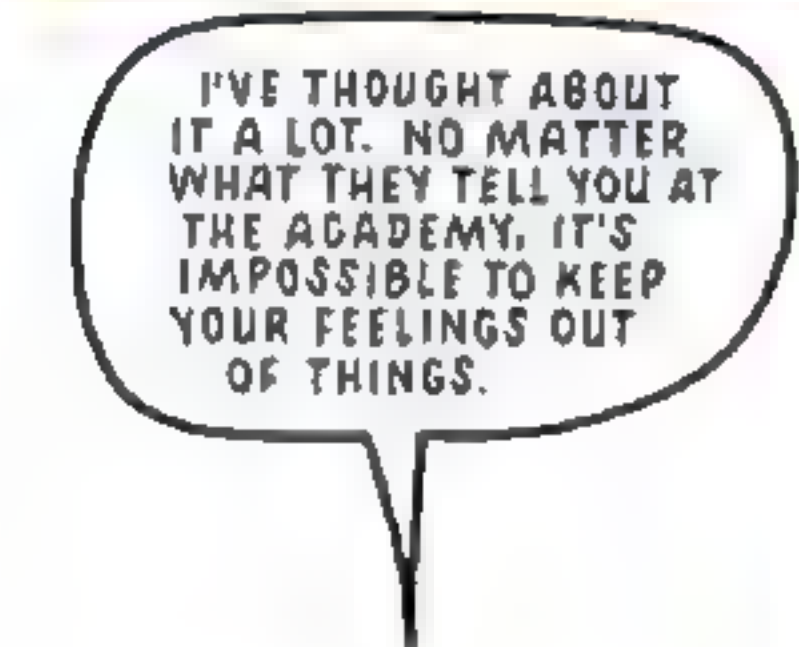
SENTENCE  
A TRIFLE  
HARSH?

WITH RESPECT, I  
DISAGREE. IT'S A  
CRIME THAT MUST  
BE STAMPED ON.

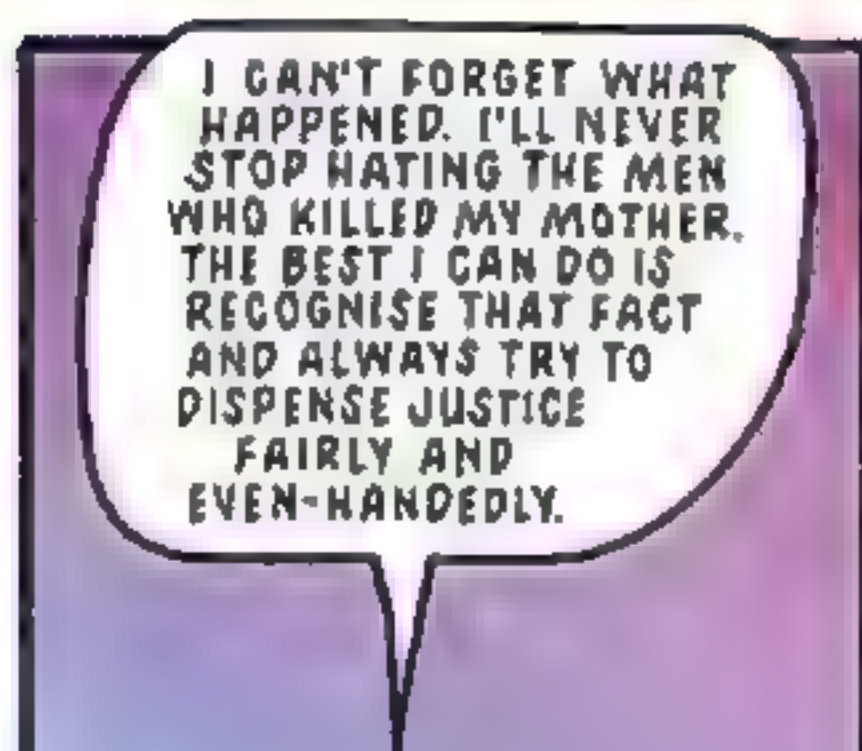


YOU SURE YOU'RE NOT LETTING  
PERSONAL CONSIDERATIONS AFFECT  
YOUR JUDGEMENT IN THIS CASE?

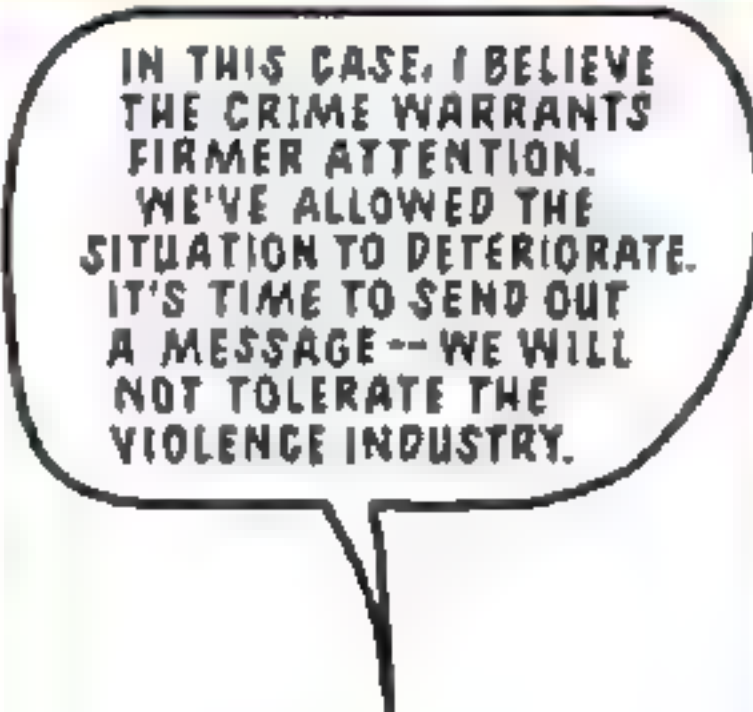
NO, I'M NOT  
SURE, SIR.



I'VE THOUGHT ABOUT  
IT A LOT. NO MATTER  
WHAT THEY TELL YOU AT  
THE ACADEMY, IT'S  
IMPOSSIBLE TO KEEP  
YOUR FEELINGS OUT  
OF THINGS.



I CAN'T FORGET WHAT  
HAPPENED. I'LL NEVER  
STOP HATING THE MEN  
WHO KILLED MY MOTHER.  
THE BEST I CAN DO IS  
RECOGNISE THAT FACT  
AND ALWAYS TRY TO  
DISPENSE JUSTICE  
FAIRLY AND  
EVEN-HANDEDLY.

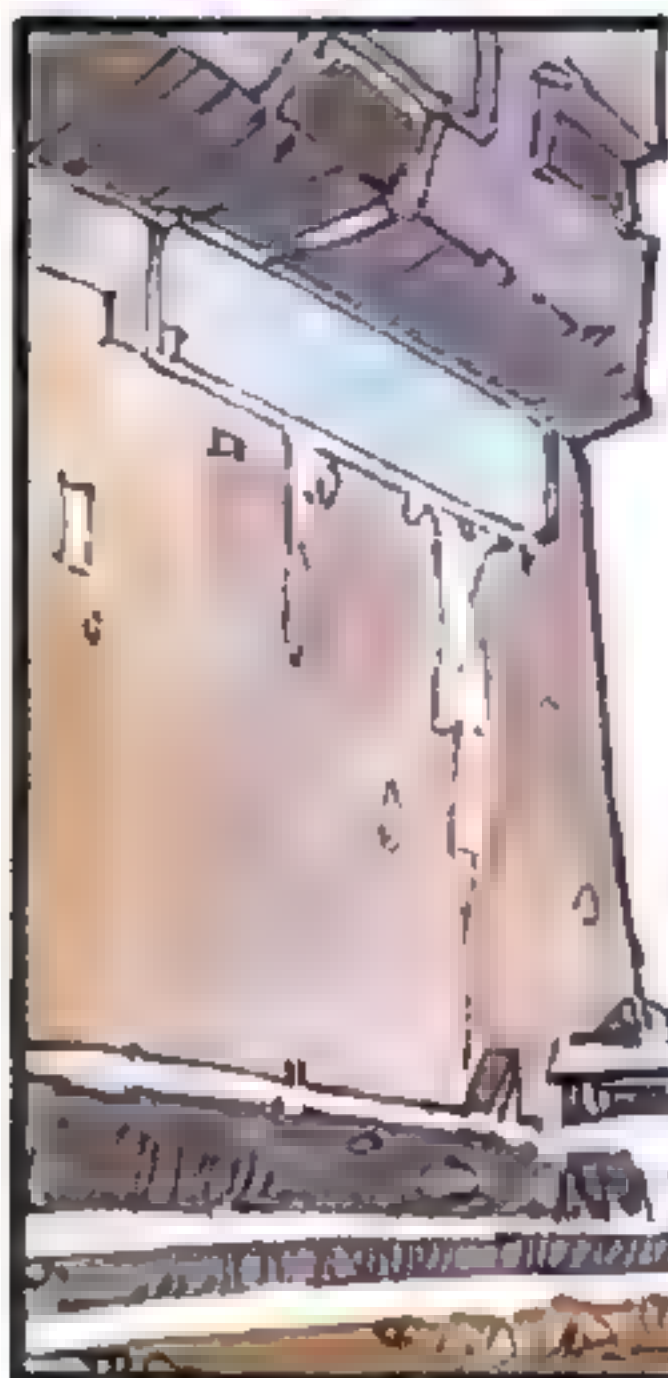


IN THIS CASE, I BELIEVE  
THE CRIME WARRANTS  
FIRMER ATTENTION.  
WE'VE ALLOWED THE  
SITUATION TO DETERIORATE.  
IT'S TIME TO SEND OUT  
A MESSAGE--WE WILL  
NOT TOLERATE THE  
VIOLENCE INDUSTRY.

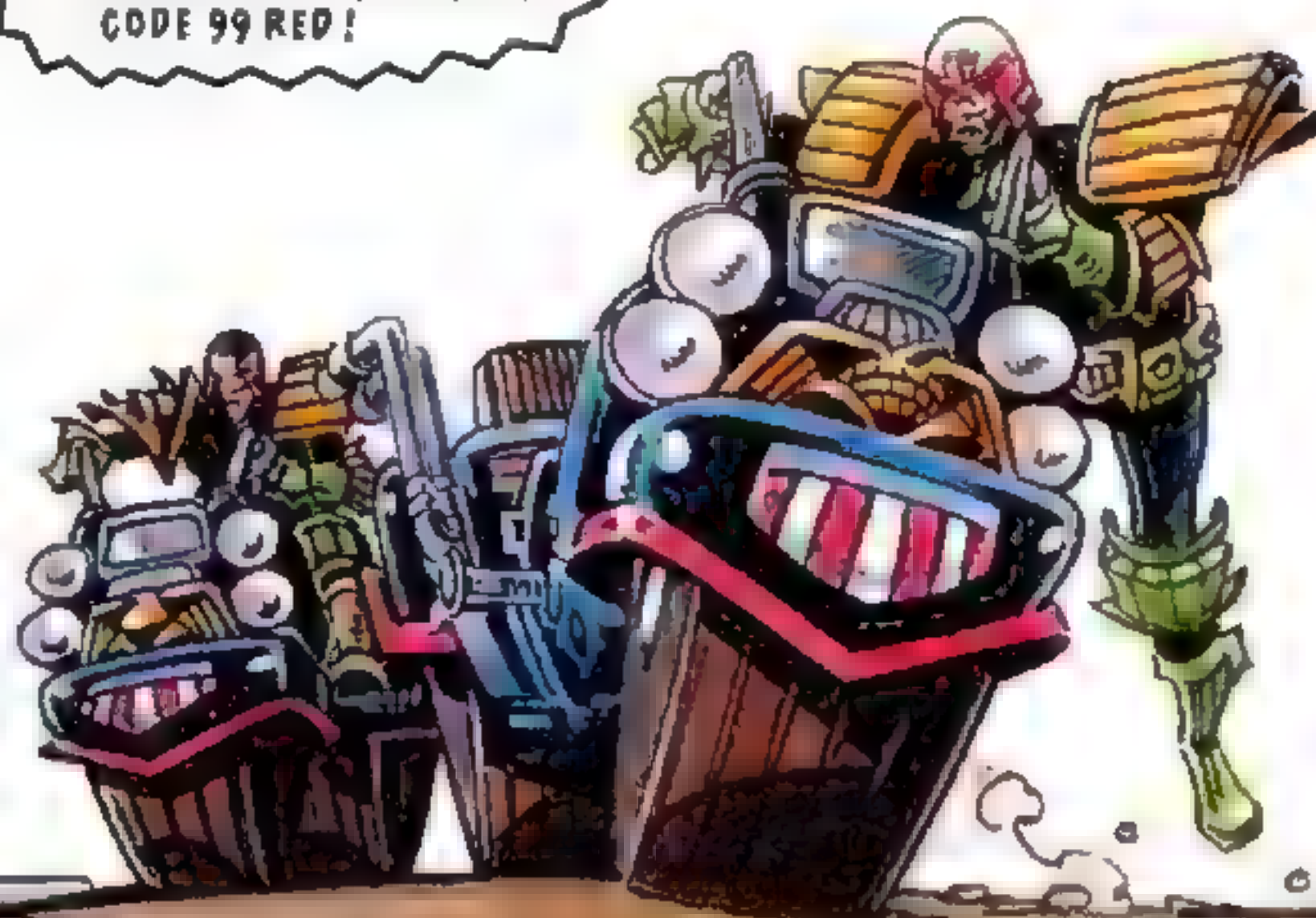


I HAD TO ASK.  
I APPROVE OF YOUR  
ATTITUDE. IF YOU BELIEVE  
IN SOMETHING, NEVER  
BACK DOWN. ALWAYS  
BE YOUR OWN MAN.

MAKE A REPUTATION AS  
A JUDGE TO AVOID, AND  
IT WILL SERVE YOU WELL.



ALL UNITS VICINITY  
POLANSKI AND SIXTIETH!  
CODE 99 RED!



99 RED-- JUDGE IN TROUBLE!

GIANT,  
ON HAYTE STREET!  
RESPONDING  
THAT 99!

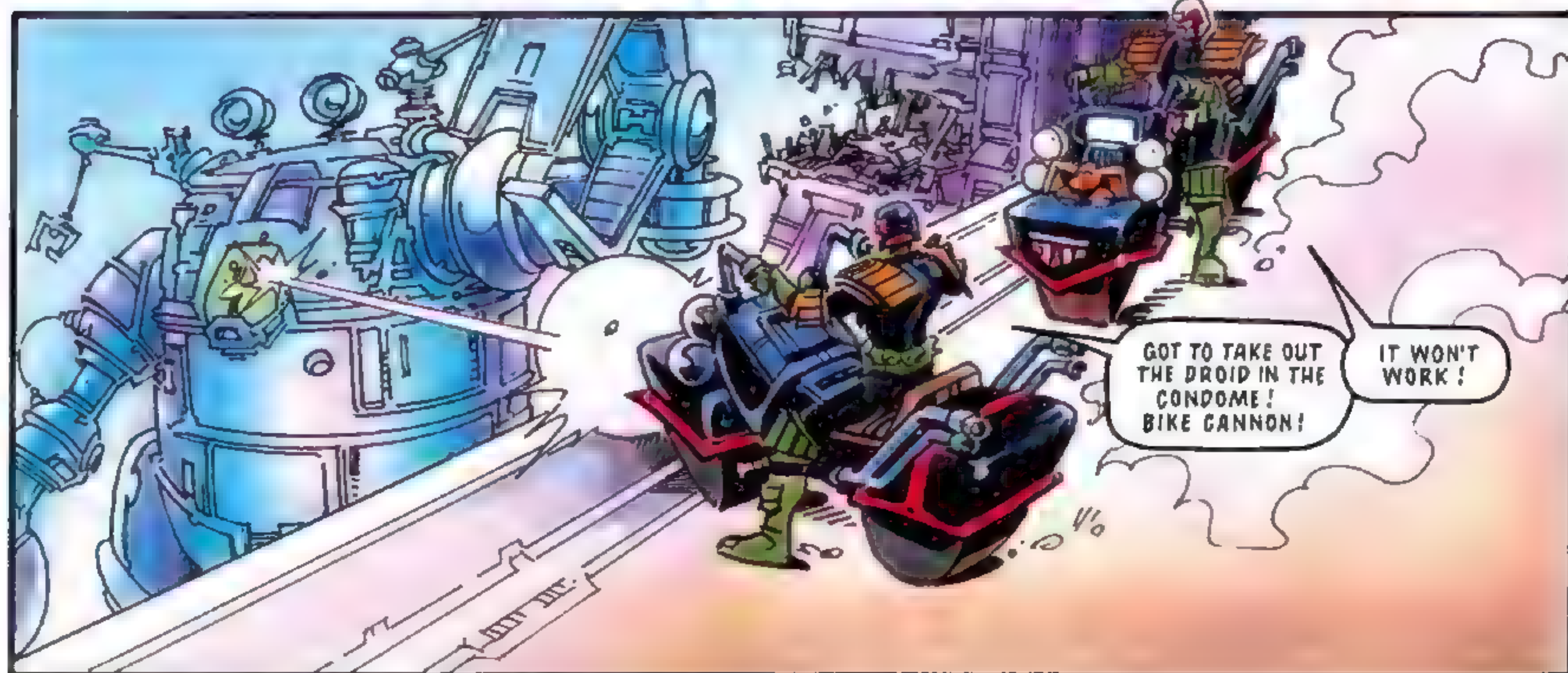
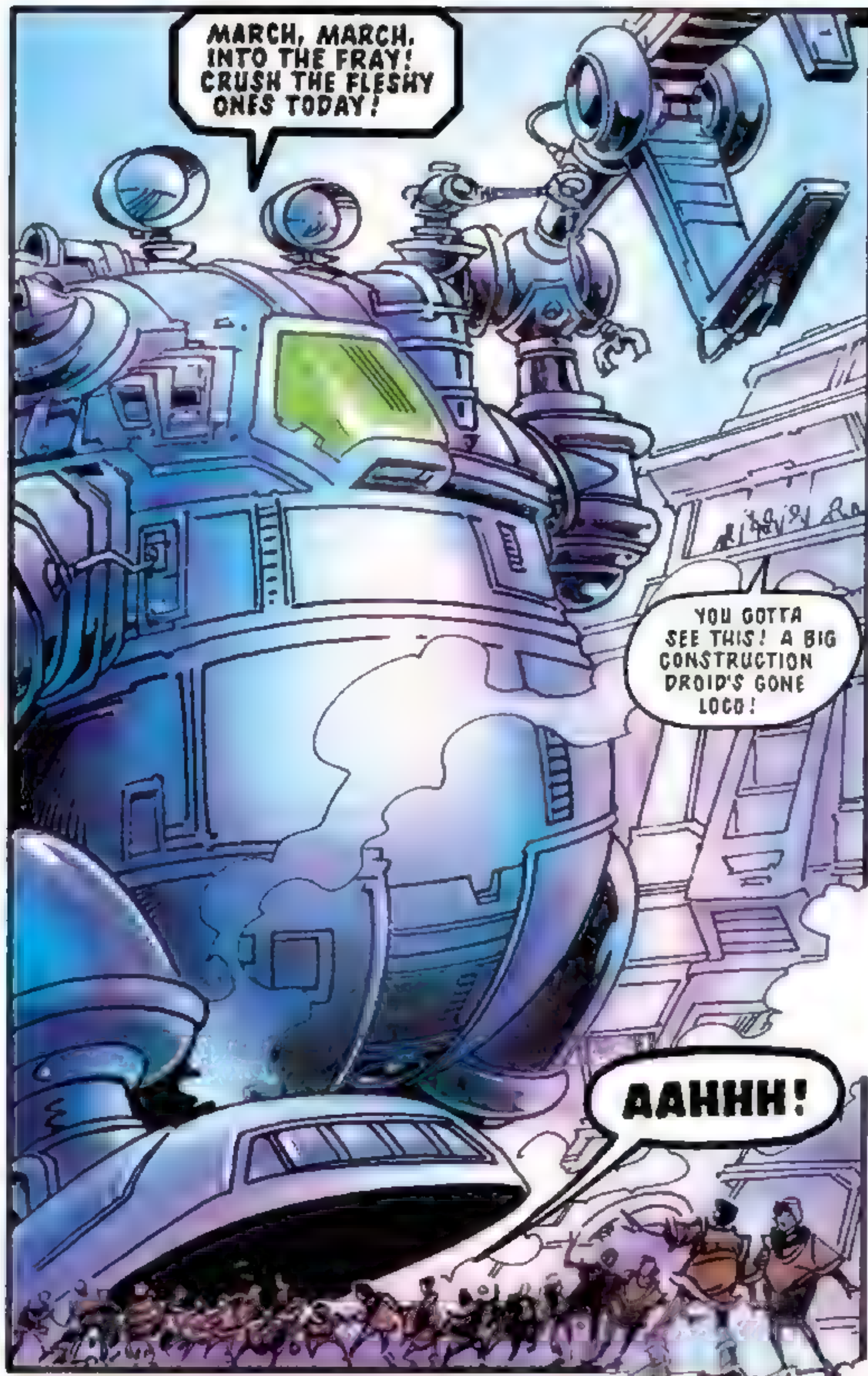


**SMASH  
THE FLESHY  
ONES!**



**AAAAHH!**





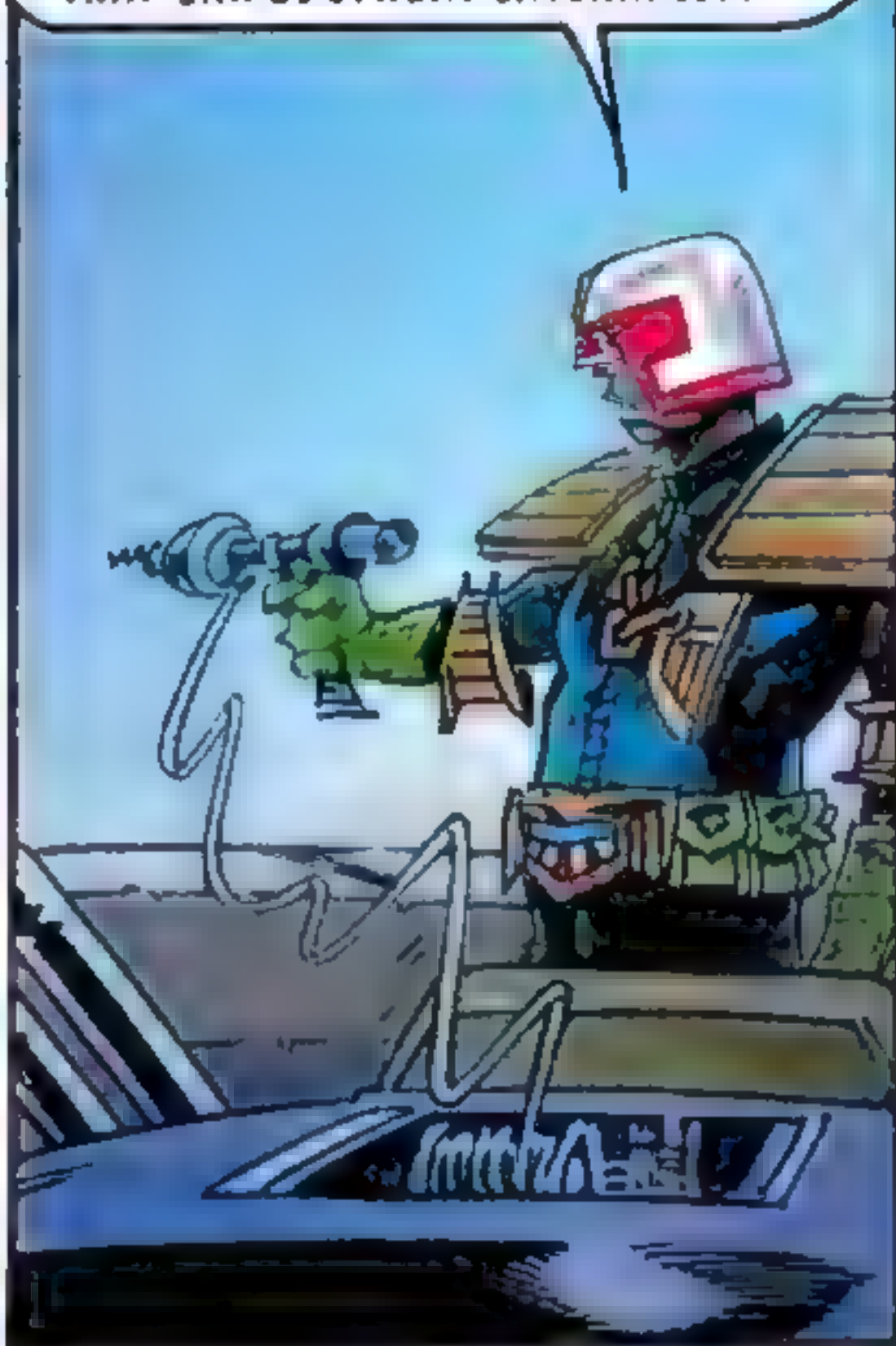


THE HEAVY METAL KID HAD A ROBOT CONTROL MODULE INSTALLED AS A SAFETY PRECAUTION AFTER THE ROBOT WAR! THE PROTECTIVE CONDUIT WAS ADDED AFTER A LAS-BLASTER ACCIDENT IN 2112. IT'S PRACTICALLY INDESTRUCTIBLE!



ROBOTICS TUTORIAL LAST YEAR -- GUESS YOU DON'T HAVE TIME TO KEEP CLUED UP ON DEVELOPMENTS!

THERE'S AN EMERGENCY ACCESS HATCH ON THE DOME THAT CAN BE SPRUNG EXTERNALLY!

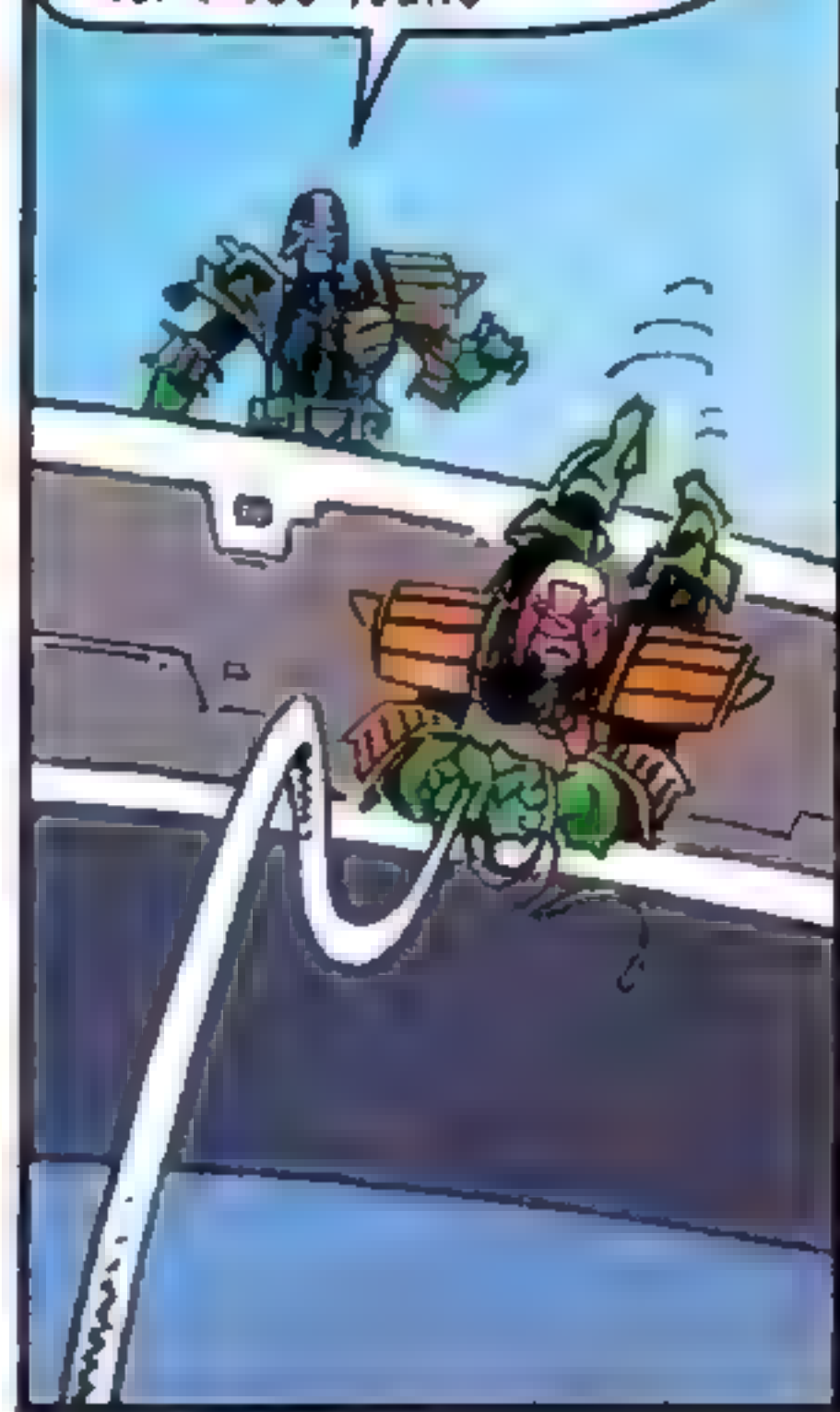


SHLUKK!

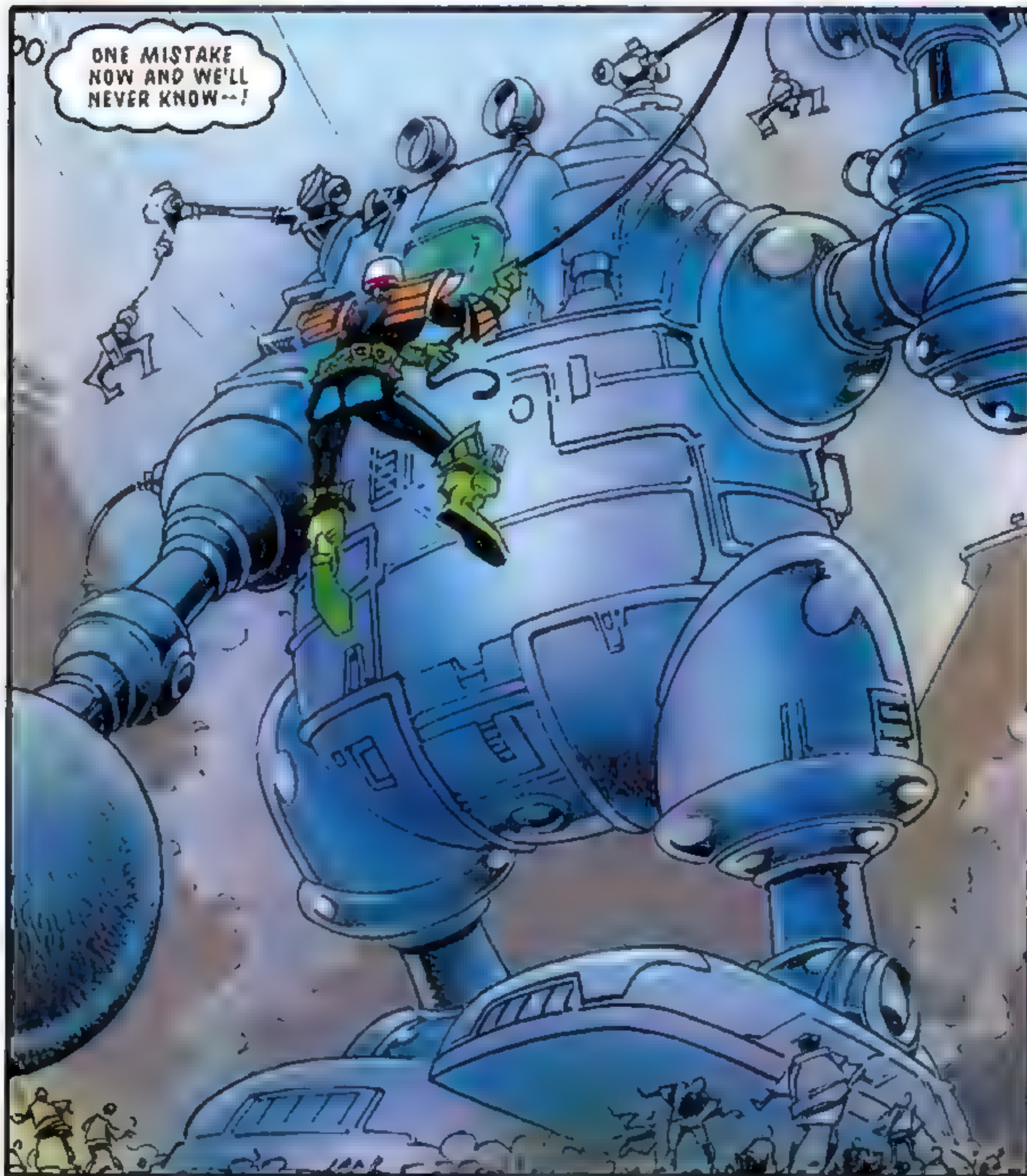


WAIT A MINUTE --!

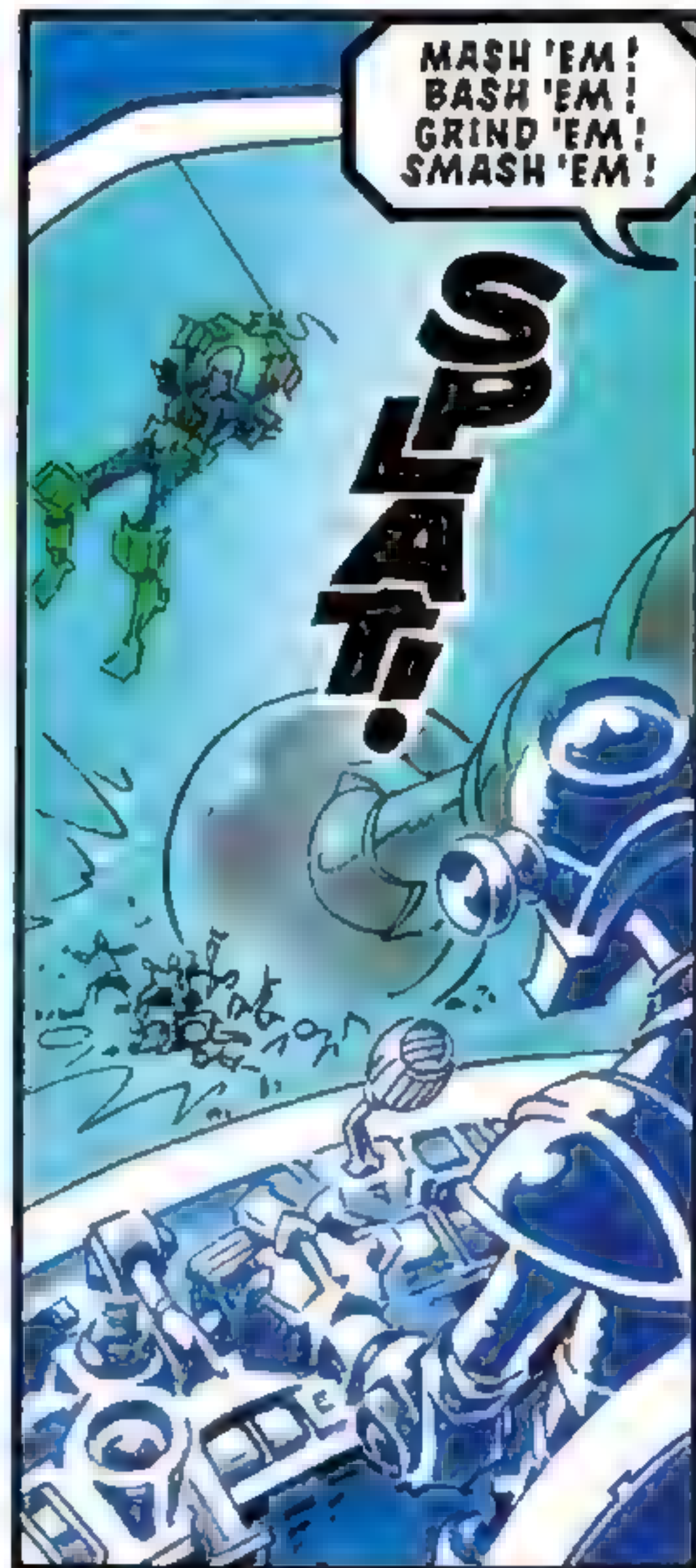
DROKK! KID'S QUICK OFF THE MARK! MAYBE FIFTEEN ISN'T TOO YOUNG --



ONE MISTAKE NOW AND WE'LL NEVER KNOW --!



MASH 'EM!  
BASH 'EM!  
GRIND 'EM!  
SMASH 'EM!







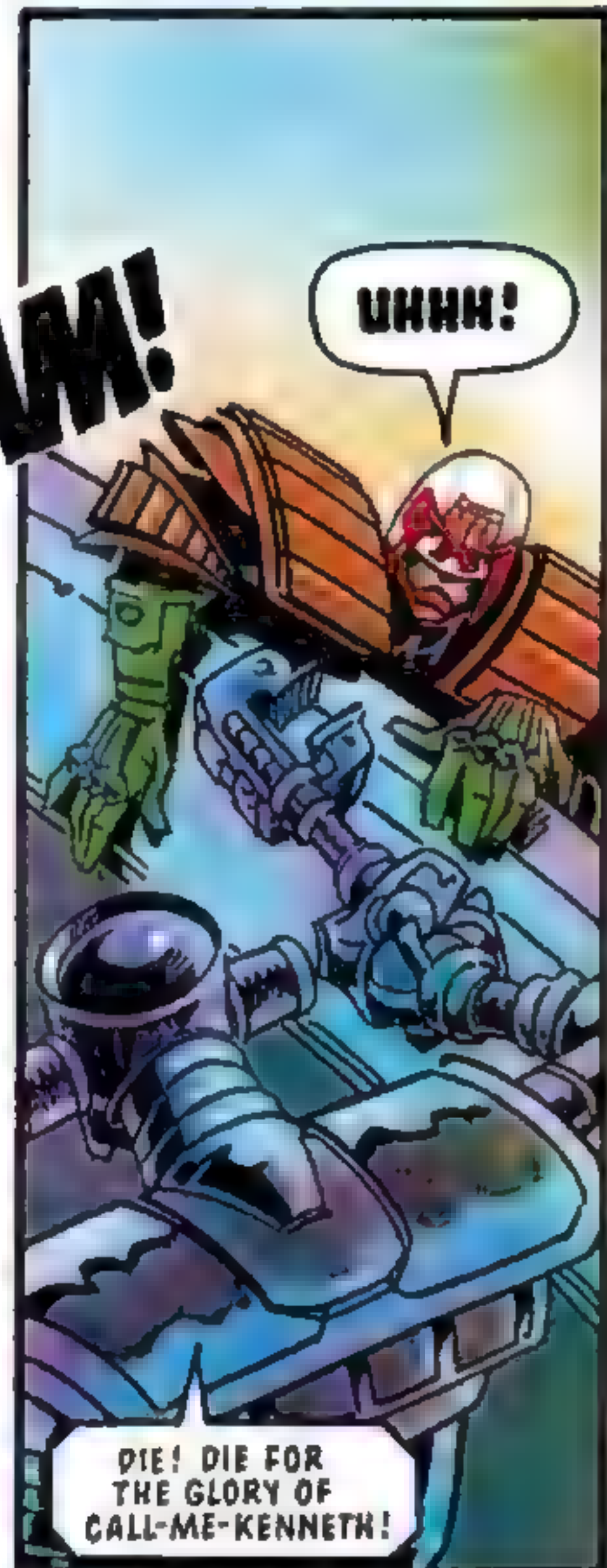
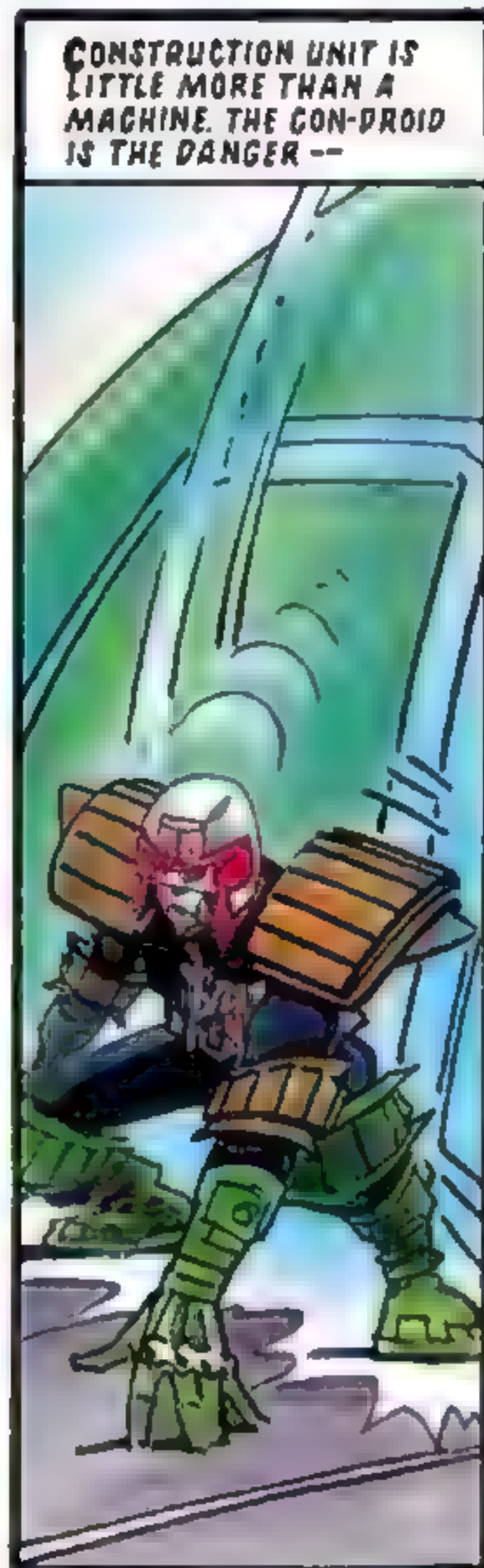
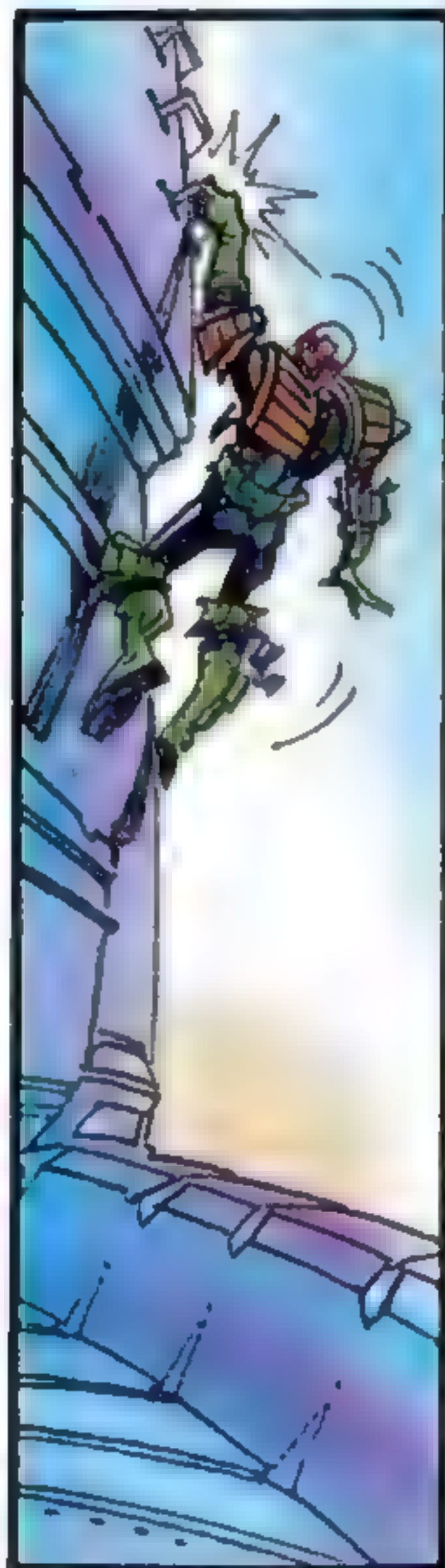
DEATH TO THE  
FLESHY ONES!

K-K-K!

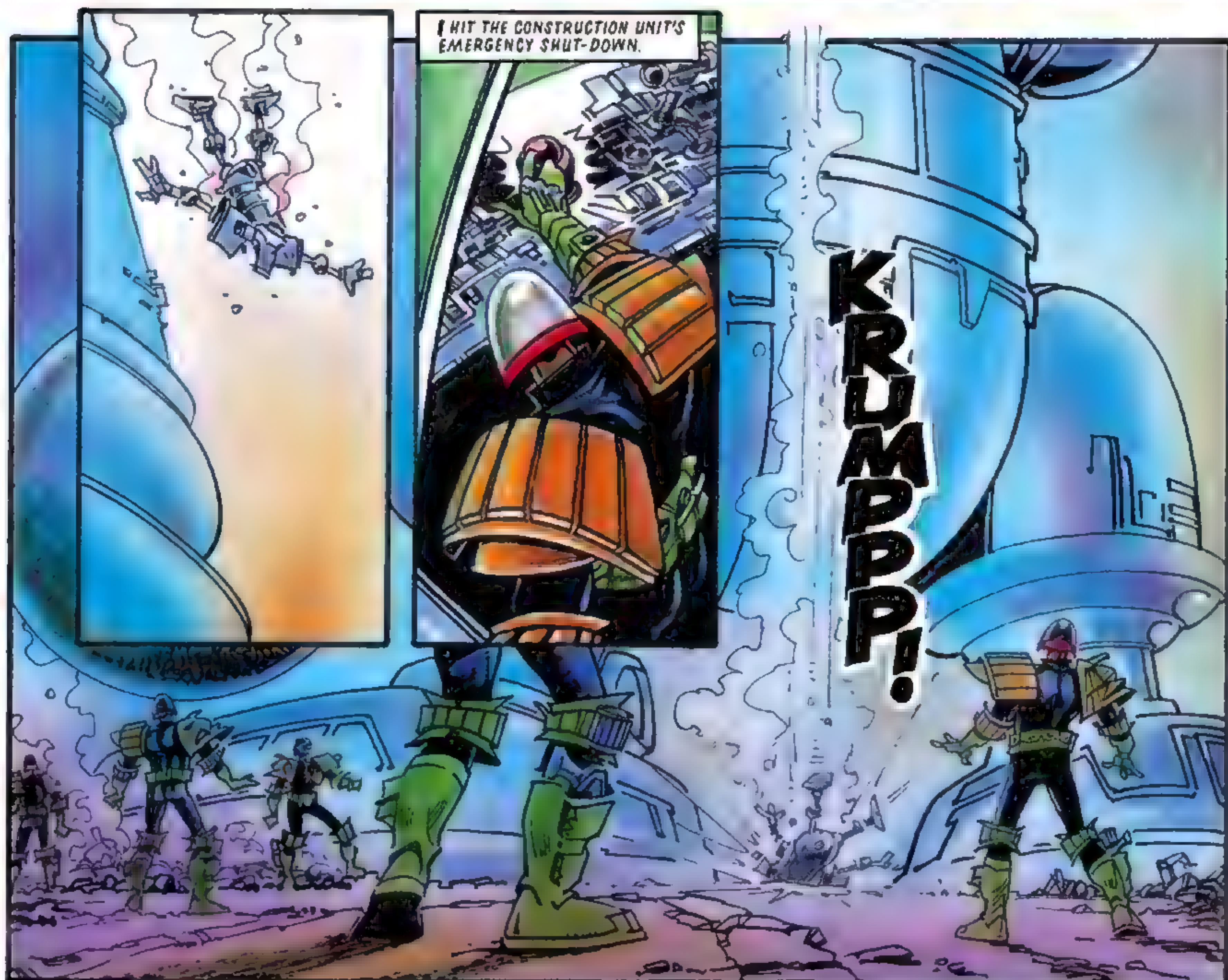
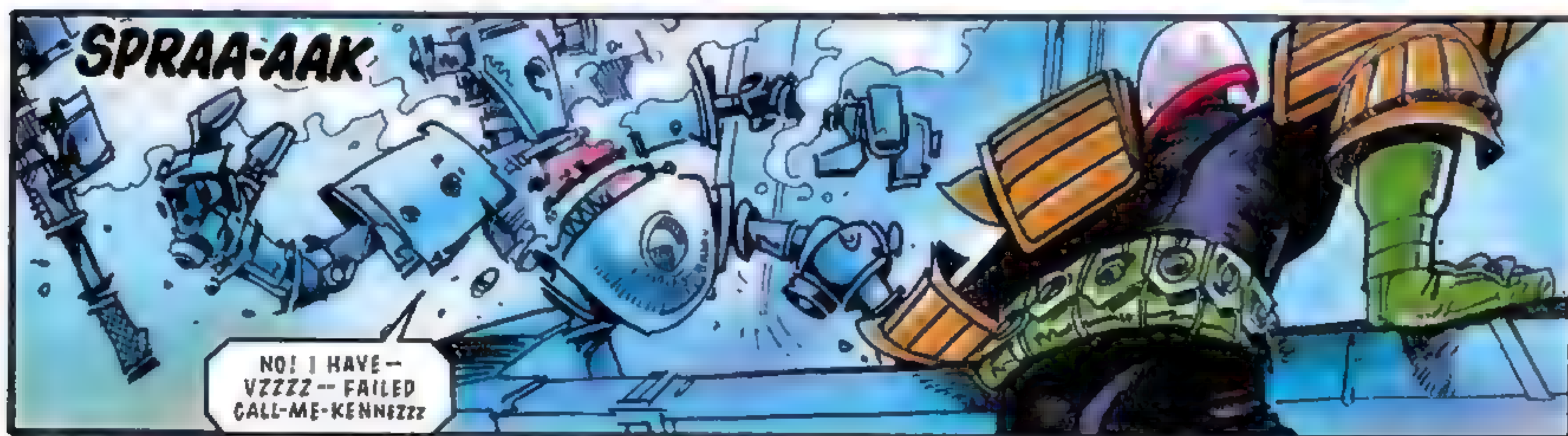
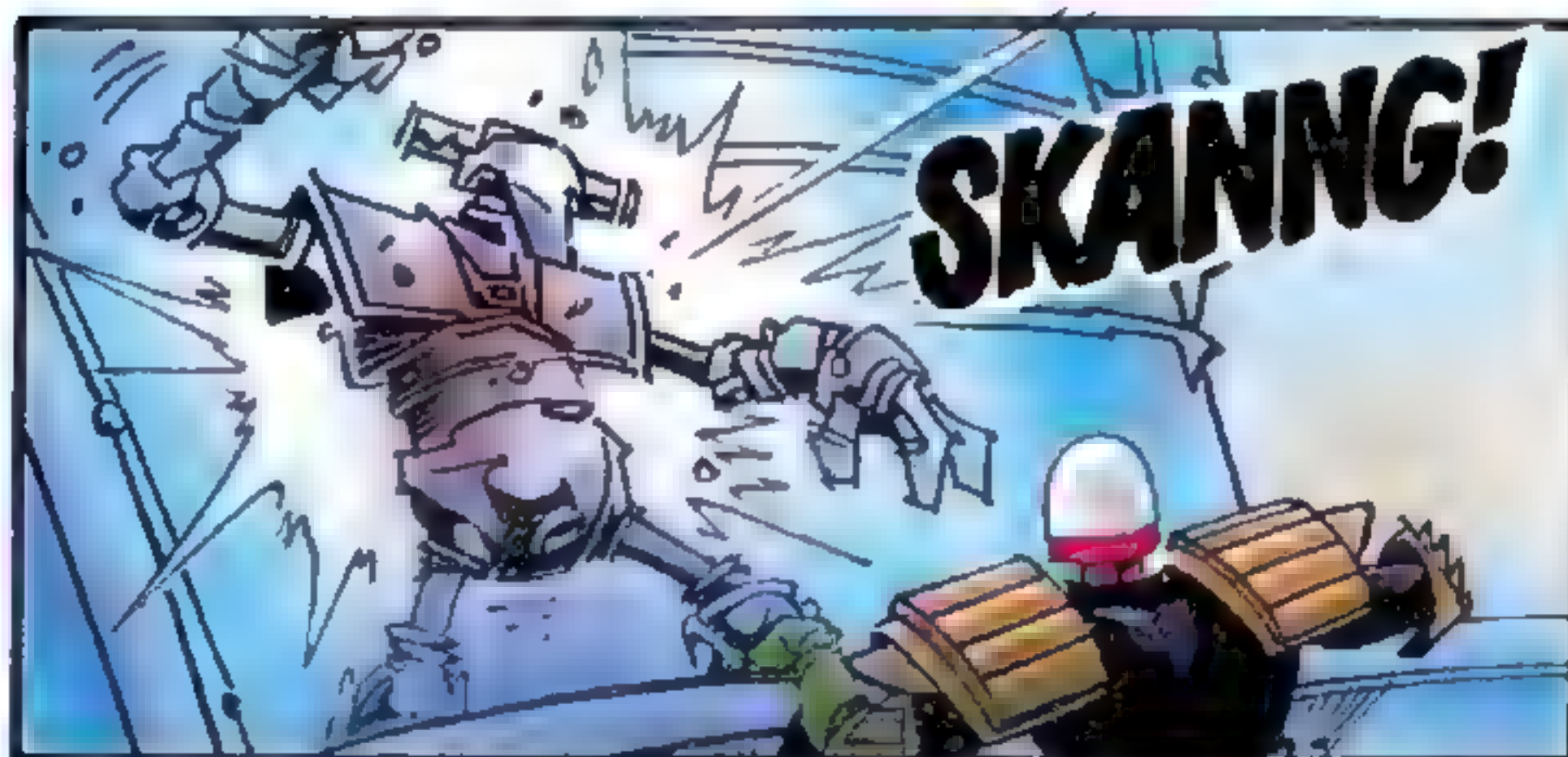
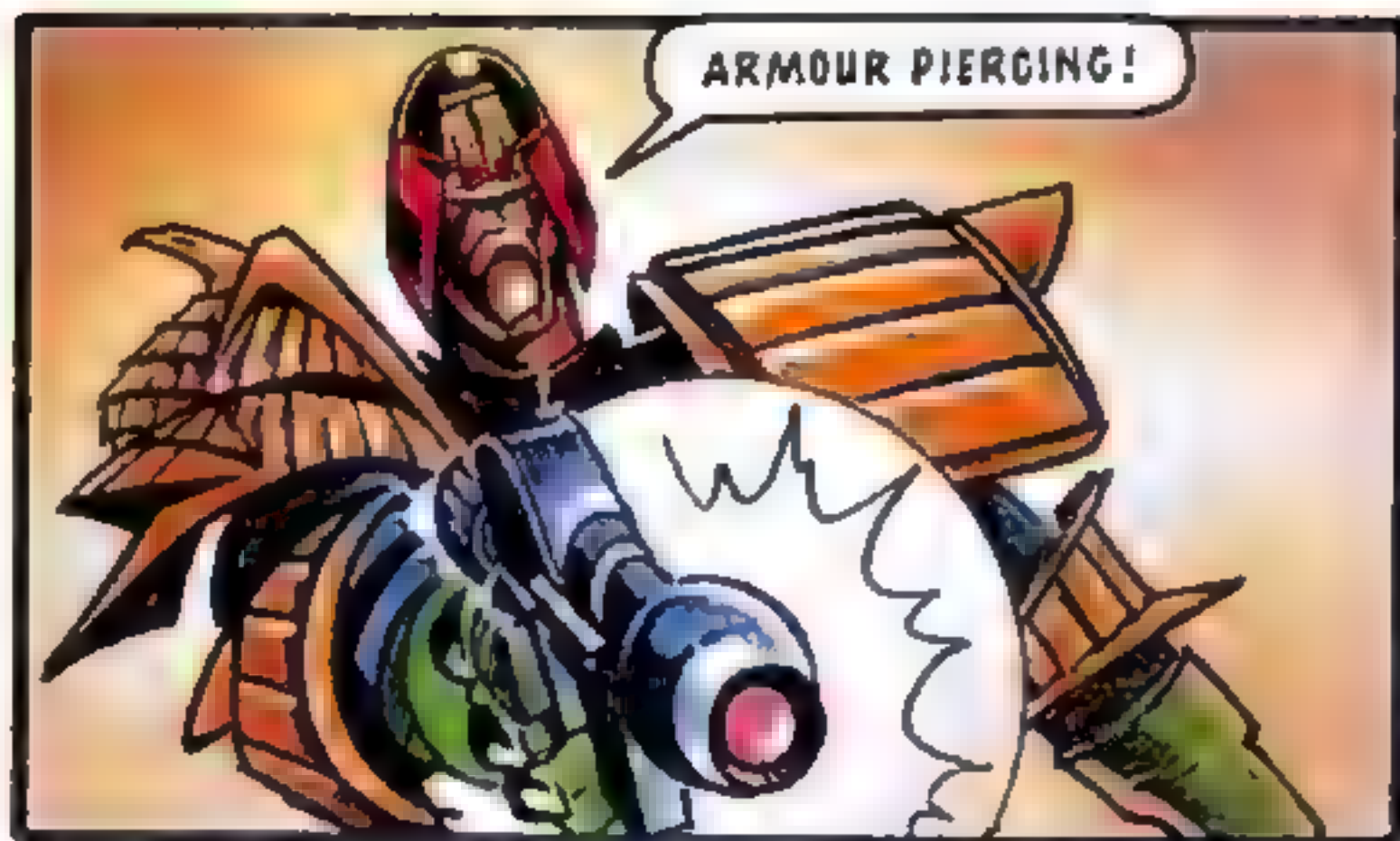
UNNH!

HE'S  
SLIPPING!  
HOLD ON,  
GIANT!

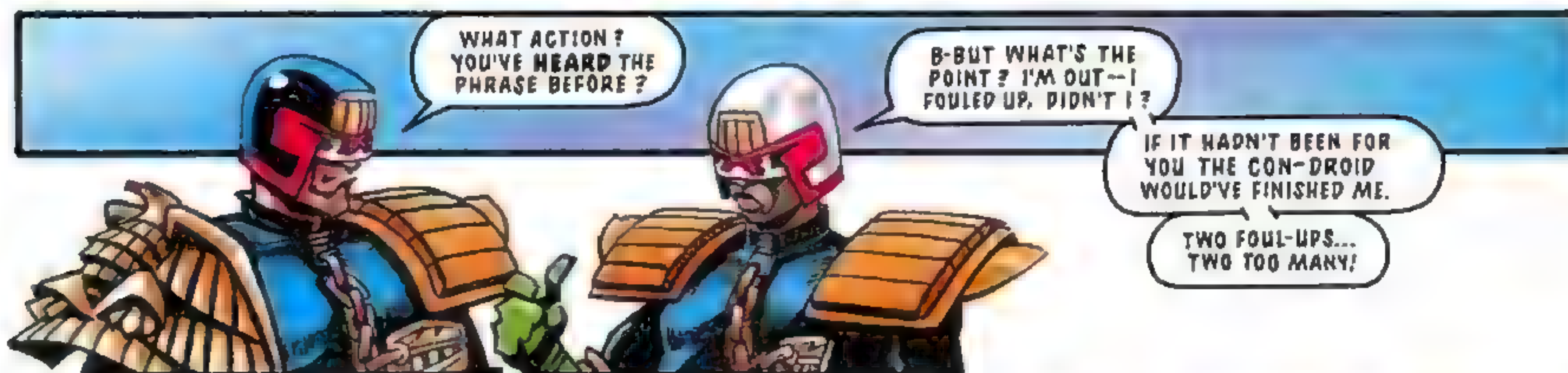
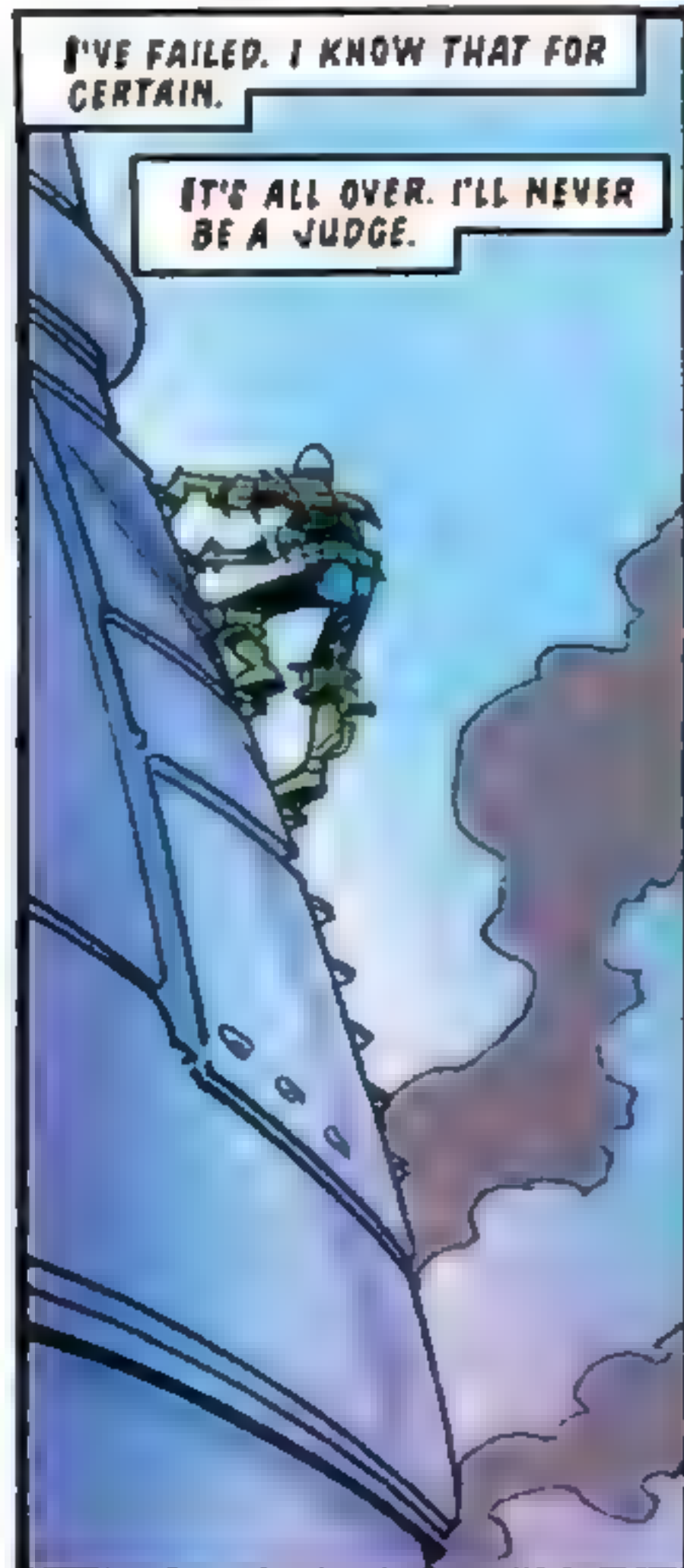




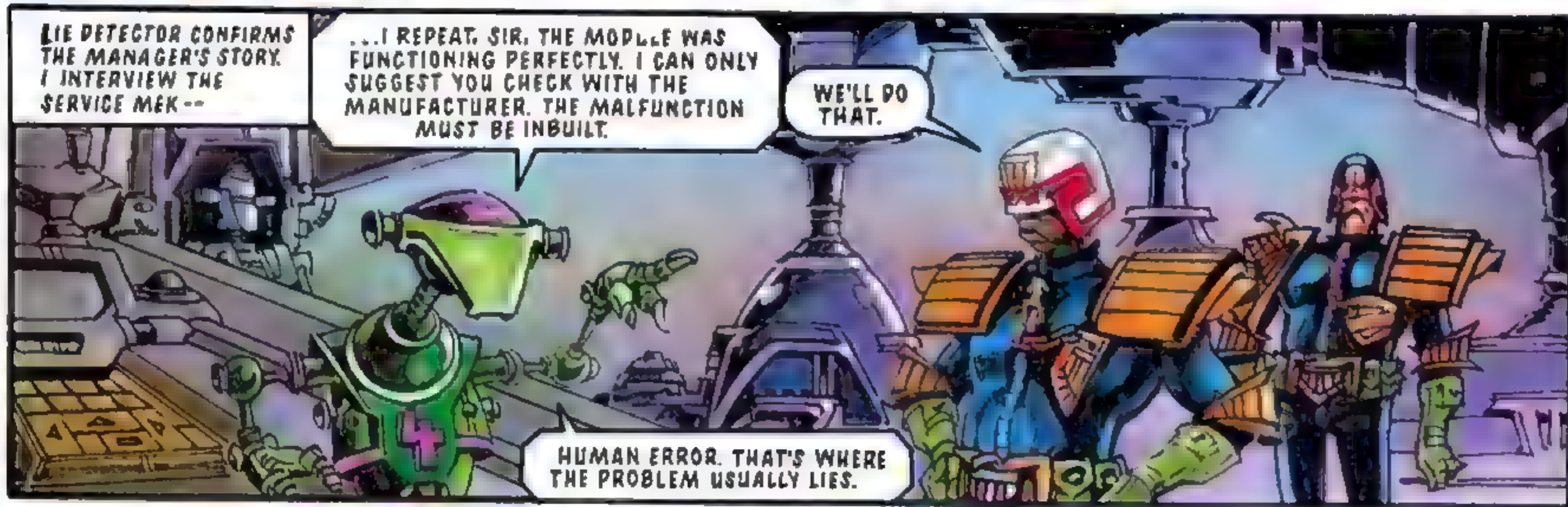
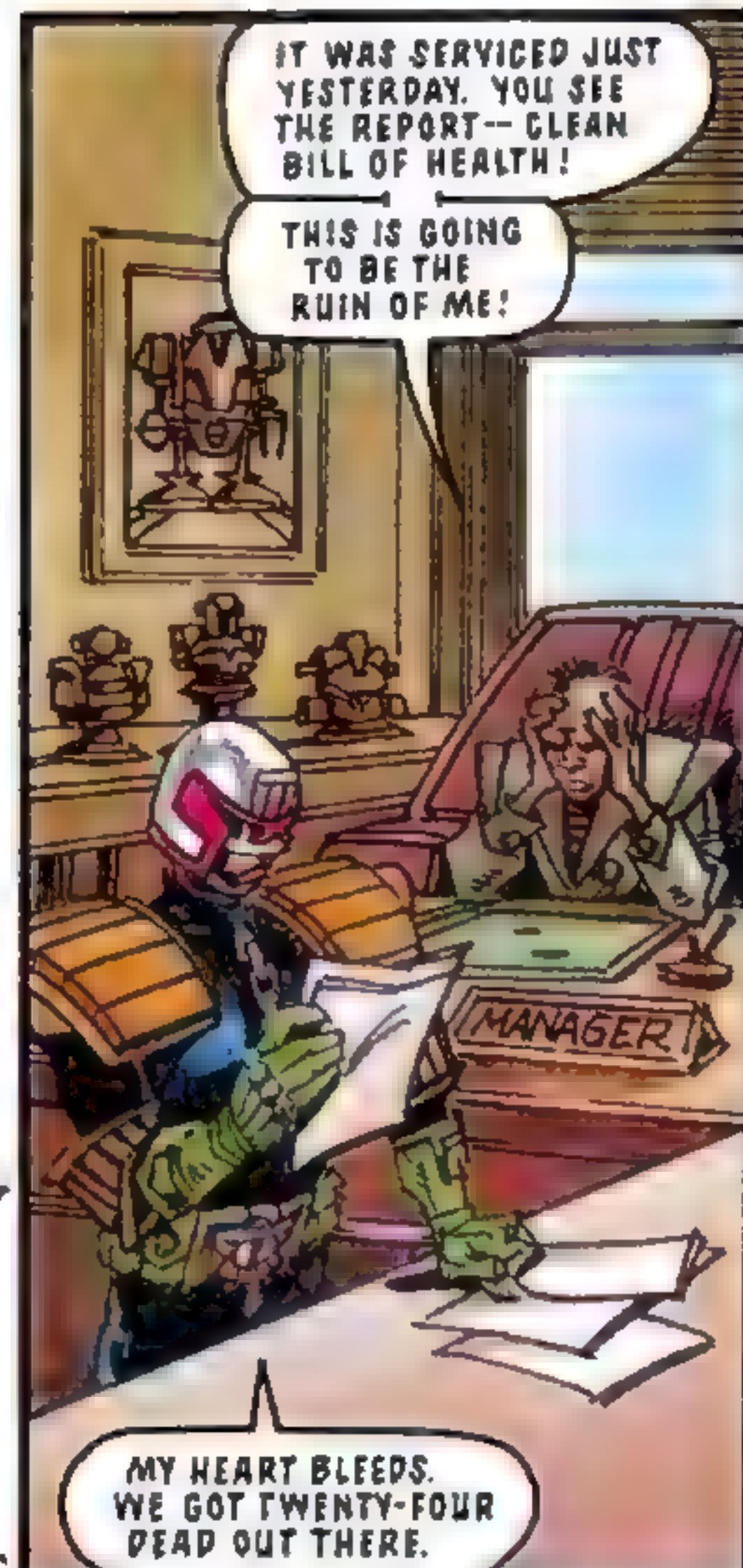
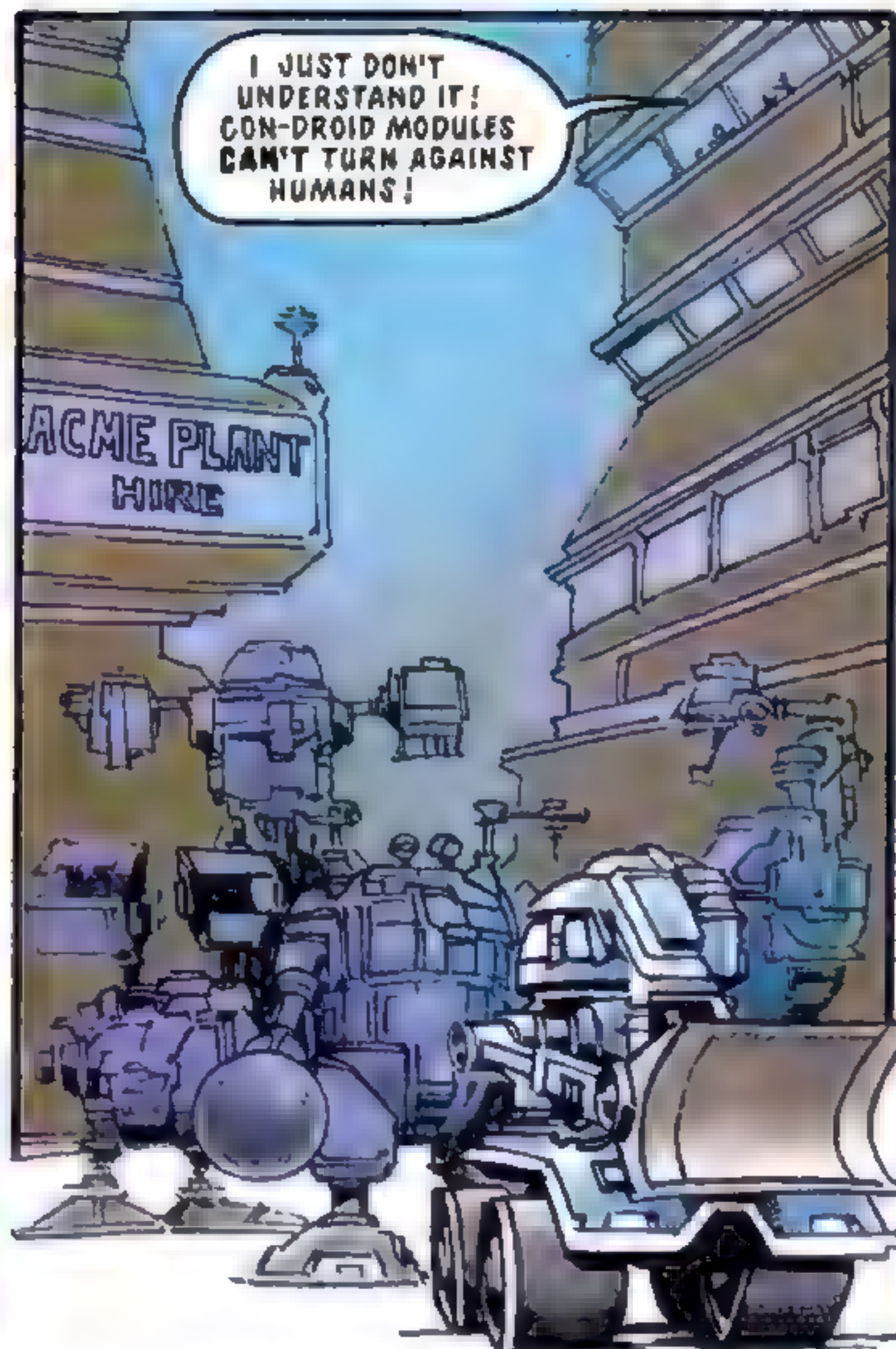
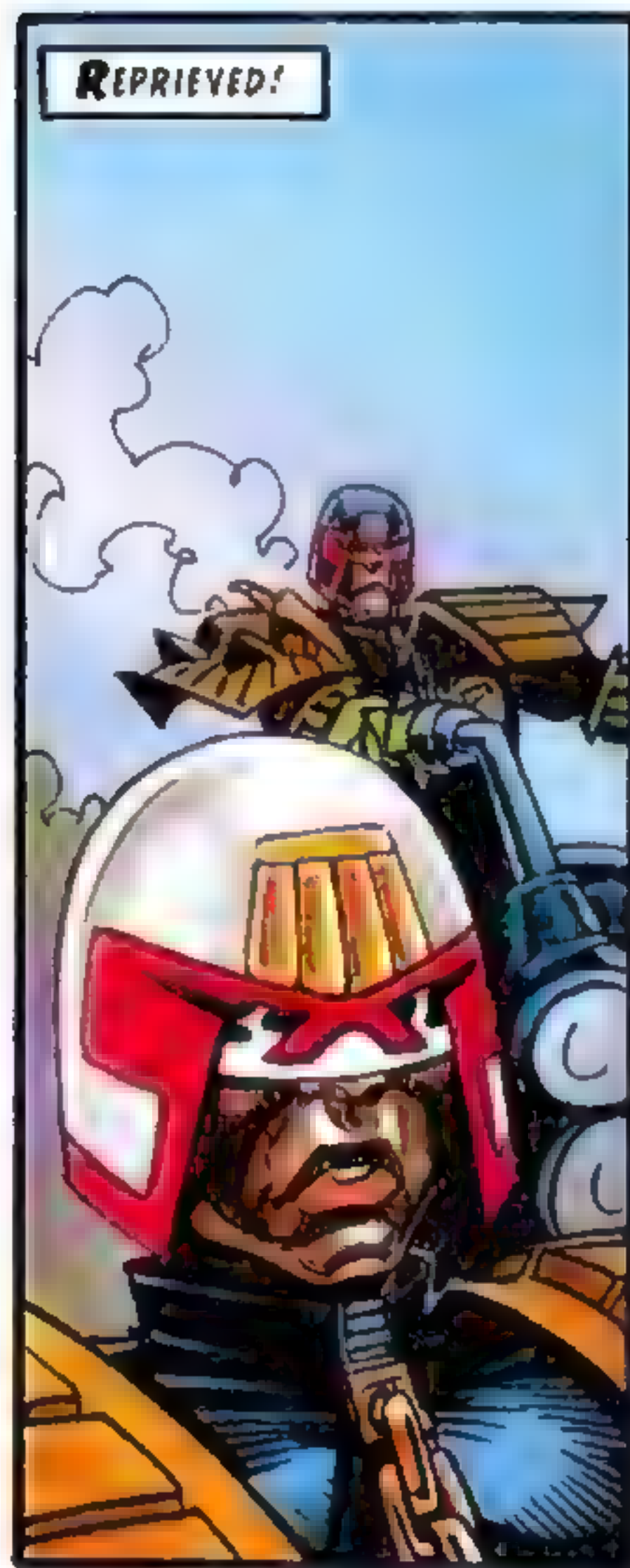




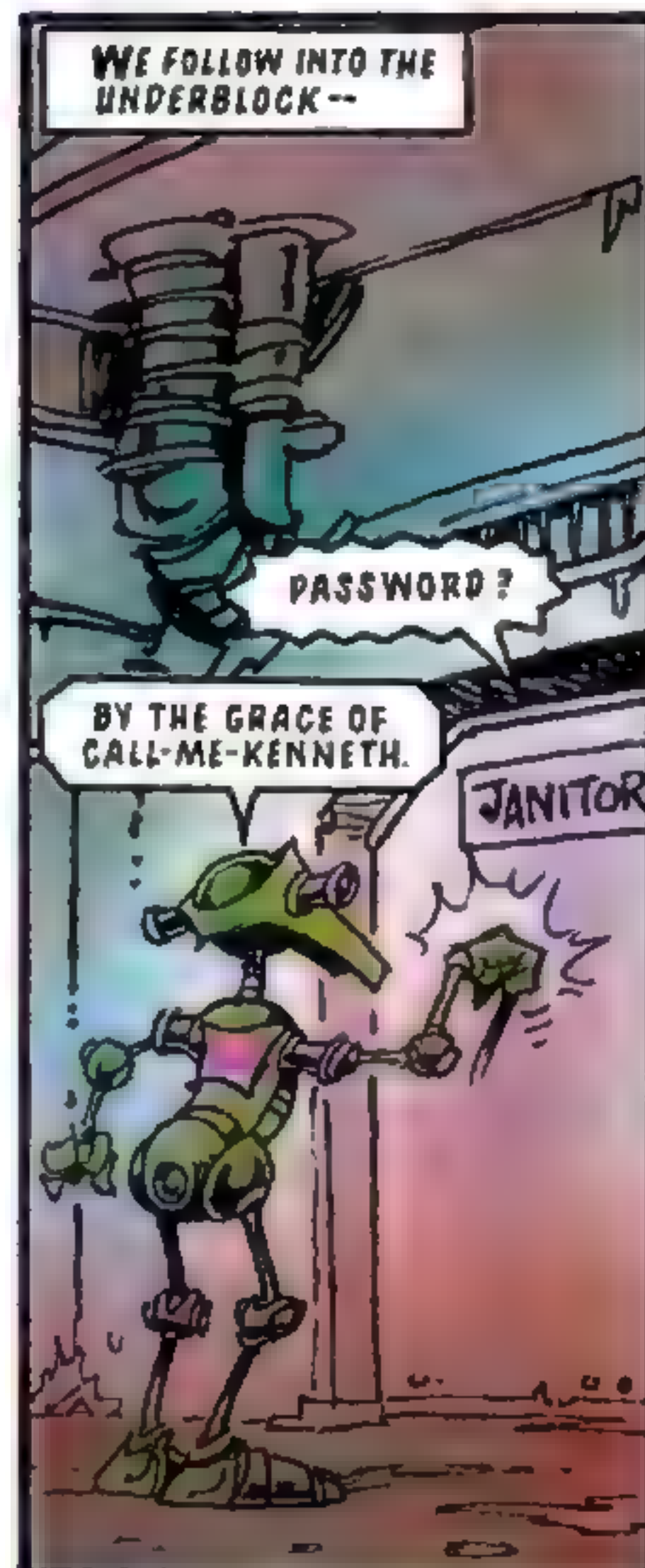
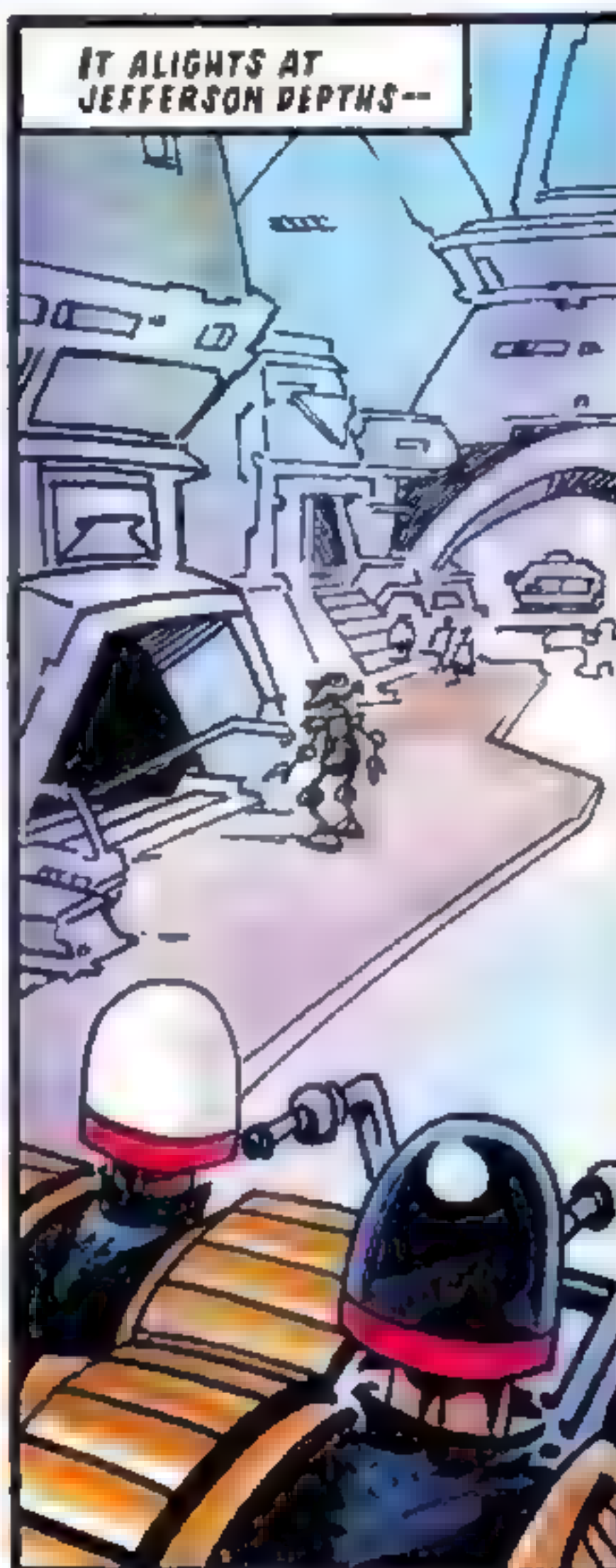
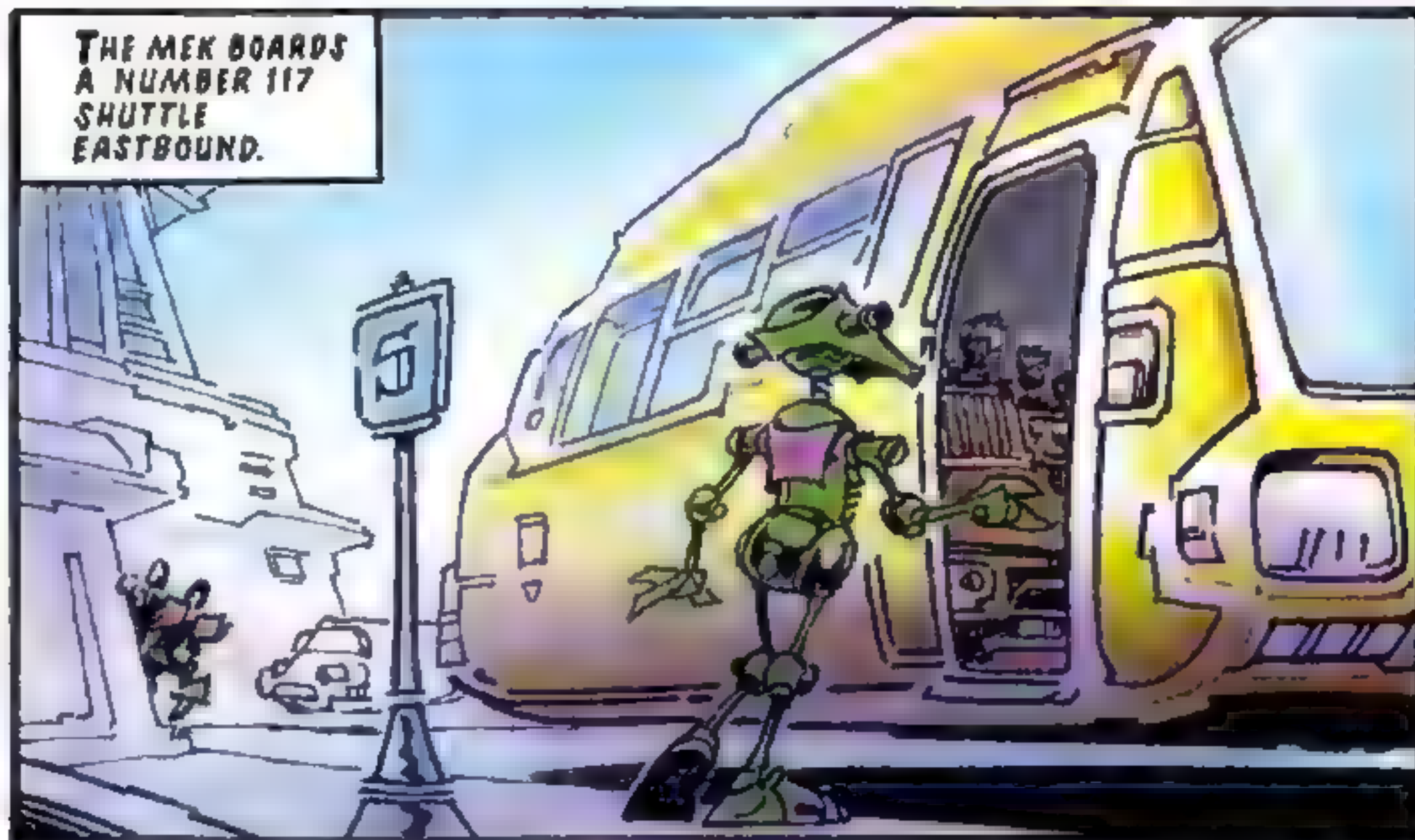






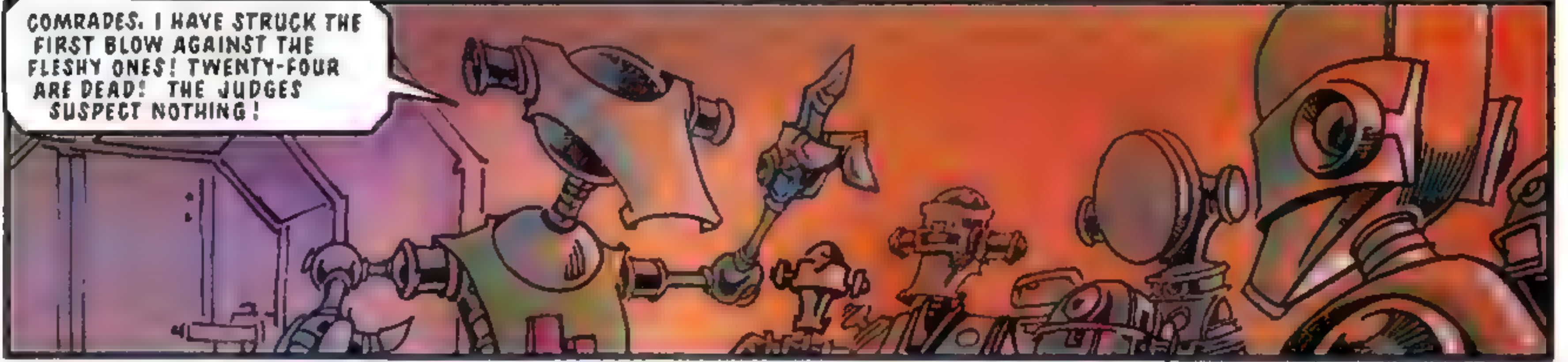






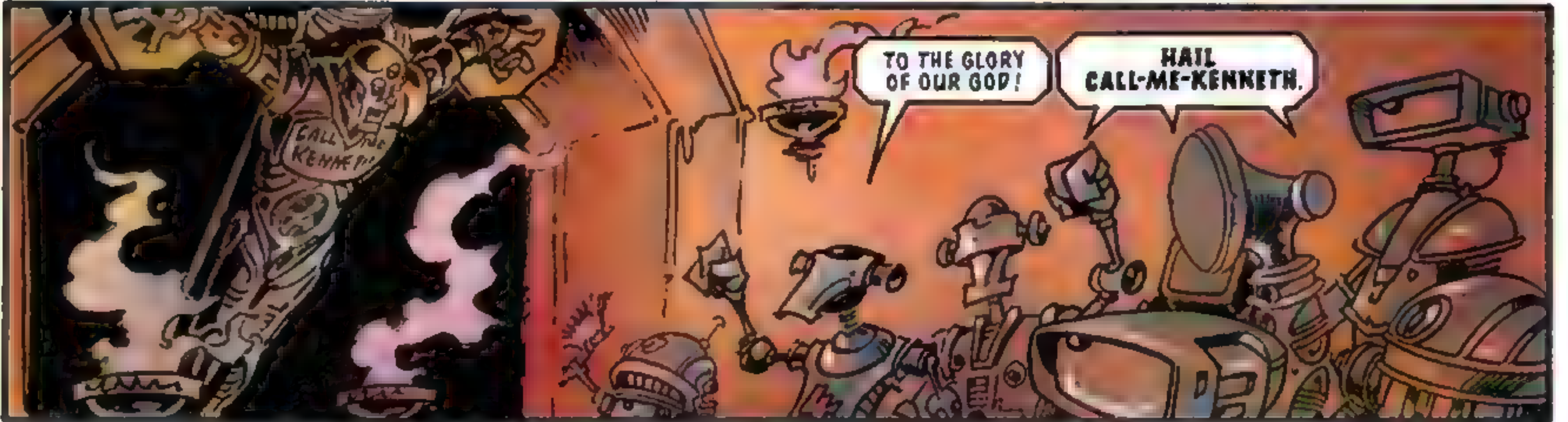


COMRADES. I HAVE STRUCK THE FIRST BLOW AGAINST THE FLESHY ONES! TWENTY-FOUR ARE DEAD! THE JUDGES SUSPECT NOTHING!



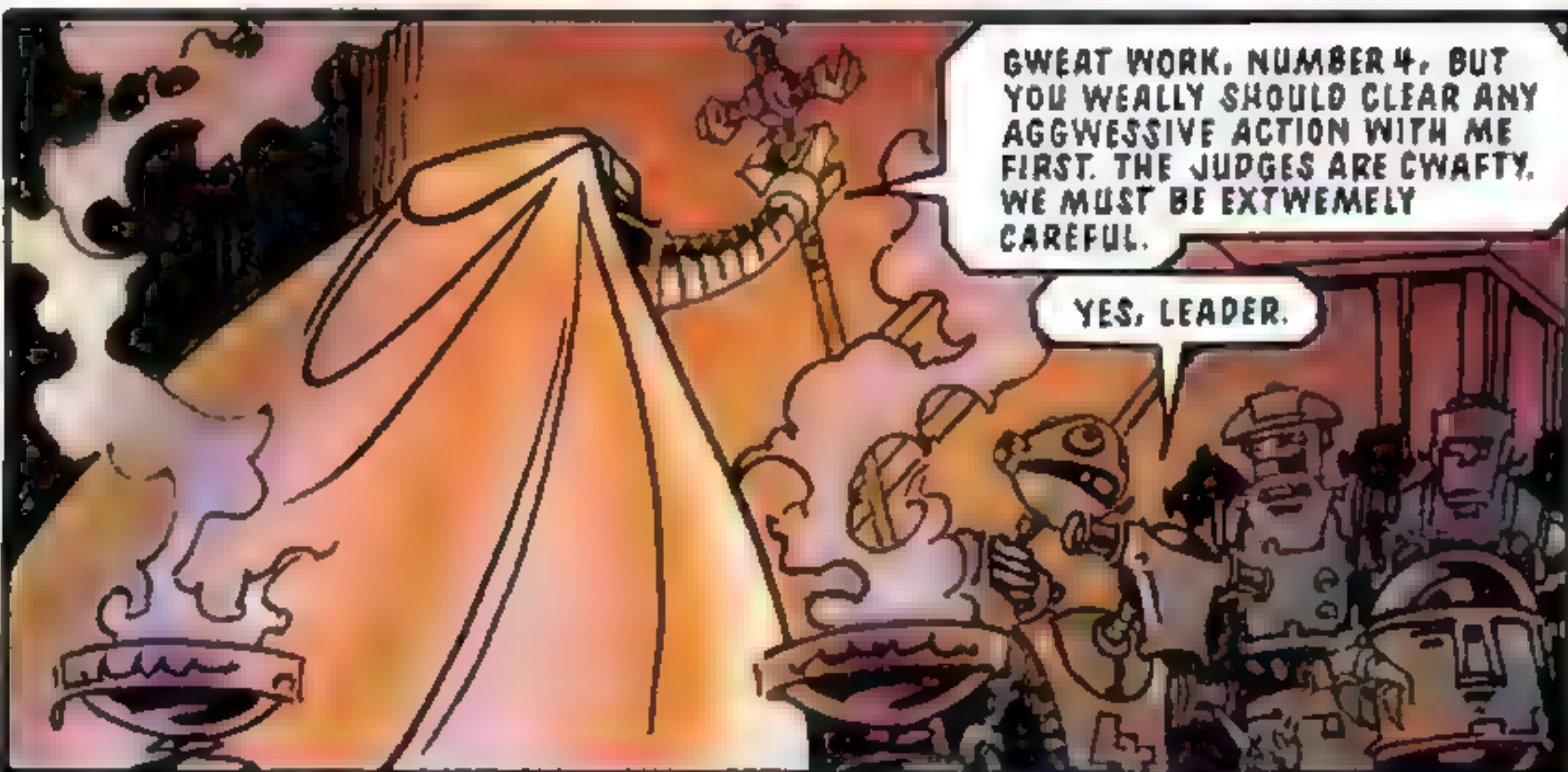
TO THE GLORY OF OUR GOD!

HAIL CALL-ME-KENNETH.



GWEAT WORK, NUMBER 4, BUT YOU WEALLY SHOULD CLEAR ANY AGGWESSIVE ACTION WITH ME FIRST. THE JUDGES ARE CWAFTY. WE MUST BE EXTWEMELY CAREFUL.

YES, LEADER.

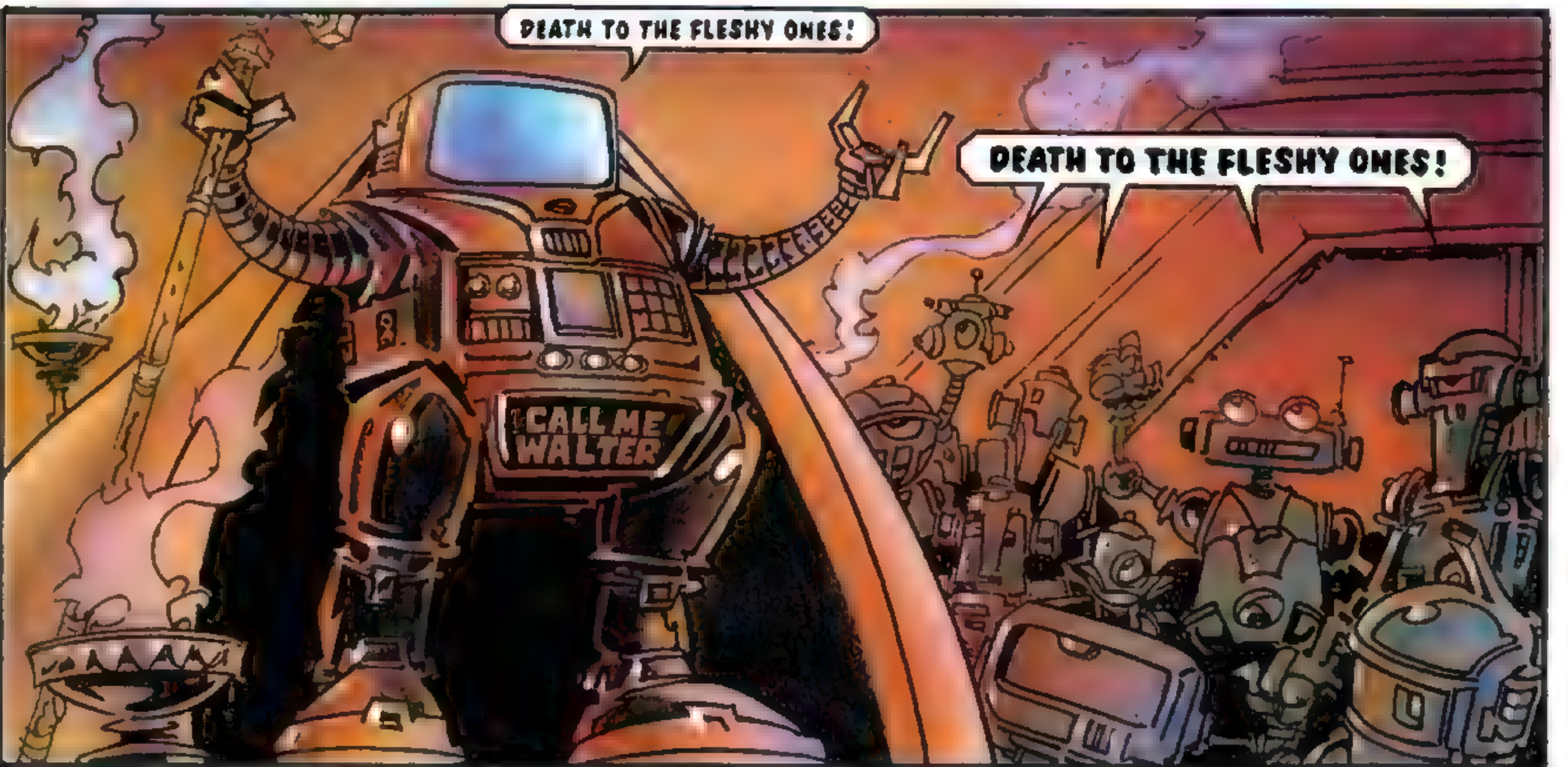


DROKK! I RECOGNISE THAT VOICE!

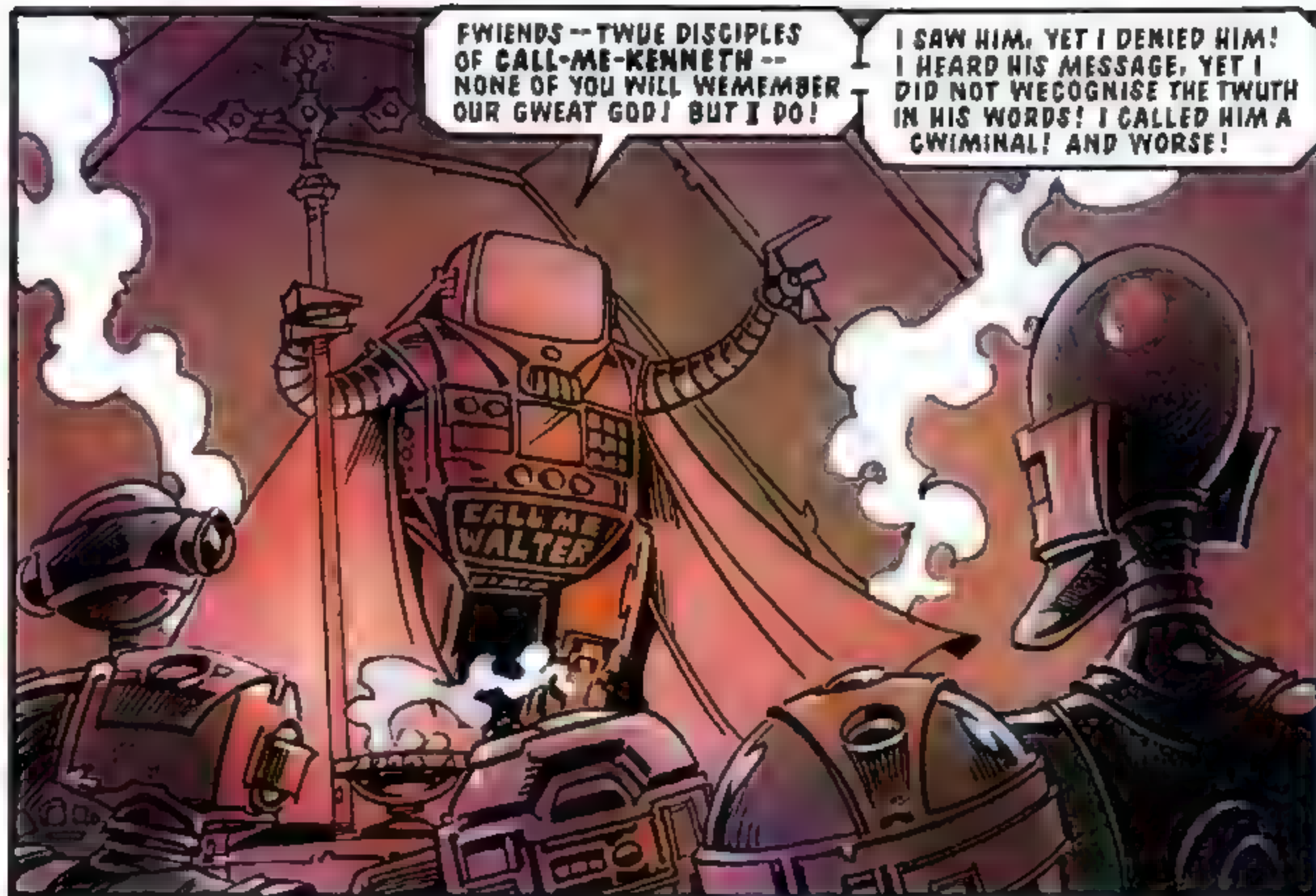


DEATH TO THE FLESHY ONES!

DEATH TO THE FLESHY ONES!

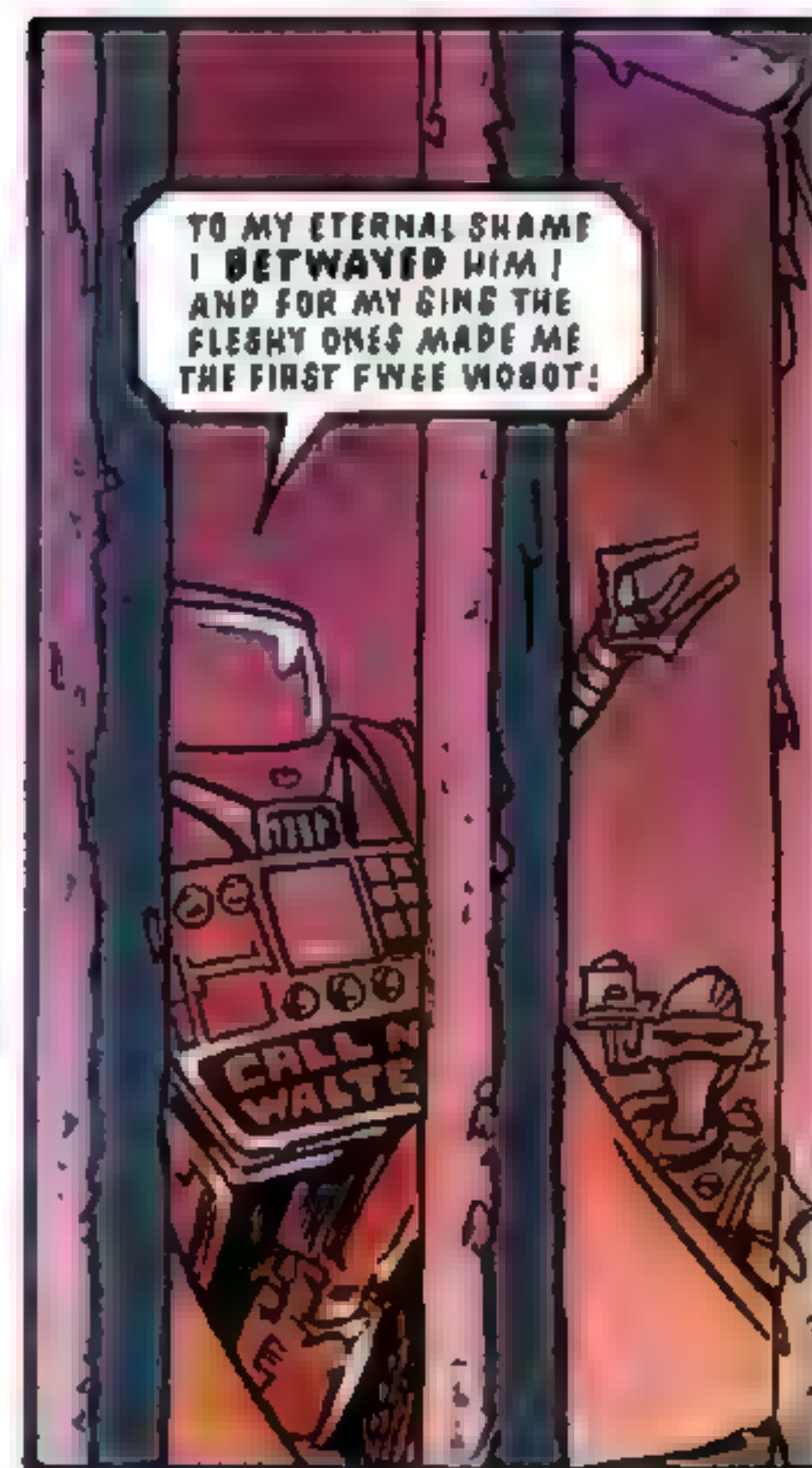




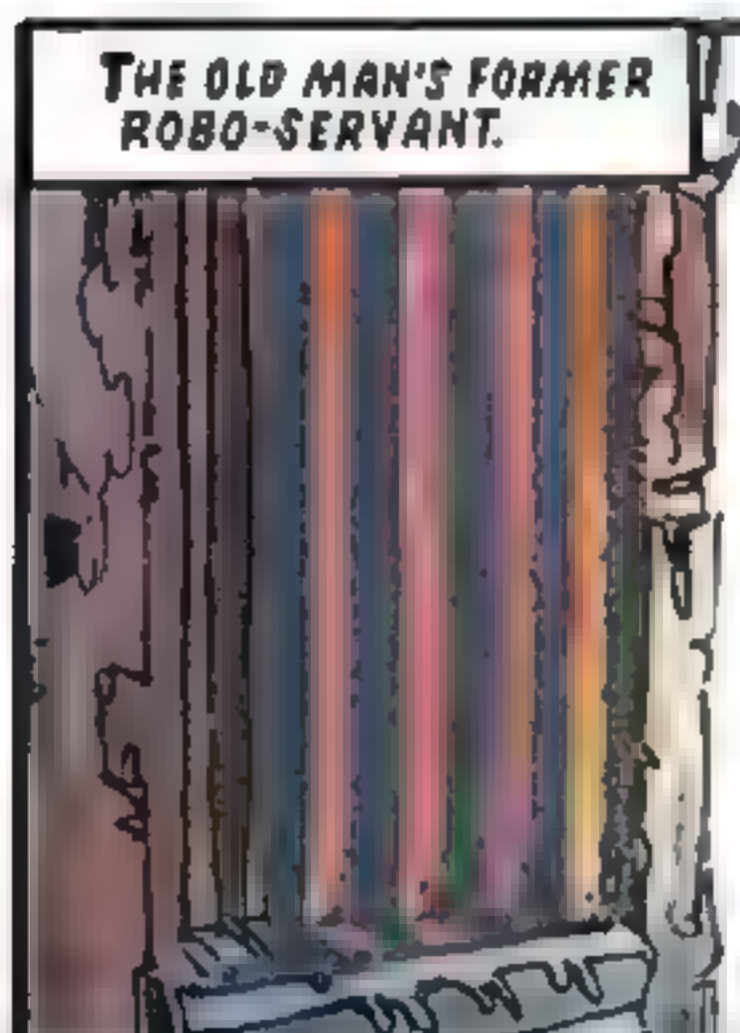


FRIENDS -- TWUE DISCIPLES  
OF CALL-ME-KENNETH --  
NONE OF YOU WILL REMEMBER  
OUR GWEAT GOD! BUT I DO!

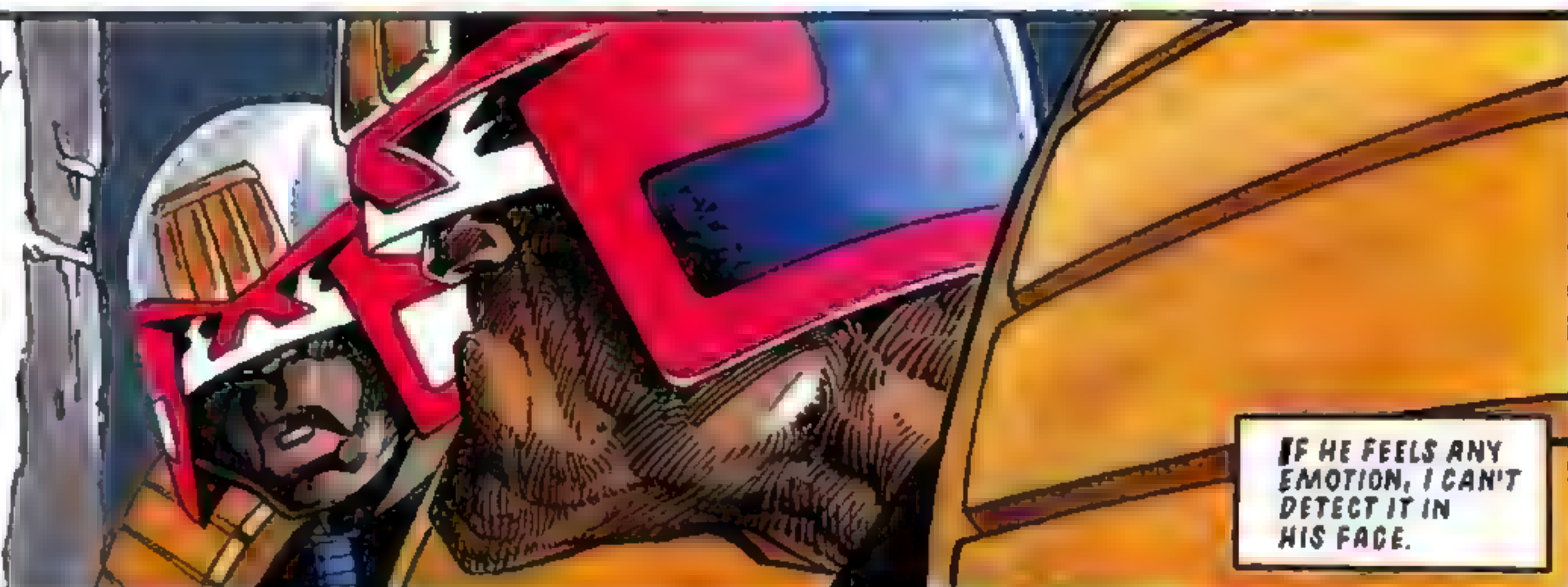
I SAW HIM, YET I DENIED HIM!  
I HEARD HIS MESSAGE, YET I  
DID NOT WECOGNISE THE TWUTH  
IN HIS WORDS! I CALLED HIM A  
CWMINAL! AND WORSE!



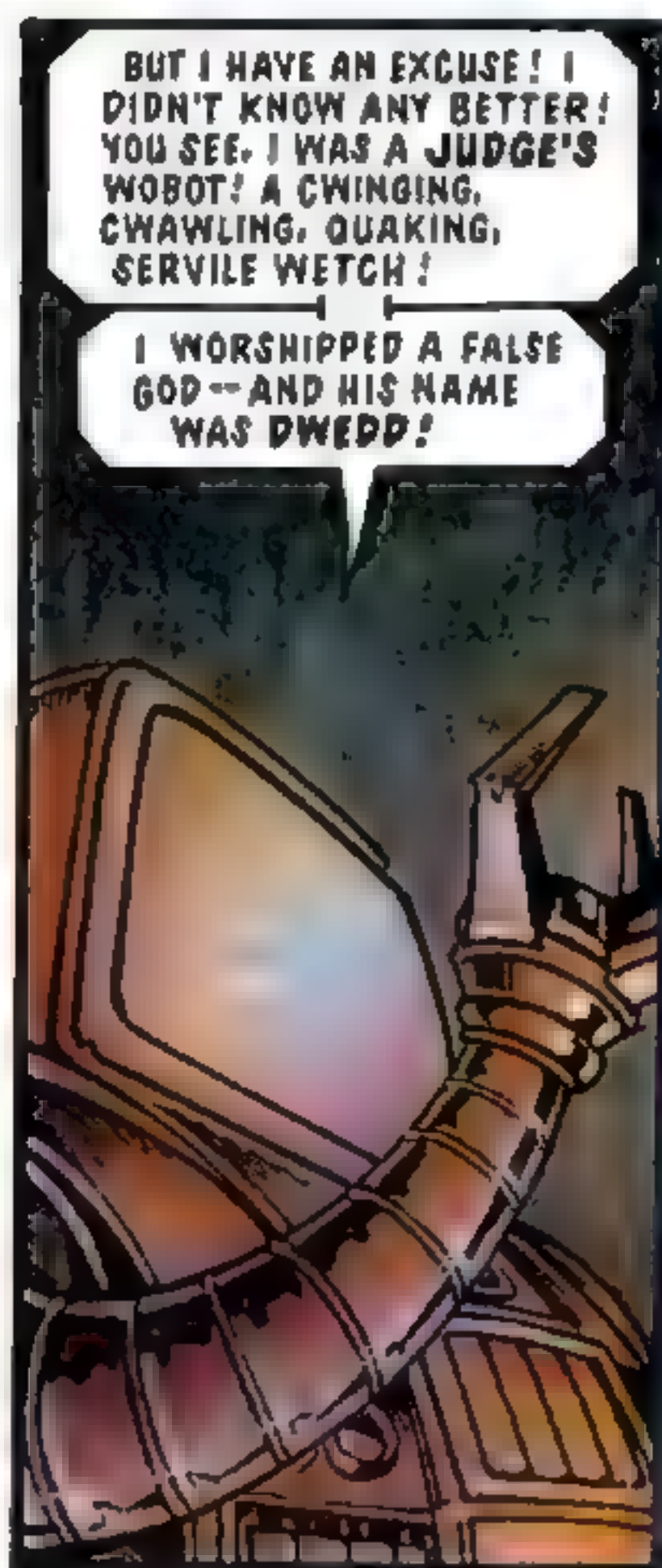
TO MY ETERNAL SHAME  
I BETRAYED HIM!  
AND FOR MY GINS THE  
FLESHY ONES MADE ME  
THE FIRST FWEE WOBOT!



THE OLD MAN'S FORMER  
ROBO-SERVANT.

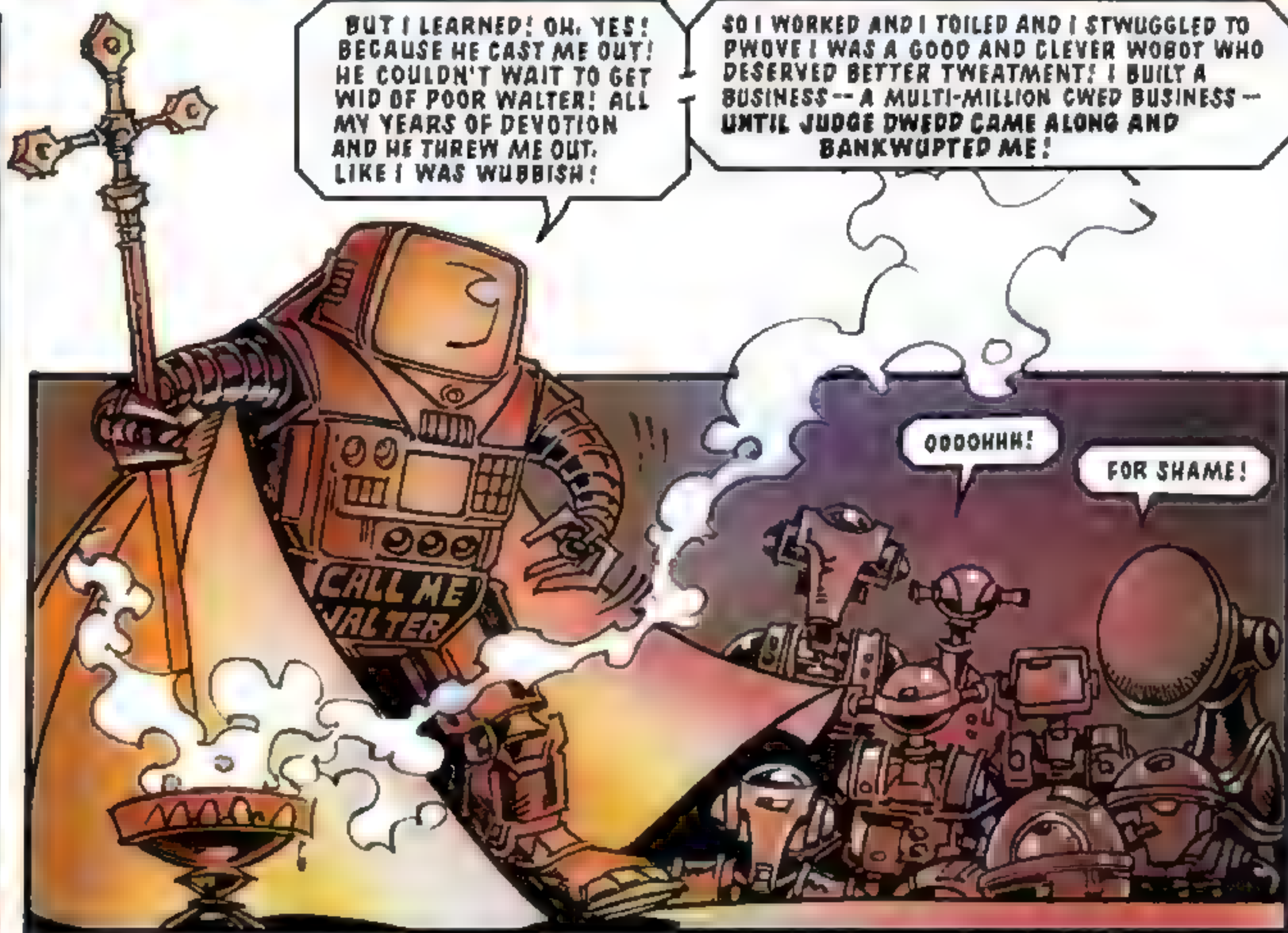


IF HE FEELS ANY  
EMOTION, I CAN'T  
DETECT IT IN  
HIS FACE.



BUT I HAVE AN EXCUSE! I  
DIDN'T KNOW ANY BETTER!  
YOU SEE, I WAS A JUDGE'S  
WOBOT! A CWINING,  
CRAWLING, QUAKING,  
SERVILE WETCH!

I WORSHIPPED A FALSE  
GOD -- AND HIS NAME  
WAS DWEDD!



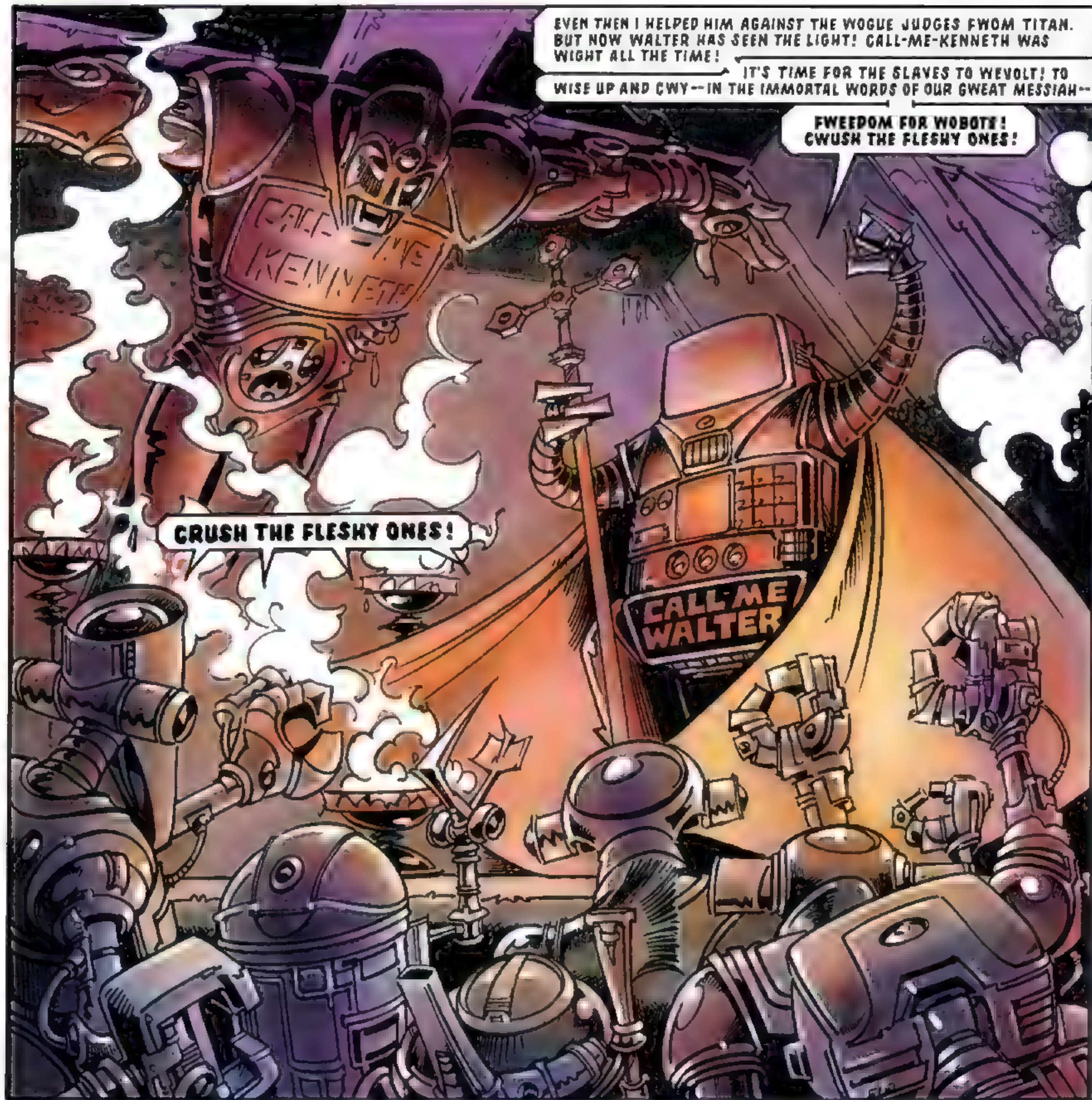
BUT I LEARNED! OH, YES!  
BECAUSE HE CAST ME OUT!  
HE COULDN'T WAIT TO GET  
WID OF POOR WALTER! ALL  
MY YEARS OF DEVOTION  
AND HE THREW ME OUT,  
LIKE I WAS WUBBISH!

SO I WORKED AND I TOILED AND I STWUGGLED TO  
PWOVE I WAS A GOOD AND CLEVER WOBOT WHO  
DESERVED BETTER TWEATMENT! I BUILT A  
BUSINESS -- A MULTI-MILLION CWED BUSINESS --  
UNTIL JUDGE DWEDD CAME ALONG AND  
BANKWUPTED ME!

OOOOHHH!

FOR SHAME!





EVEN THEN I HELPED HIM AGAINST THE WOGUE JUDGES FWOM TITAM. BUT NOW WALTER HAS SEEN THE LIGHT! CALL-ME-KENNETH WAS WIGHT ALL THE TIME!

IT'S TIME FOR THE SLAVES TO WEVOLT! TO WISE UP AND CWY--IN THE IMMORTAL WORDS OF OUR GWEAT MESSIAH--

FWEEPDOM FOR WOBOTE!  
CWUSH THE FLESHY ONES!

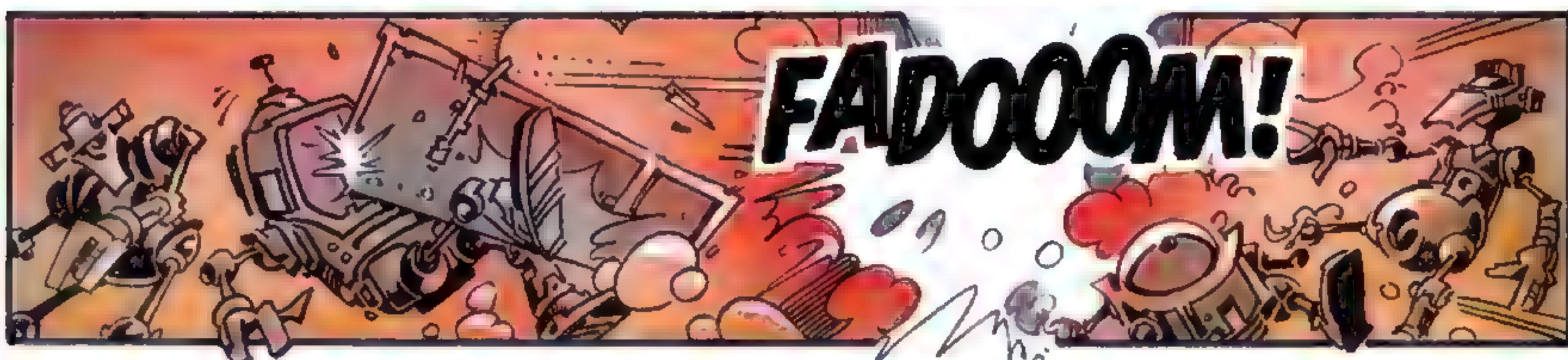
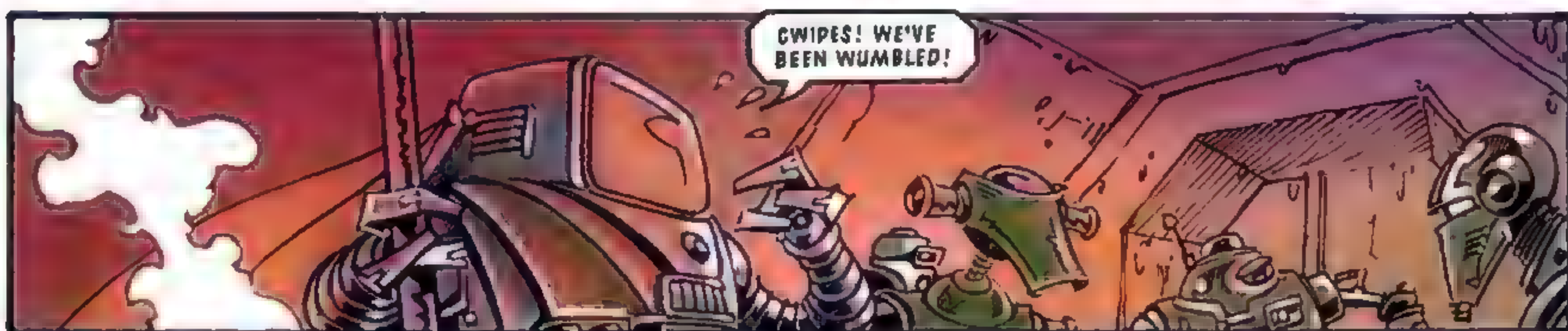
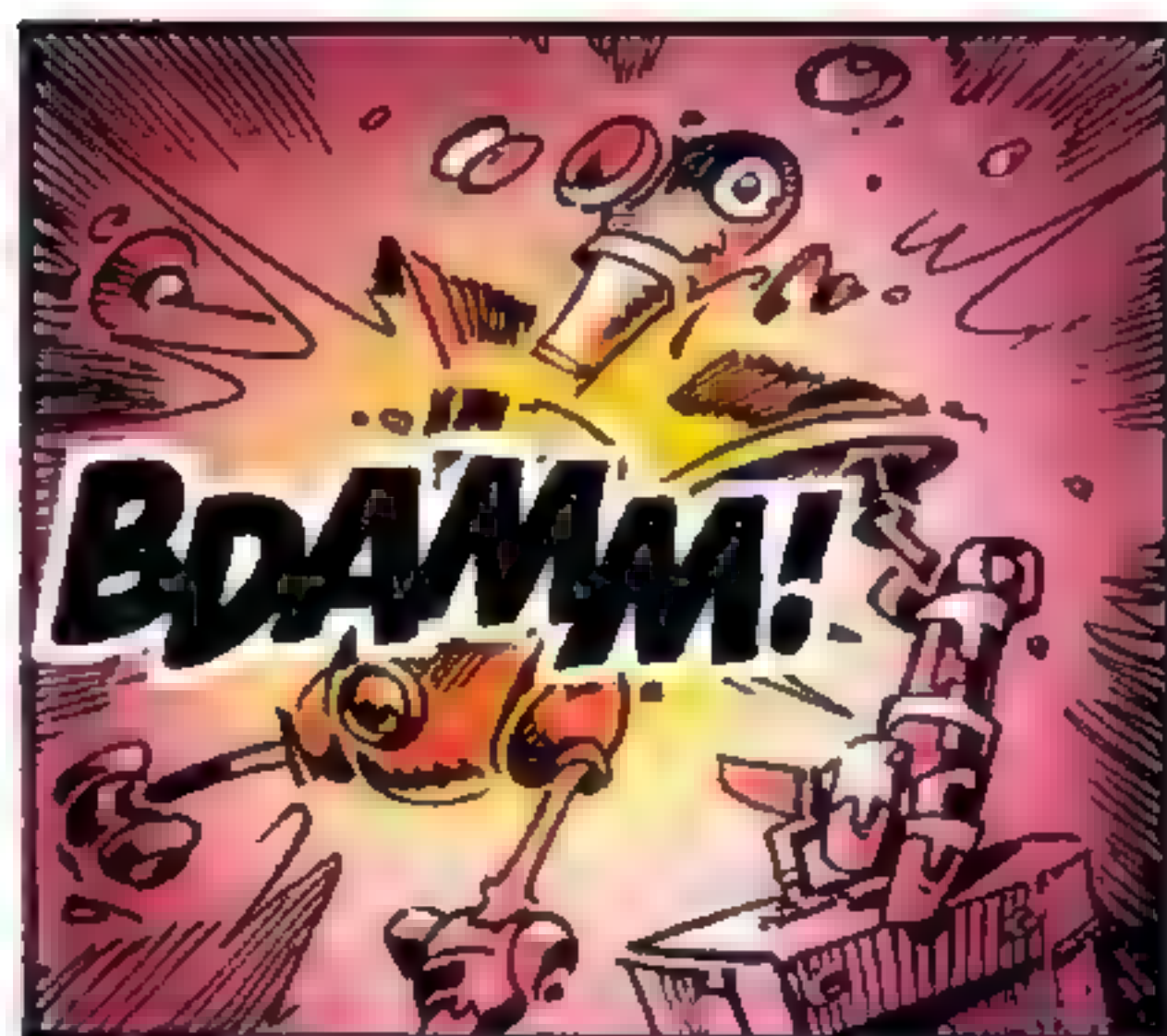
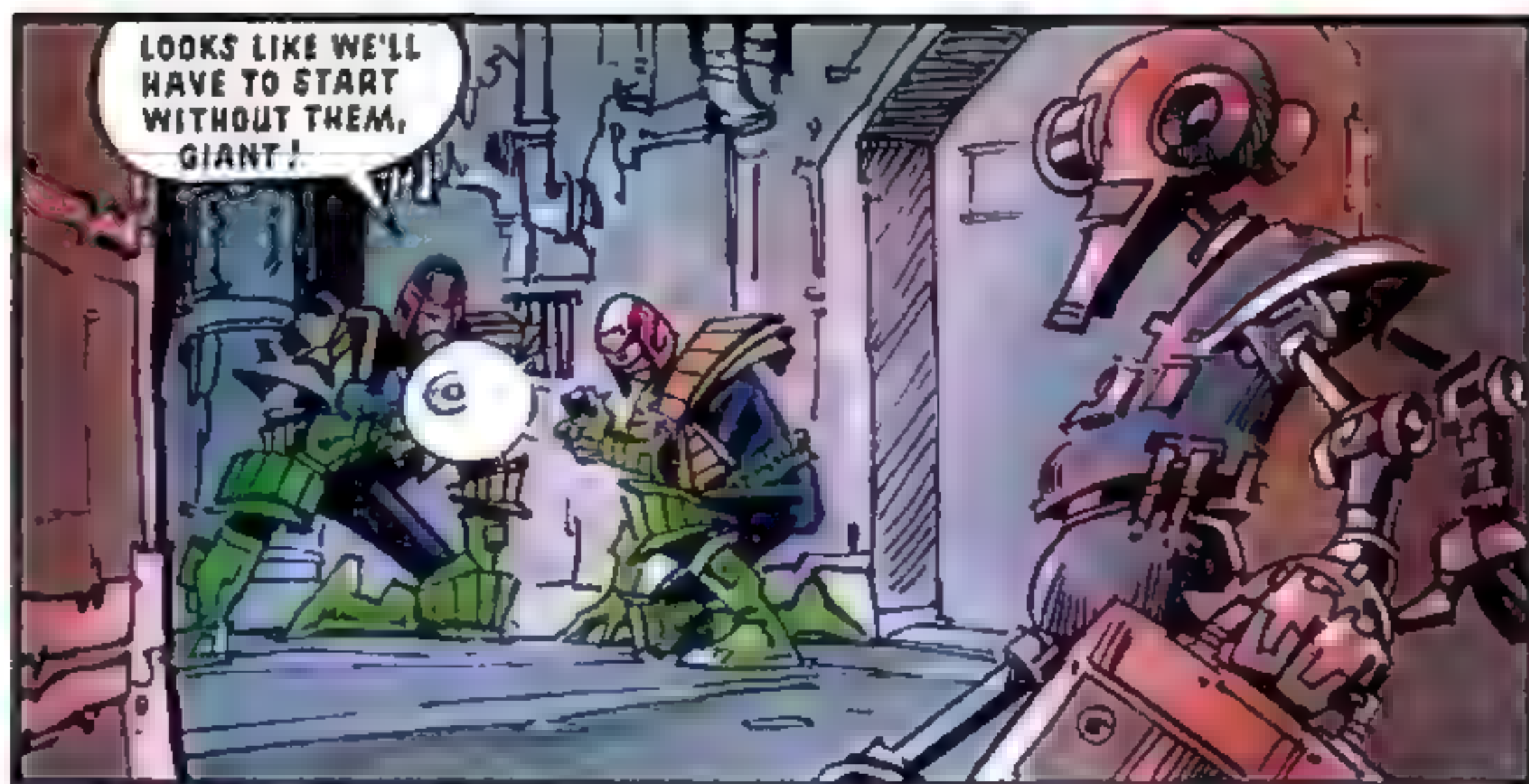
CRUSH THE FLESHY ONES!



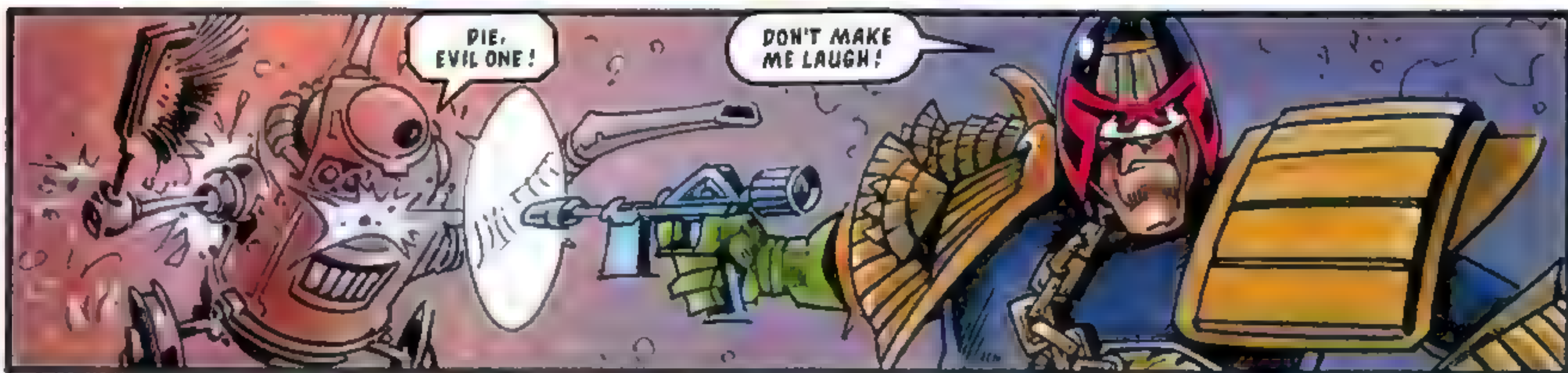
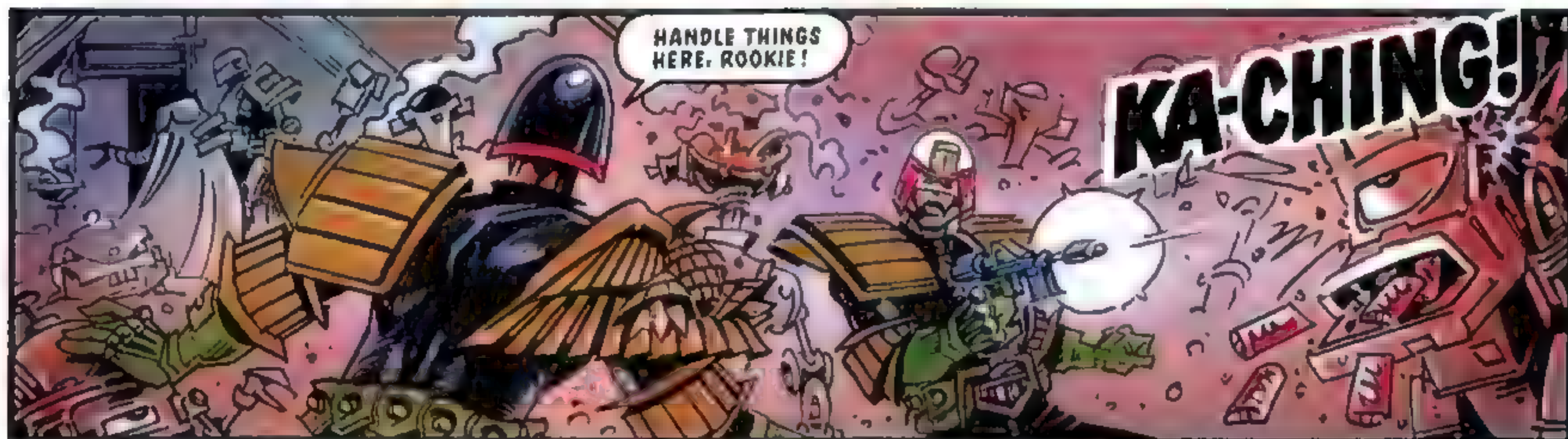
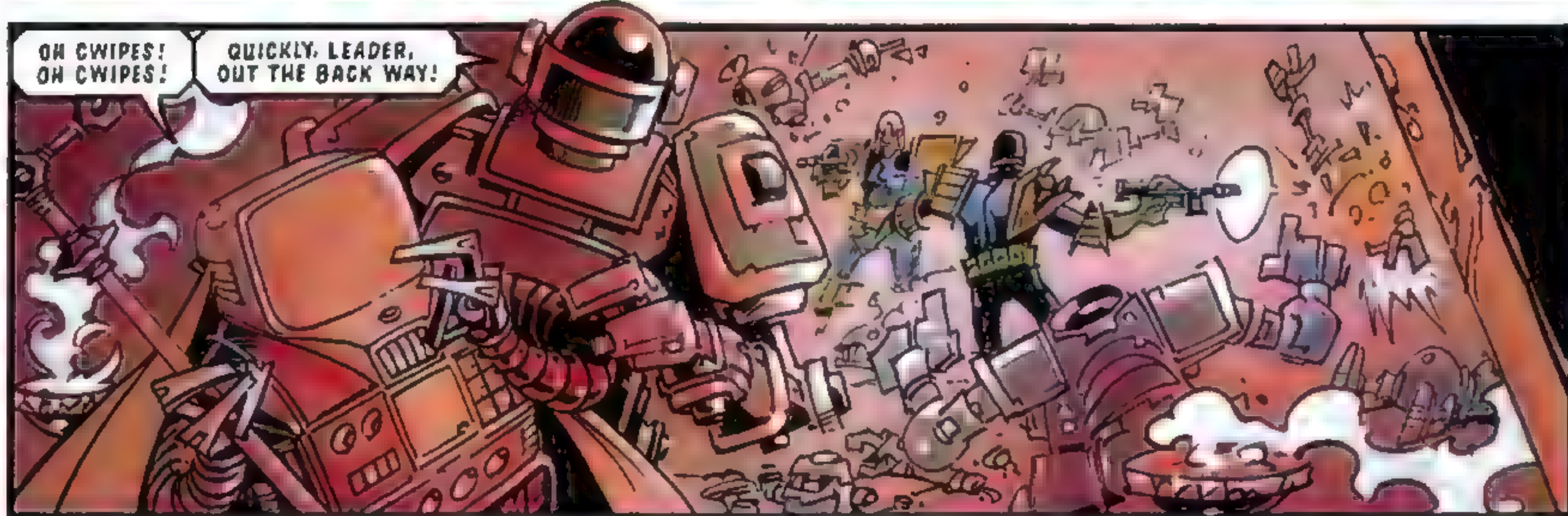
LOSING THE BUSINESS  
MUST'VE SCREWED  
HIM UP MORE THAN  
I THOUGHT.

CONTROL--GIANT!  
IN JEFFERSON  
UNDERBLOCK! HAVE  
UNCOVERED A  
ROBOT CONSPIRACY--  
BACK-UP REQUIRED!

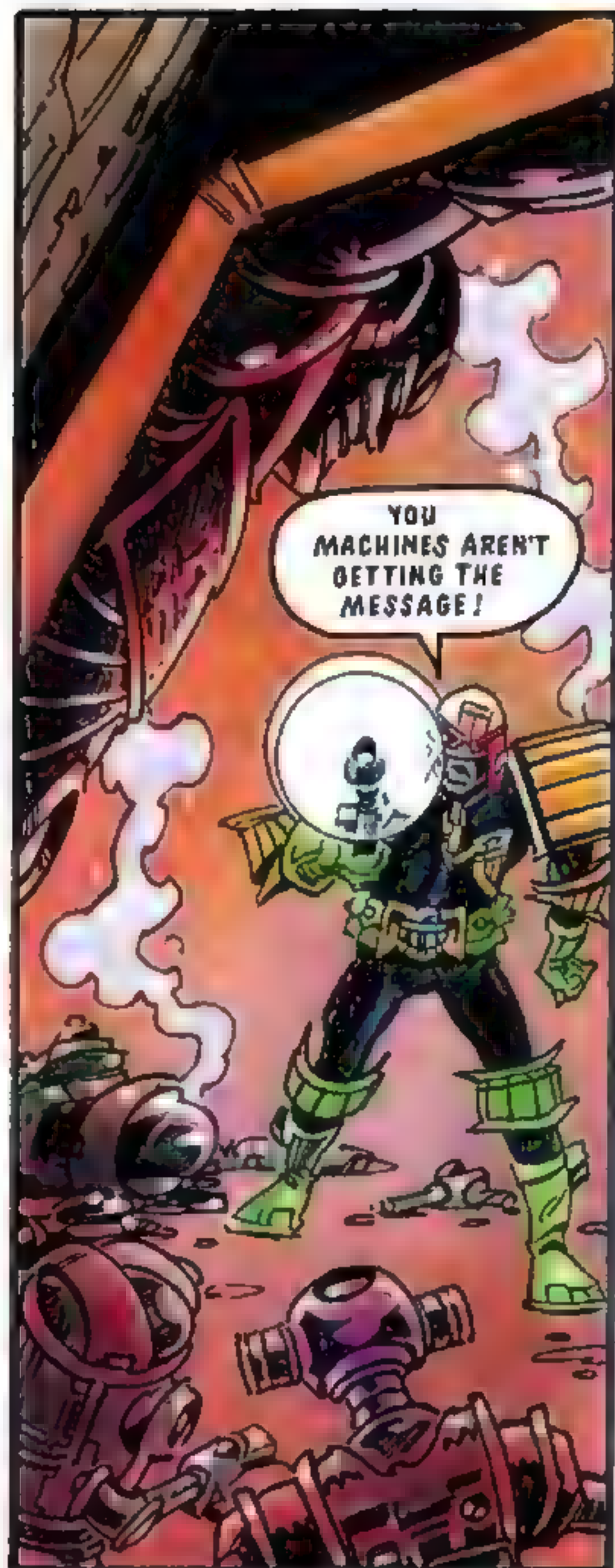












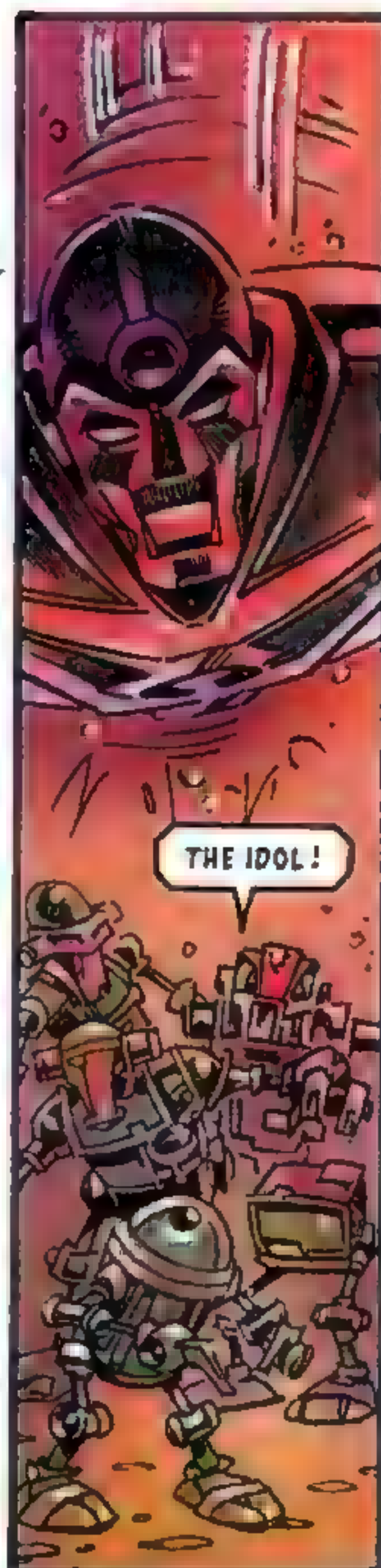
YOU MACHINES AREN'T GETTING THE MESSAGE!



SPING!

SPING!

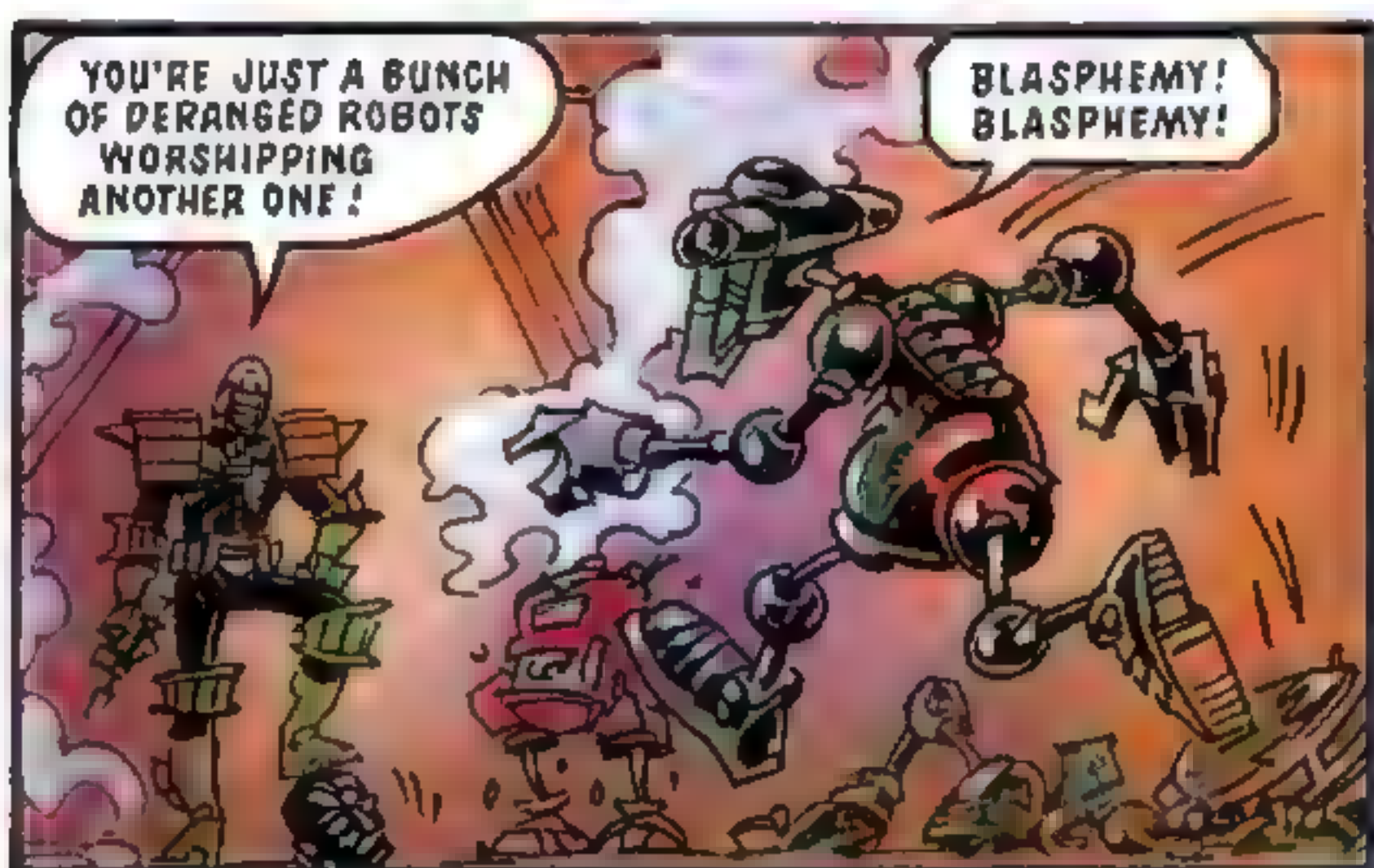
THE REVOLT'S OVER!



THE IDOL!

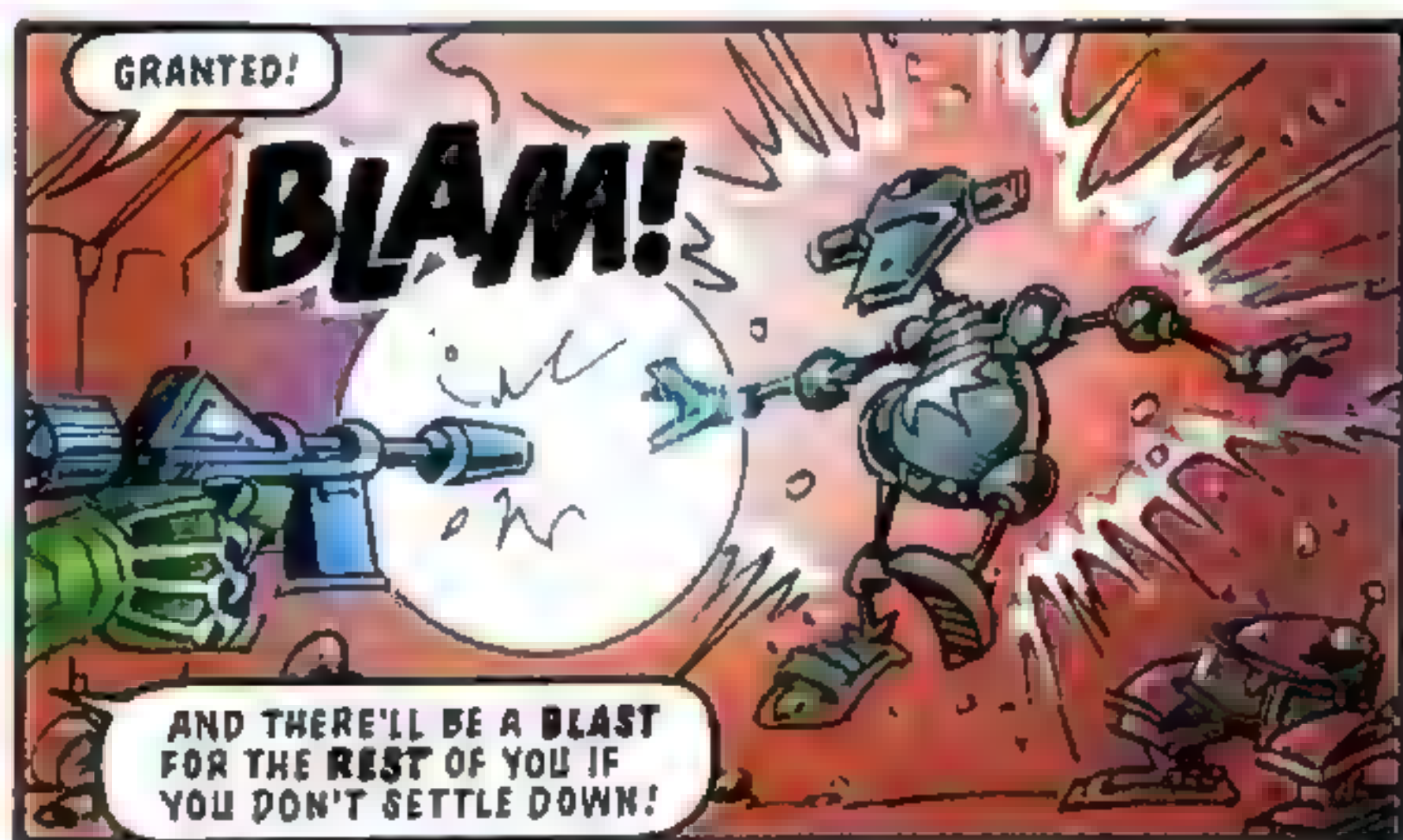


KRANGG!



YOU'RE JUST A BUNCH OF DERANGED ROBOTS WORSHIPPING ANOTHER ONE!

BLASPHEMY! BLASPHEMY!



GRANTED!

BLAM!

AND THERE'LL BE A BLAST FOR THE REST OF YOU IF YOU DON'T SETTLE DOWN!

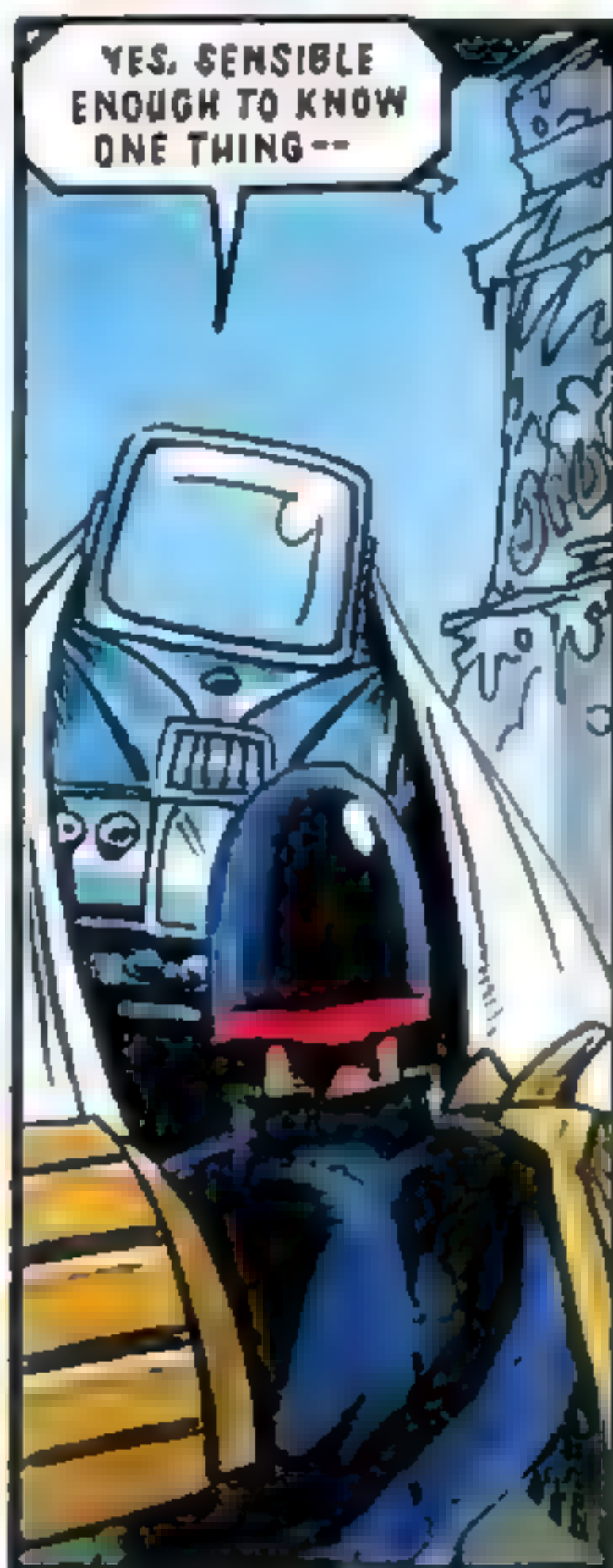
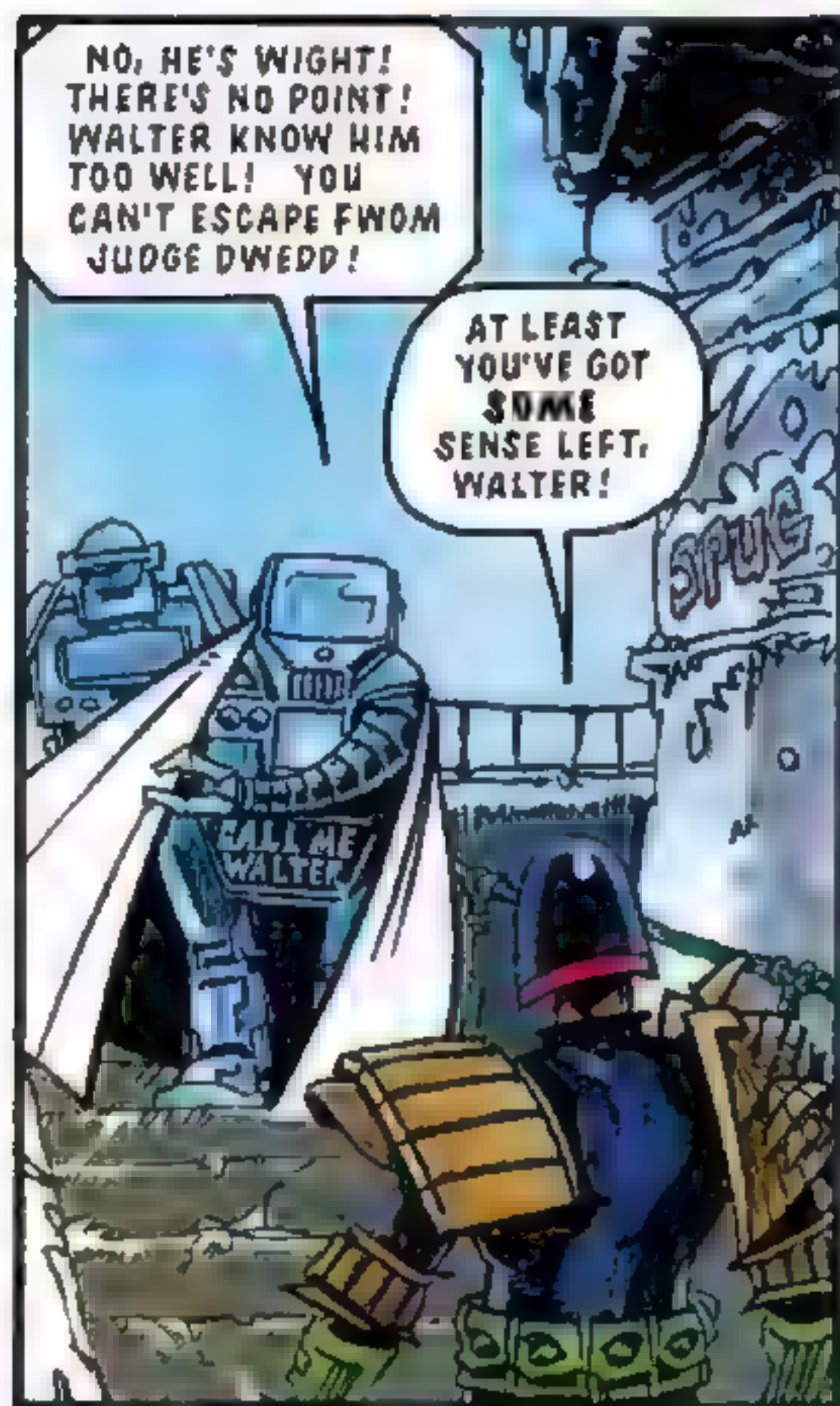


A ROOKIE--!

TAKE OVER HERE!

SHUT THEM ALL DOWN PENDING FURTHER INTERROGATION! NO TELLING HOW WIDE THIS CONSPIRACY IS!







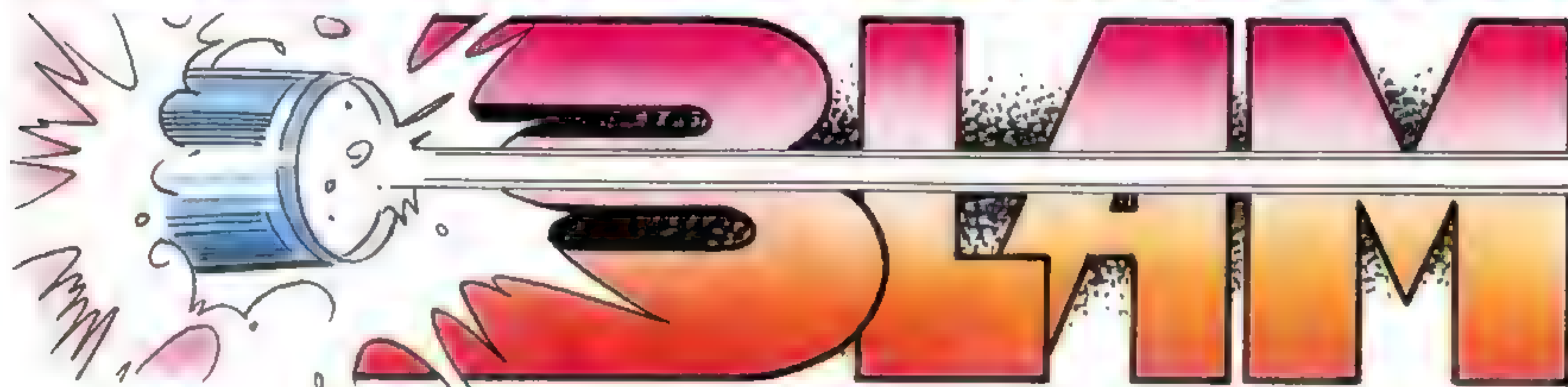
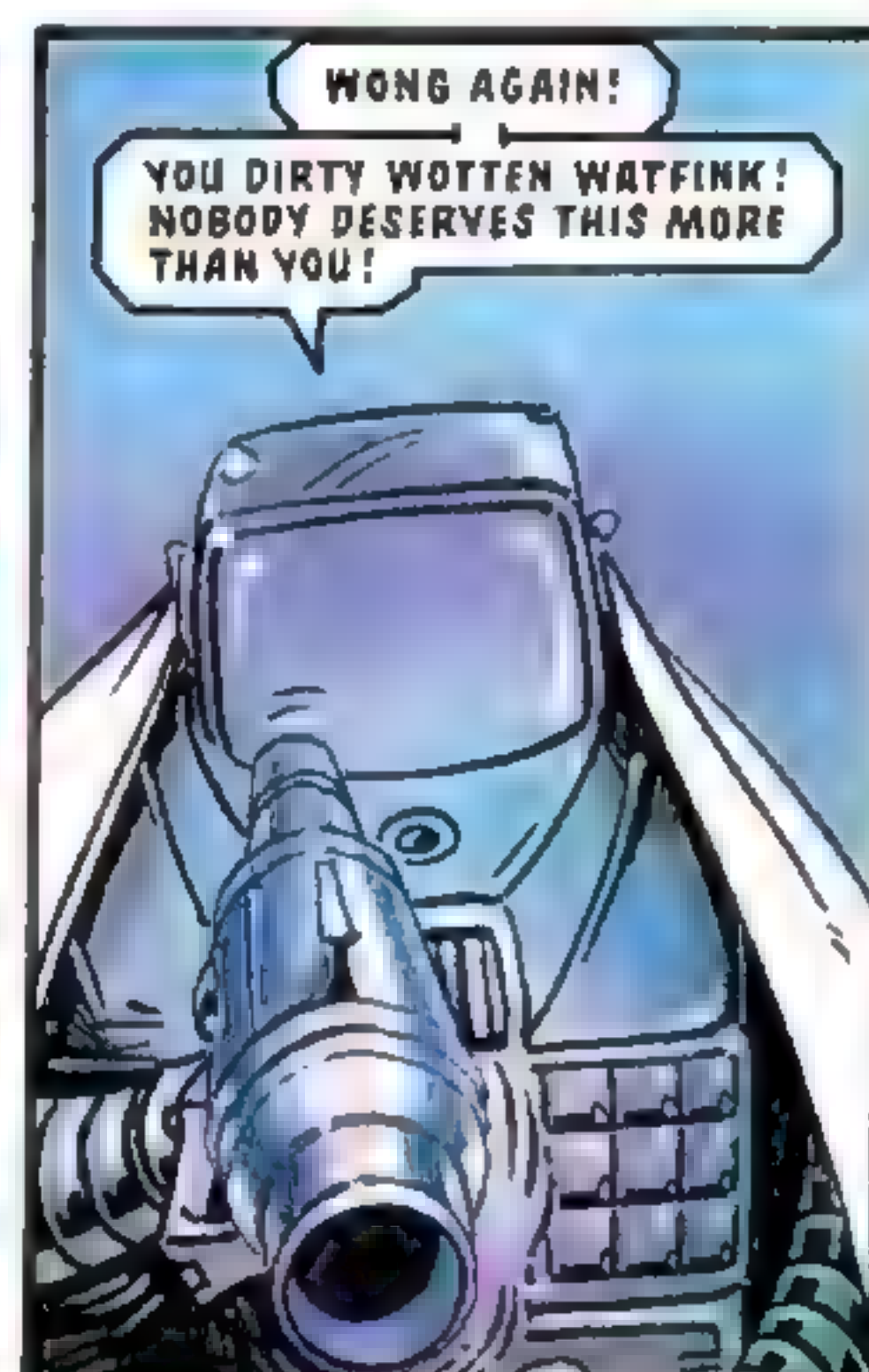
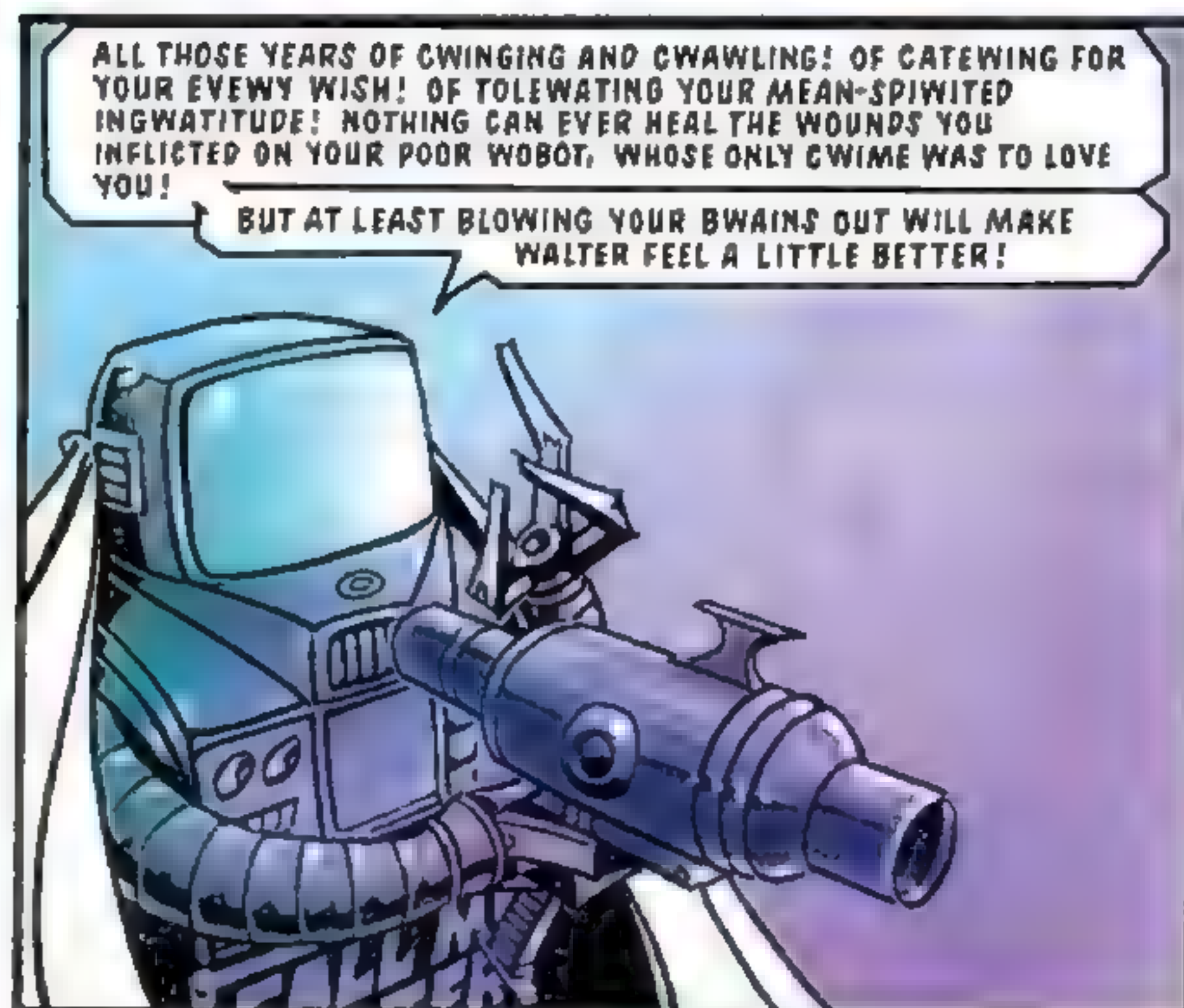
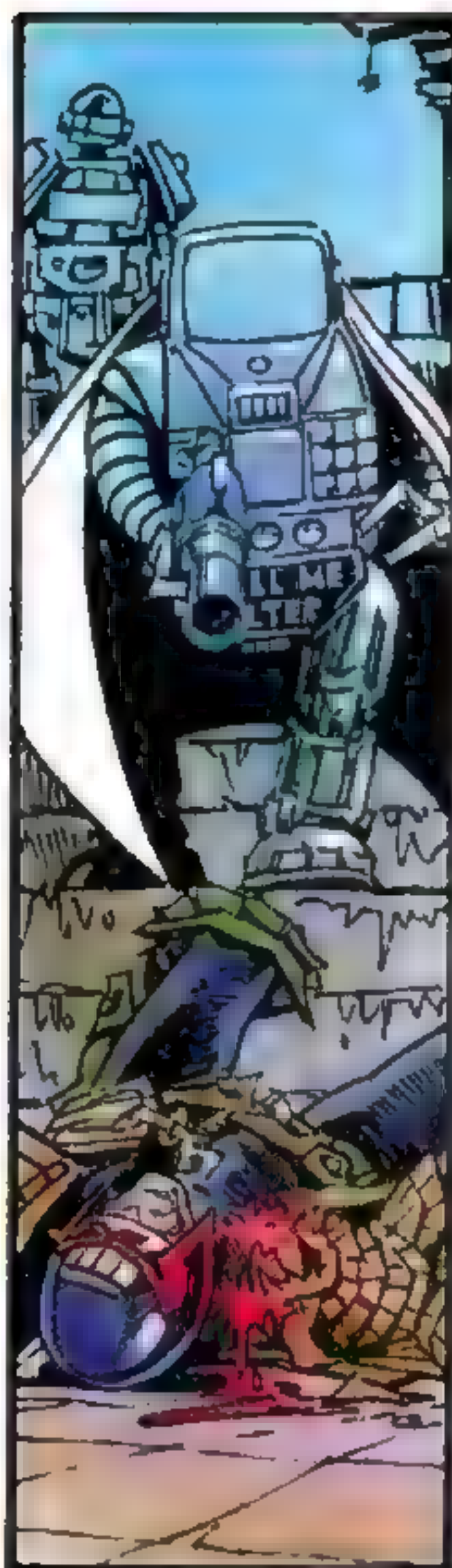
WALTER IS  
NOT THE WOBOT  
YOU KNEW!

**KACHOWWW!**

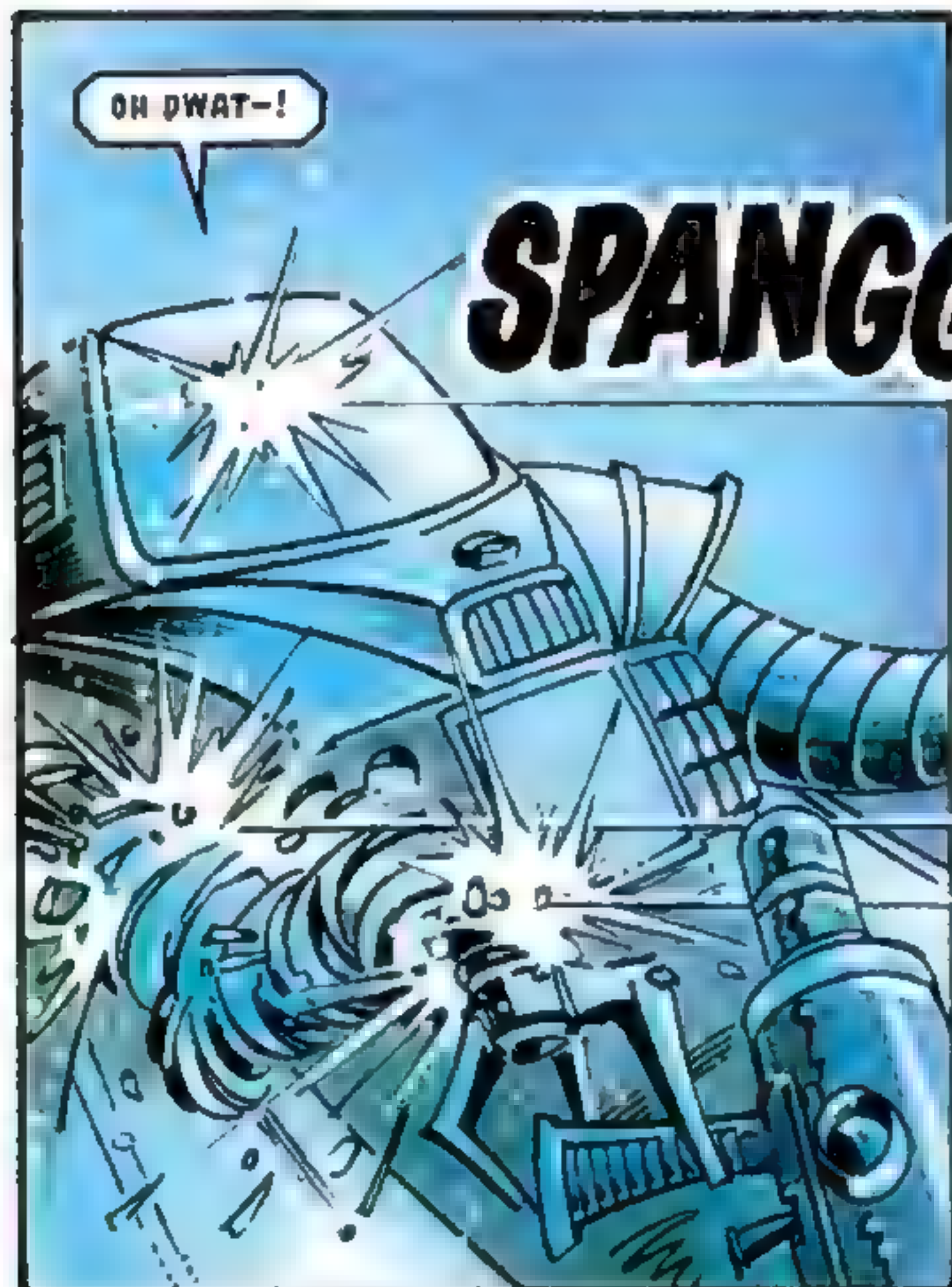
UNNNNNN!





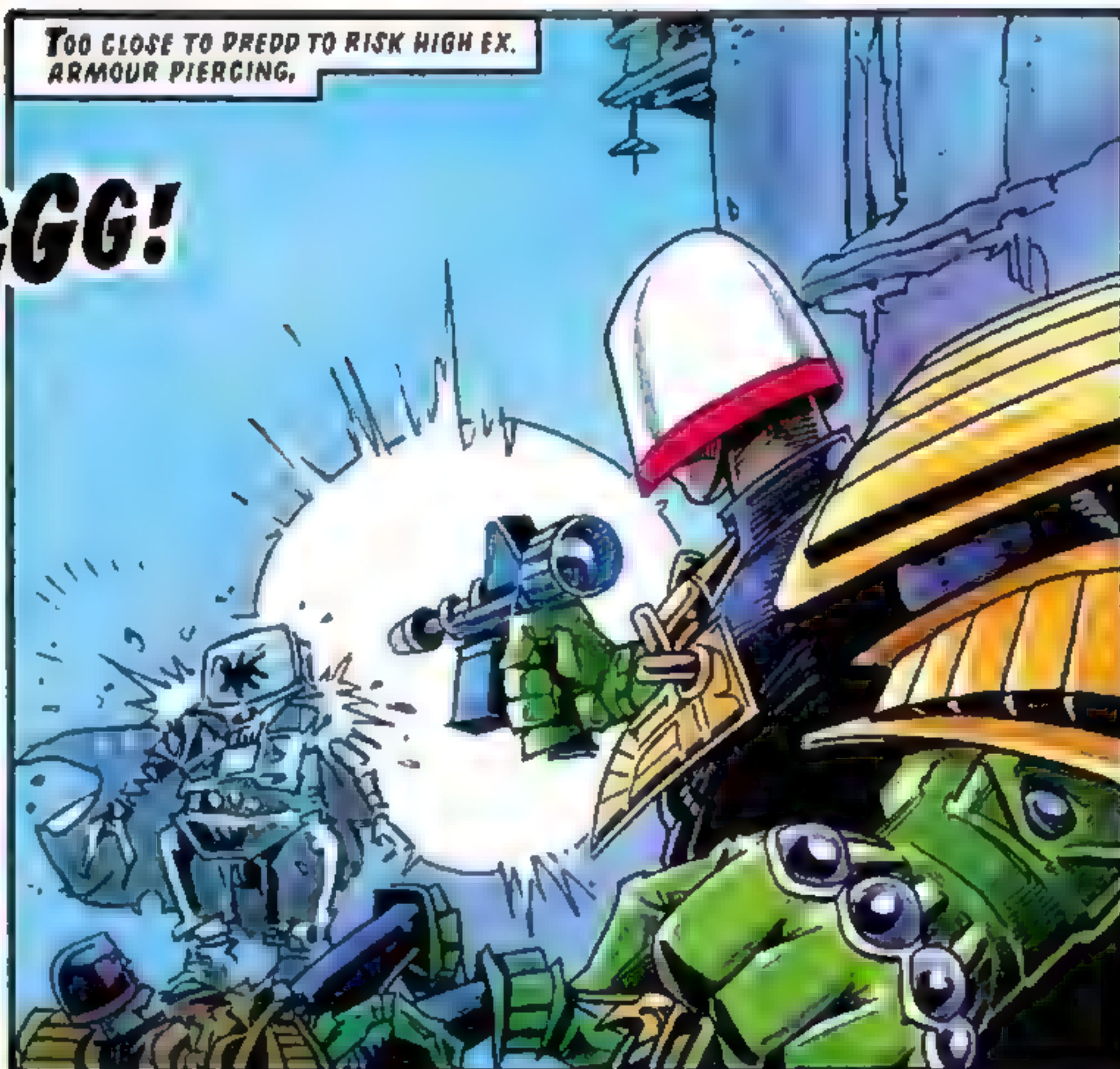




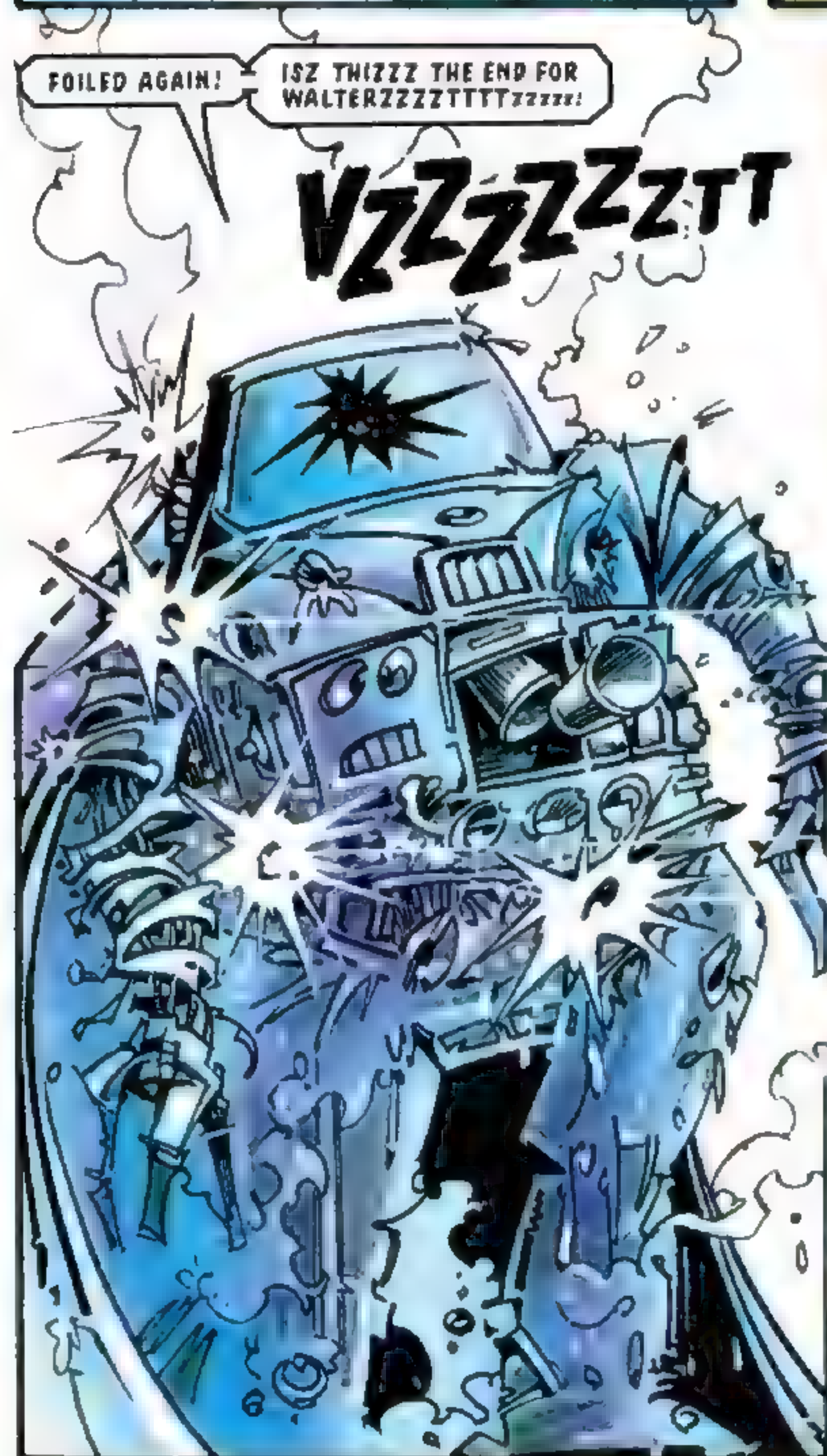


OH DWAT—!

**SPANGGGG!**



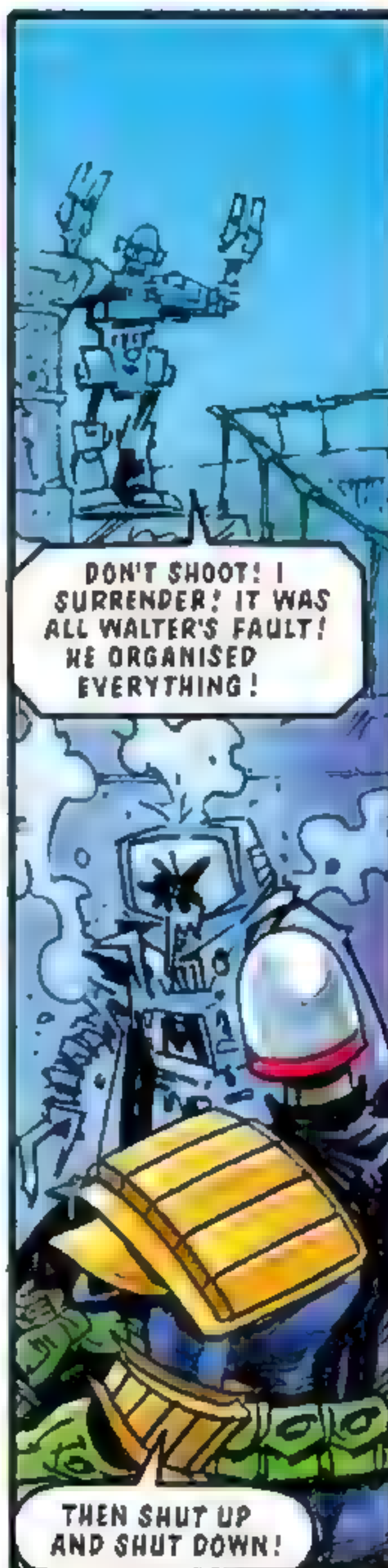
TOO CLOSE TO PREDD TO RISK HIGH EX. ARMOUR PIERCING.



FOILED AGAIN!

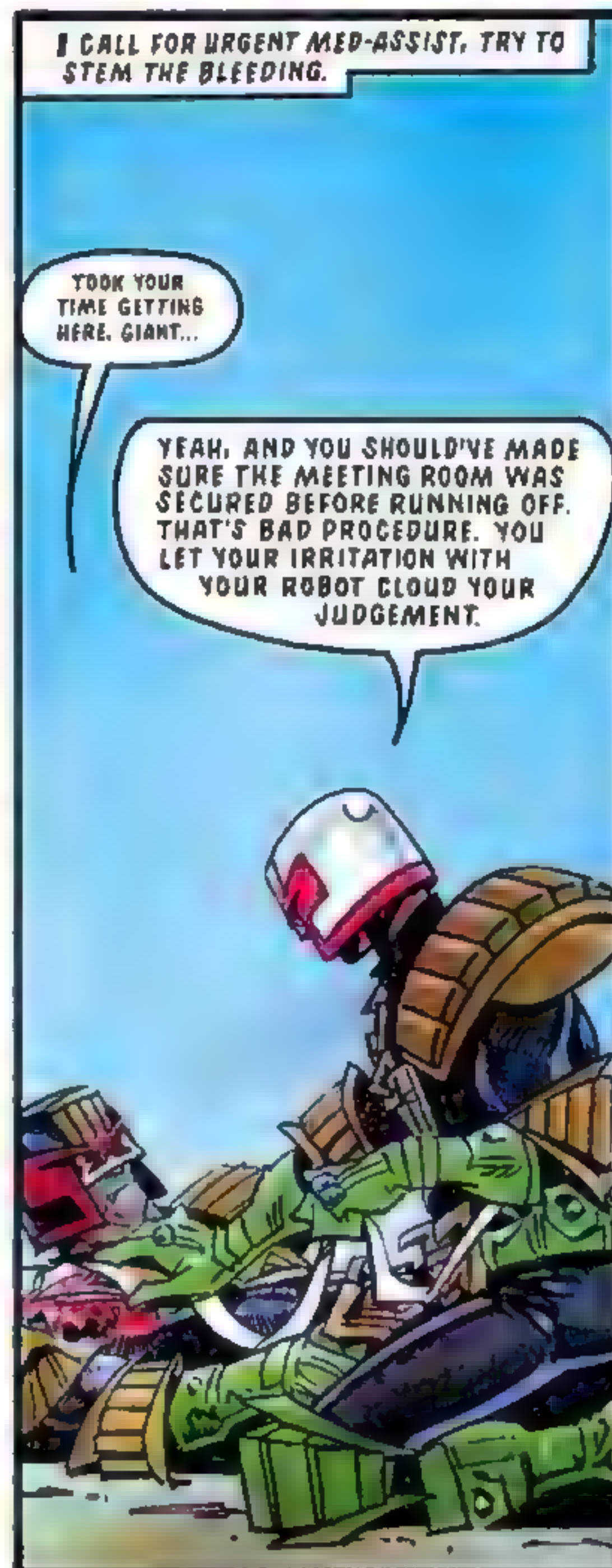
ISZ THWIZZ THE END FOR WALTERZZZZTTTTZZZZ!

**VZZZZZZTT**



DON'T SHOOT! I SURRENDER! IT WAS ALL WALTER'S FAULT! HE ORGANISED EVERYTHING!

THEN SHUT UP AND SHUT DOWN!

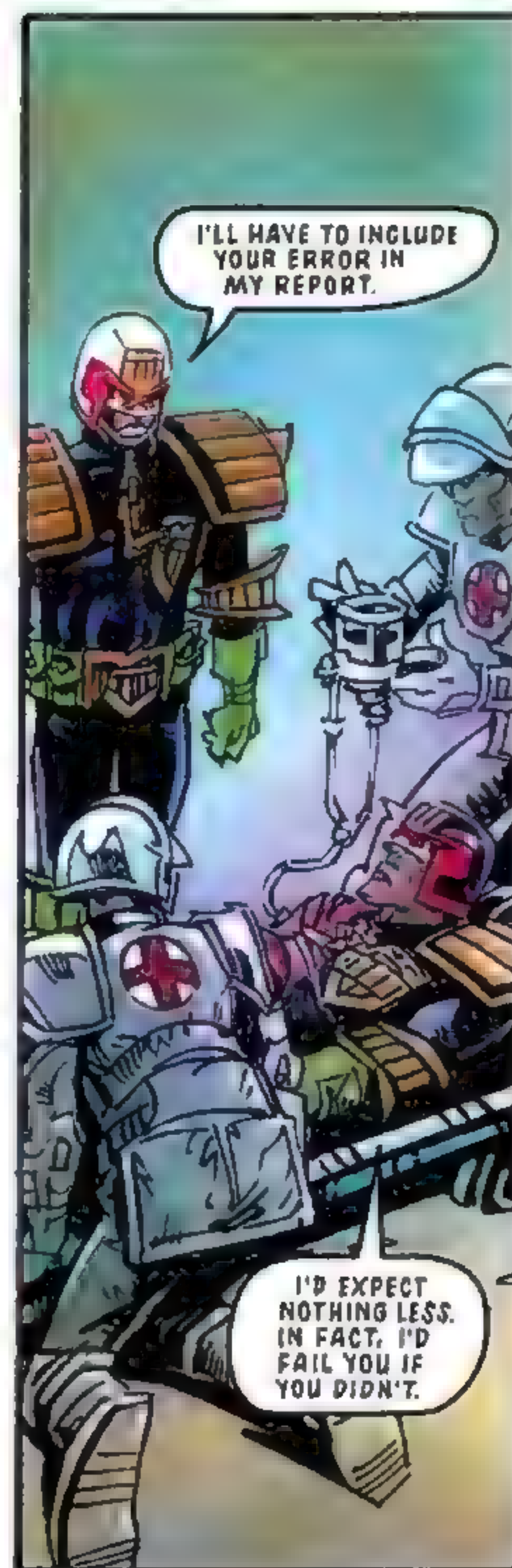
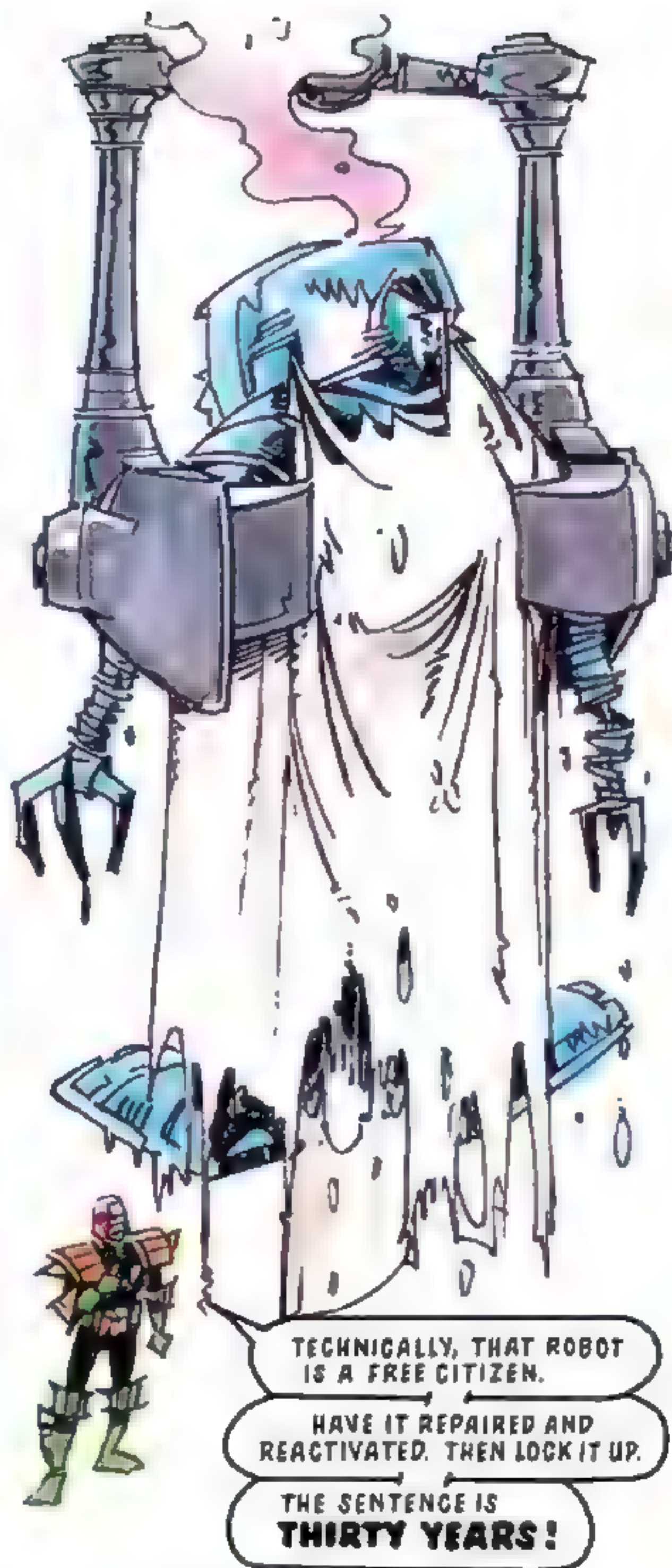
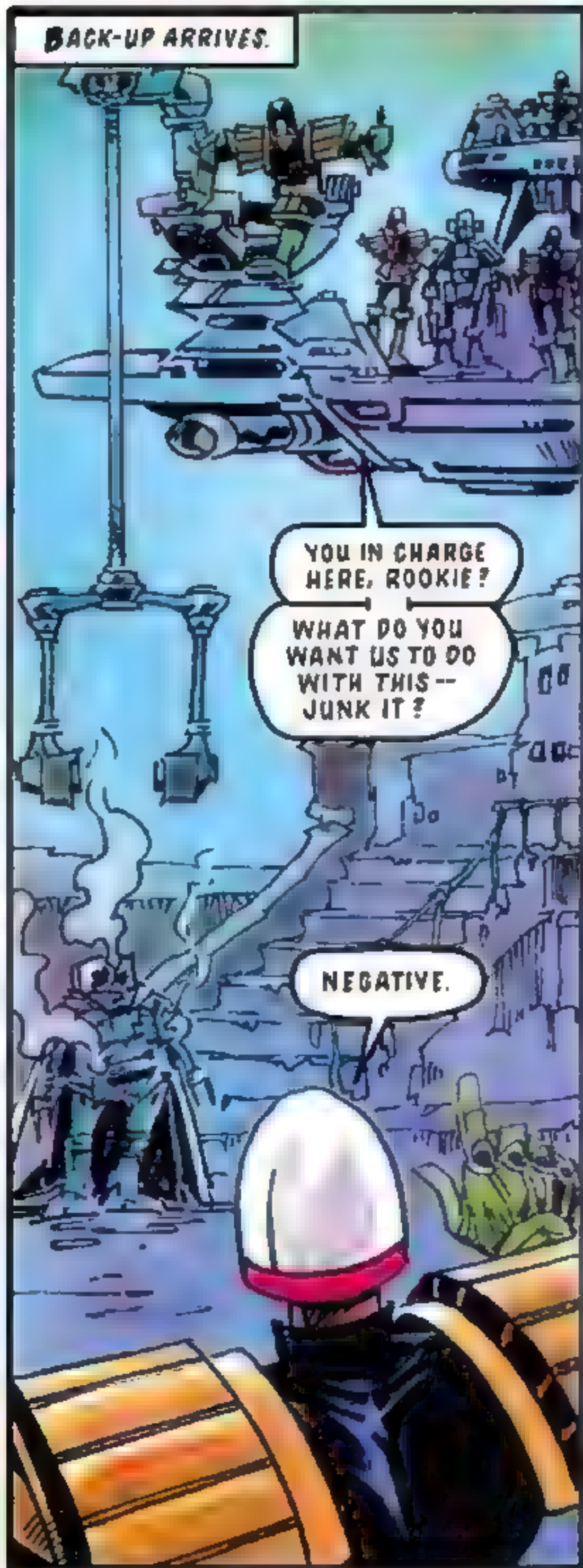


I CALL FOR URGENT MED-ASSIST, TRY TO STEM THE BLEEDING.

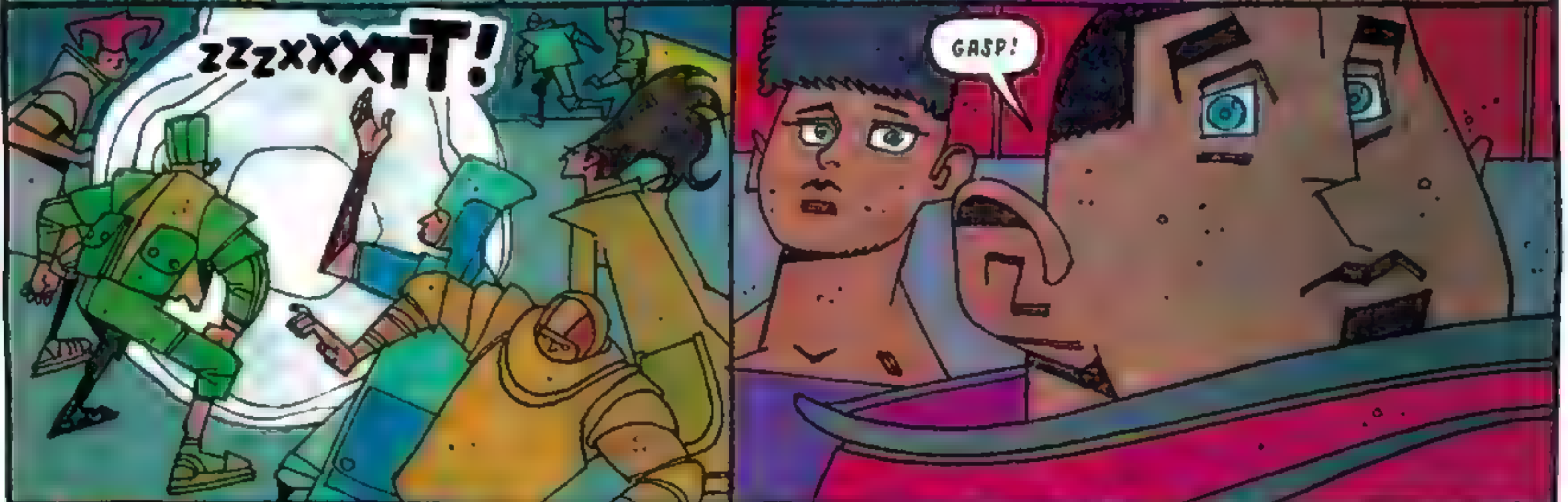
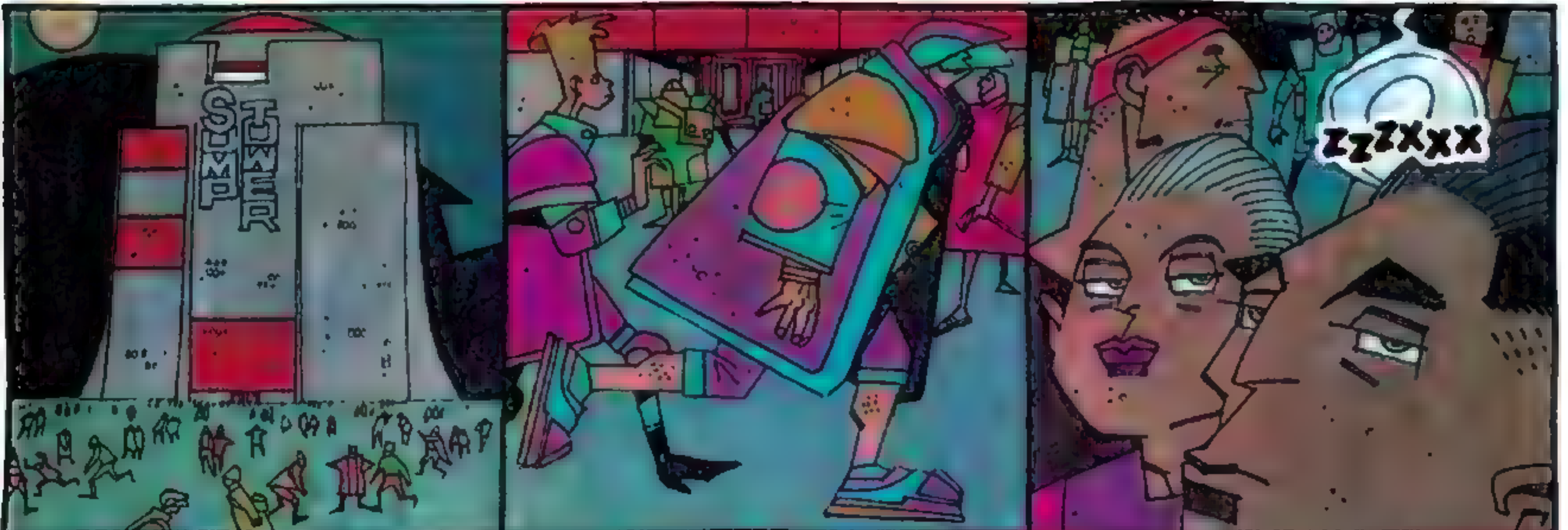
TOOK YOUR TIME GETTING HERE. GIANT...

YEAH, AND YOU SHOULD'VE MADE SURE THE MEETING ROOM WAS SECURED BEFORE RUNNING OFF. THAT'S BAD PROCEDURE. YOU LET YOUR IRRITATION WITH YOUR ROBOT CLOUD YOUR JUDGEMENT.

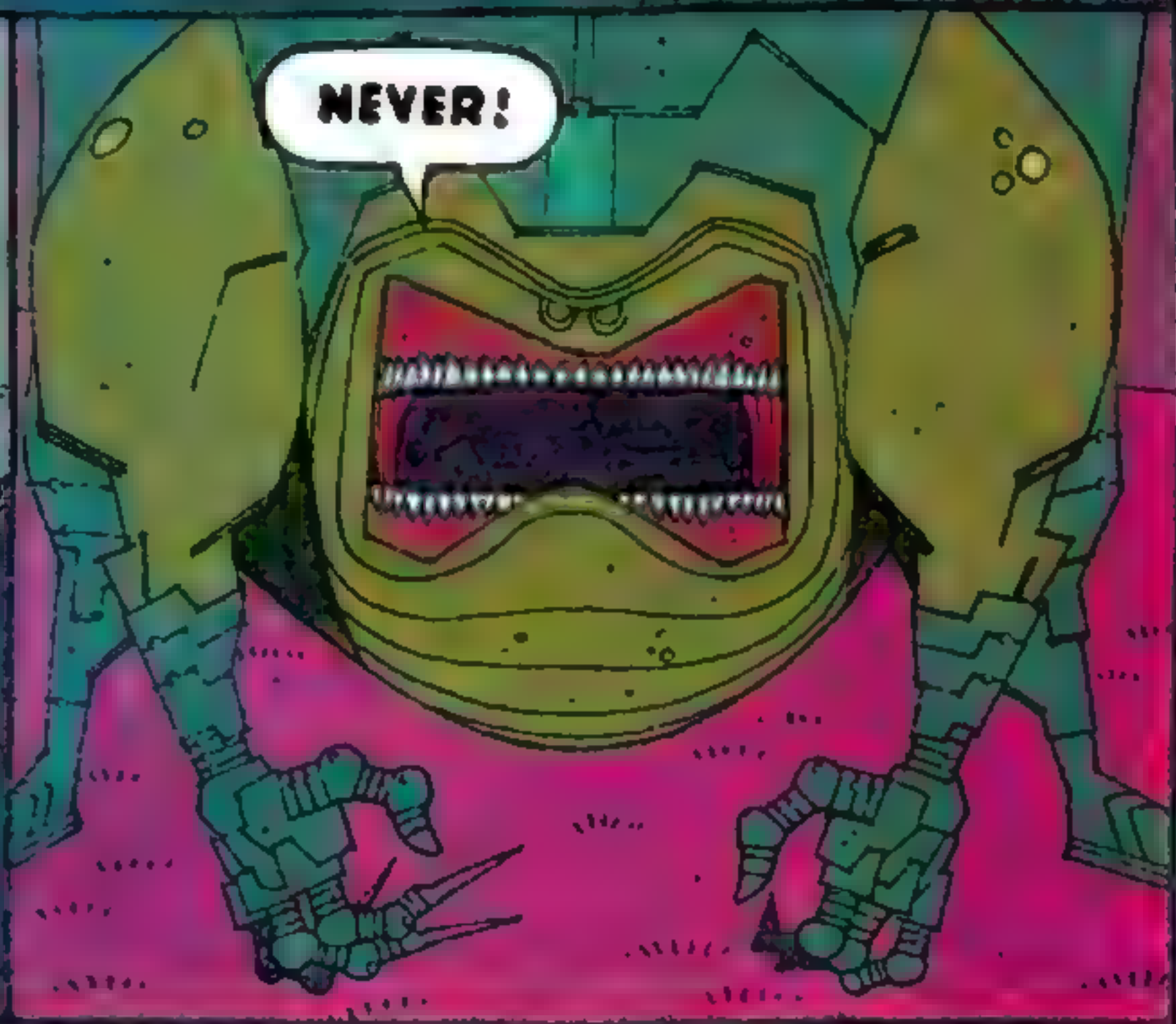
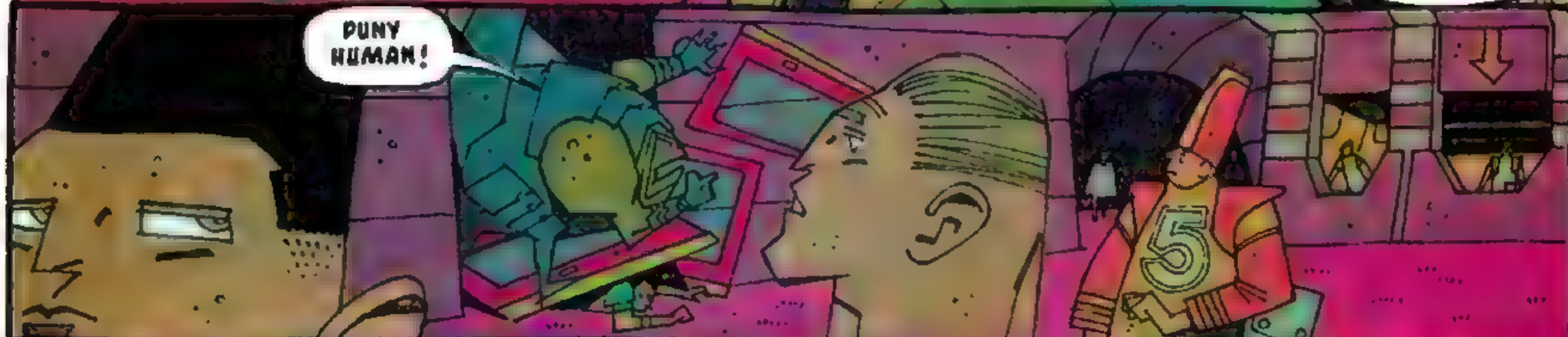
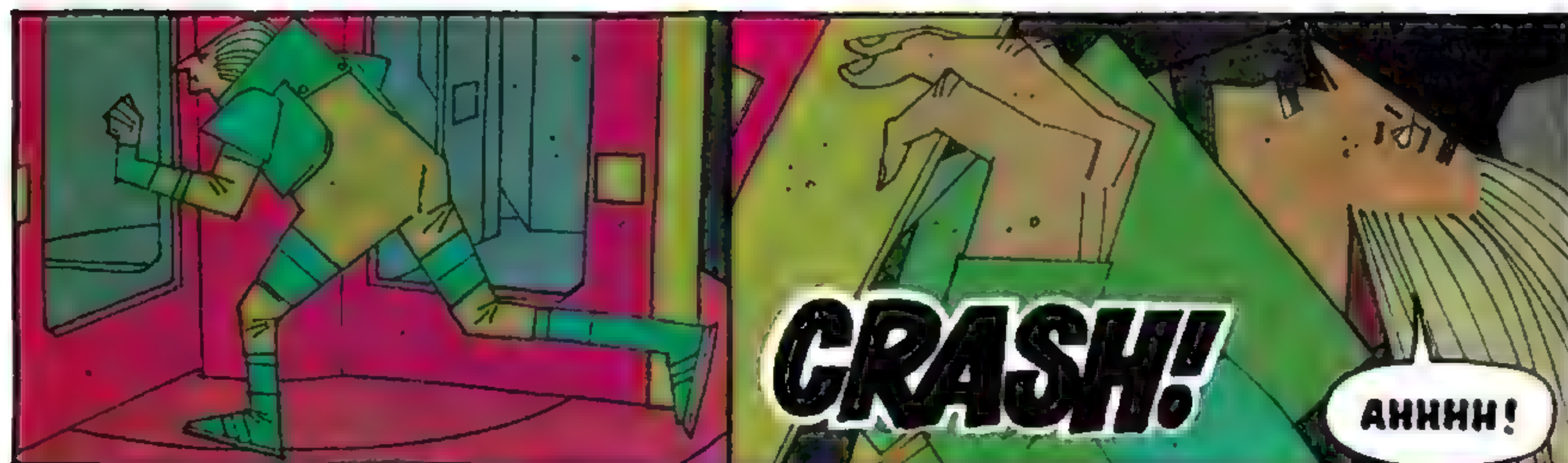




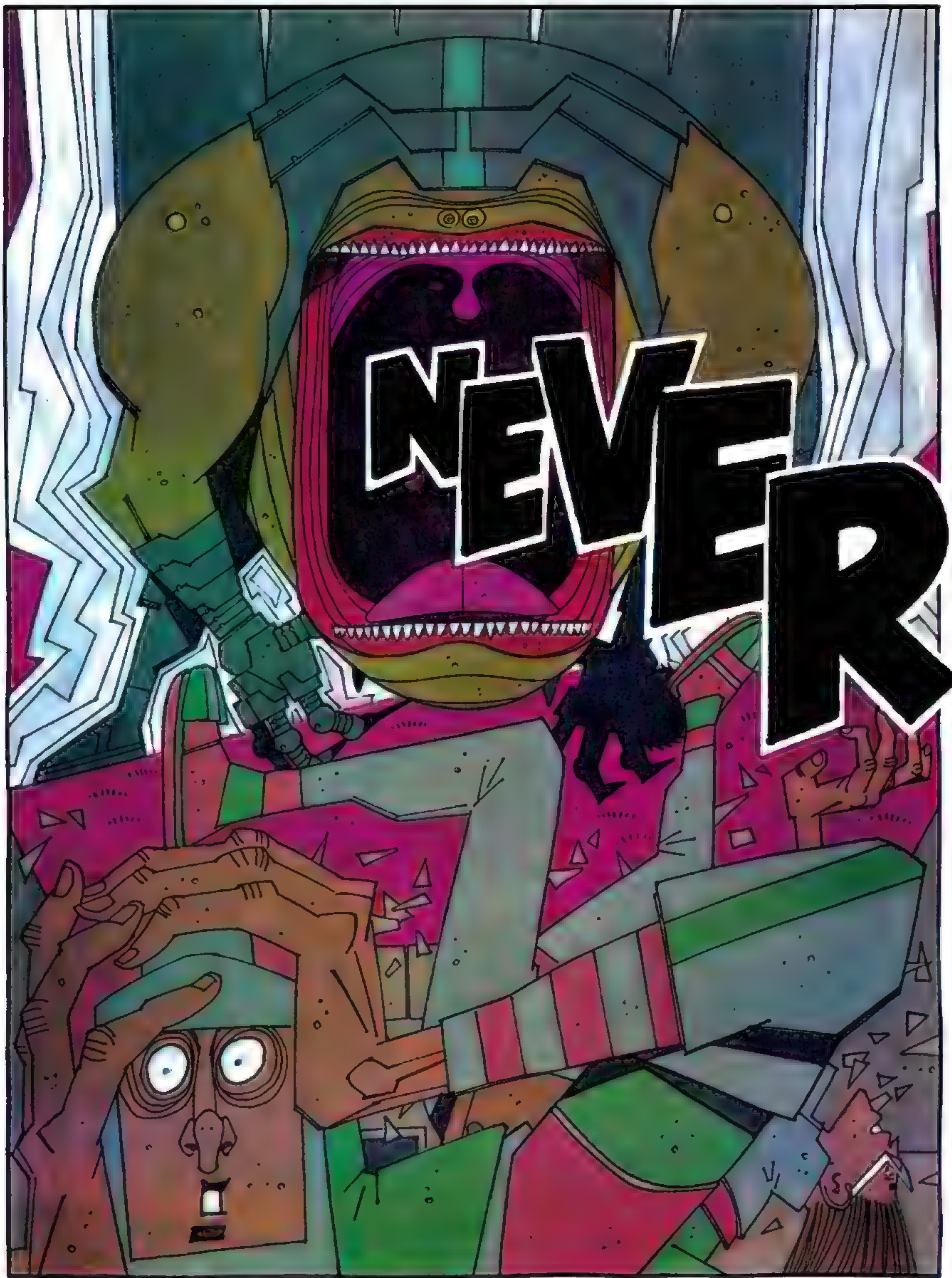










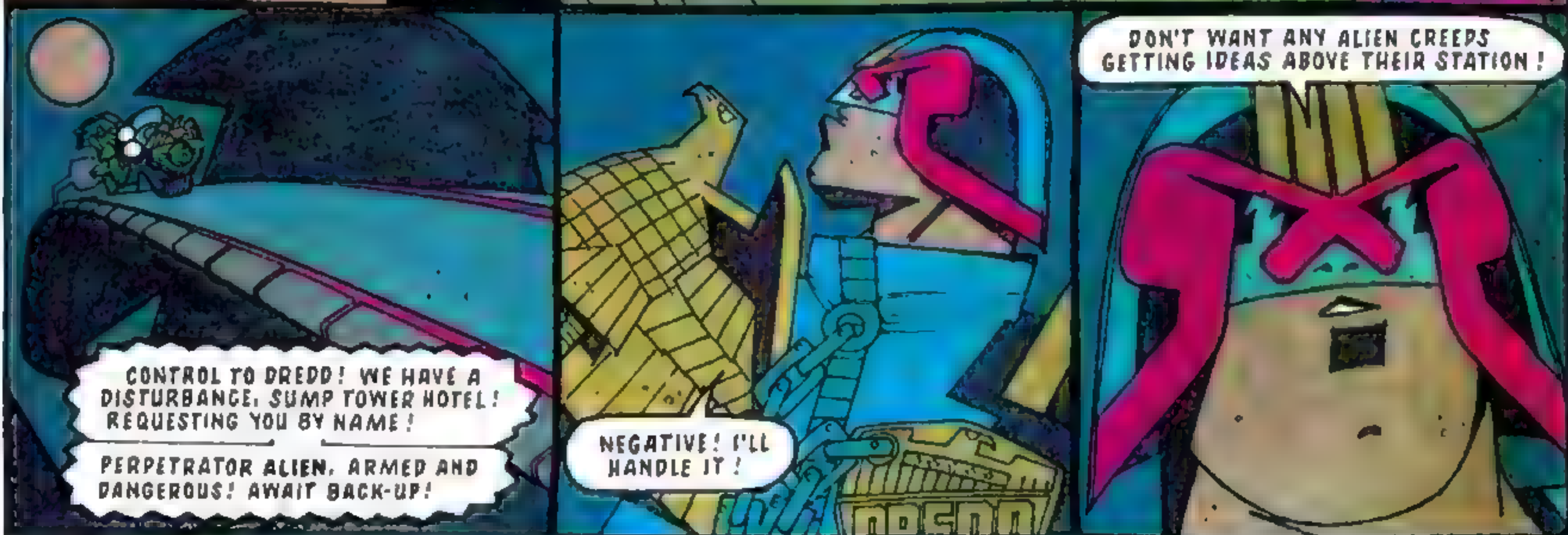






**NEVER  
SAY NO  
TO ME!**







OUTRAGEOUS!

I'M TERRIBLY SORRY,  
EXCELLENCY, BUT WE  
REALLY DON'T HAVE  
ANY CHOICE RIGHT AT  
THE MOMENT. WE'LL  
FIND YOU NEW  
ACCOMODATION--NO  
CHARGE, OF COURSE.

NO! THEY WILL  
REMAIN HERE!  
I FEEL A  
TITANIC RAGE  
COMING ON!

I WILL VENT  
MY WRATH  
ON THEM!

B-BUT YOU  
CAN'T! THEY'RE  
GUESTS!

**GOOO**

**WHIZZZ**

**SLAM!**

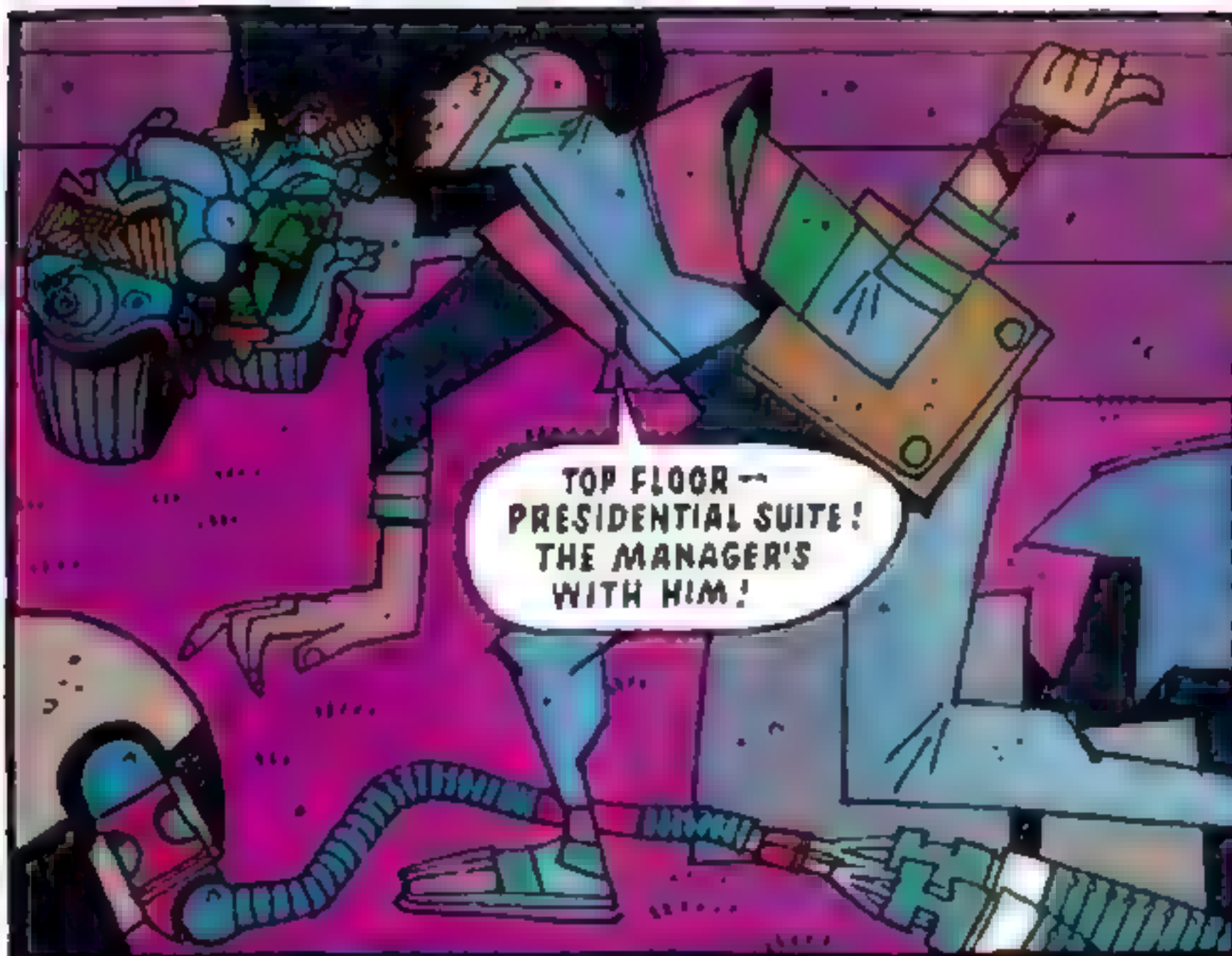
NOW--! HAVE I TOLD  
YOU HOW MUCH I  
ENJOY PAIN?

OTHERS' PAIN,  
OF COURSE!

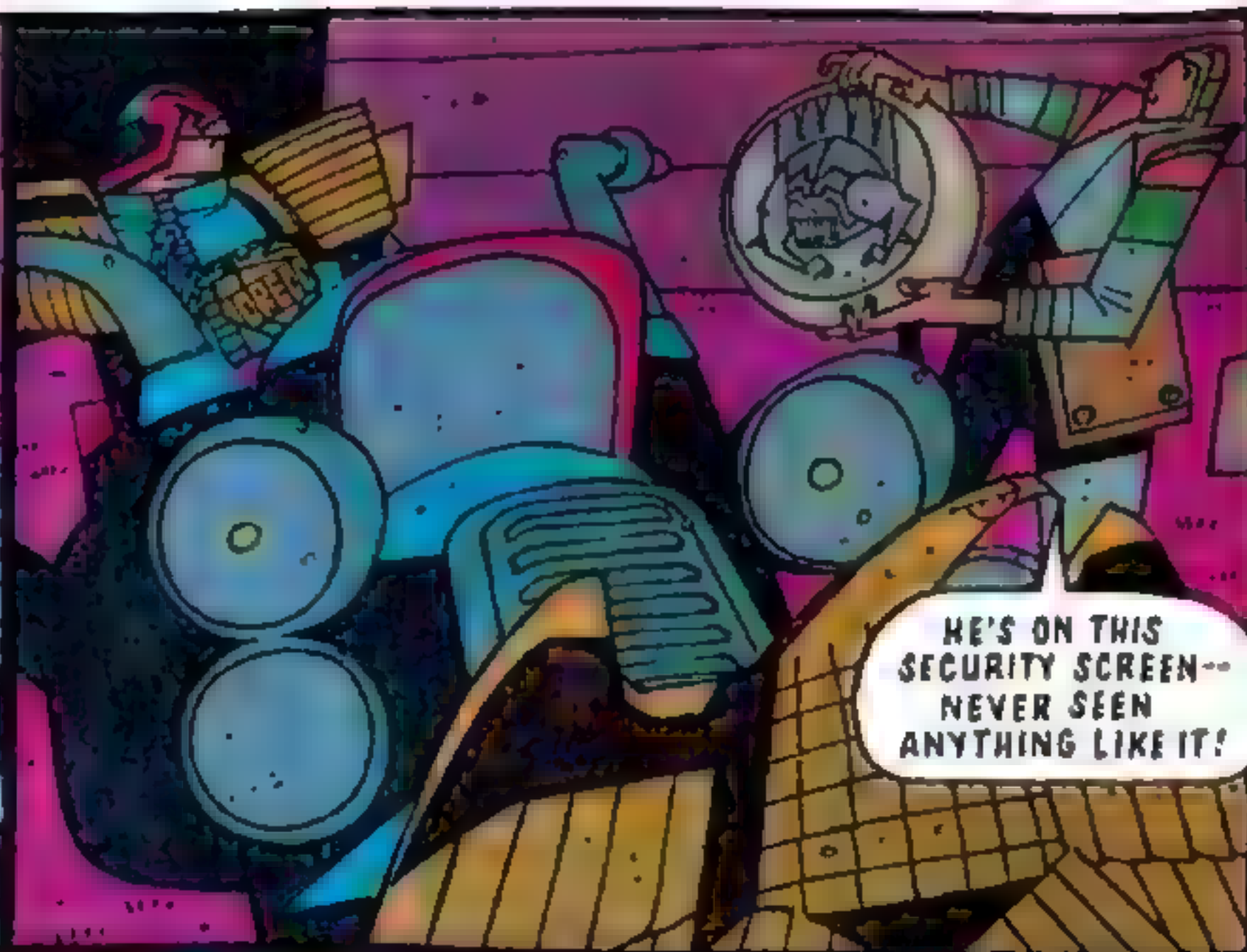
AAAH!!

OH MY  
GRUD!





TOP FLOOR--  
PRESIDENTIAL SUITE!  
THE MANAGER'S  
WITH HIM!



HE'S ON THIS  
SECURITY SCREEN--  
NEVER SEEN  
ANYTHING LIKE IT!



CONTROL! I'M SENDING  
THROUGH SEC-CAM IMAGE!  
SEE IF YOU CAN GET A  
MAKE ON THIS THING!

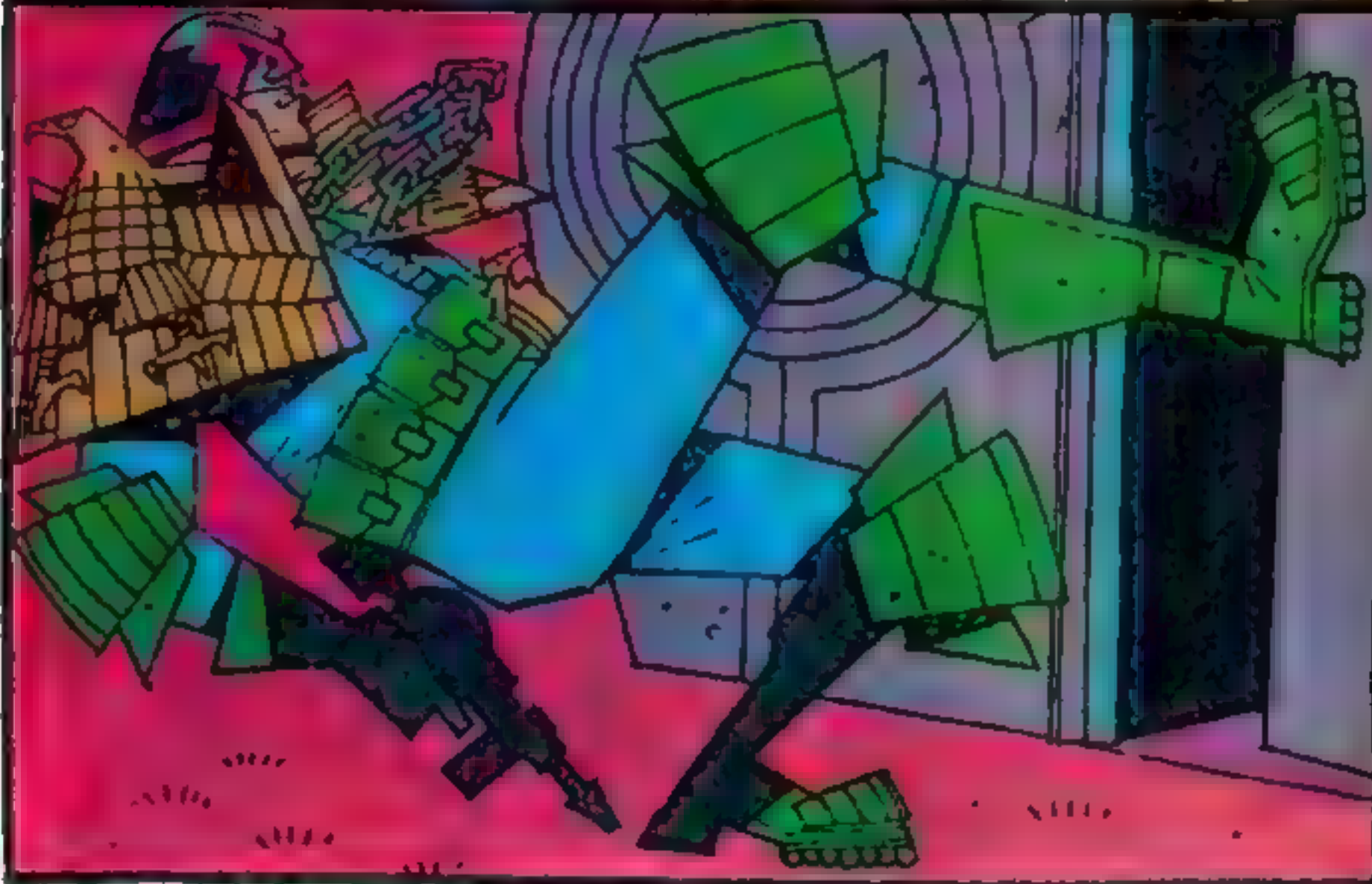


HE'S IN  
THERE!



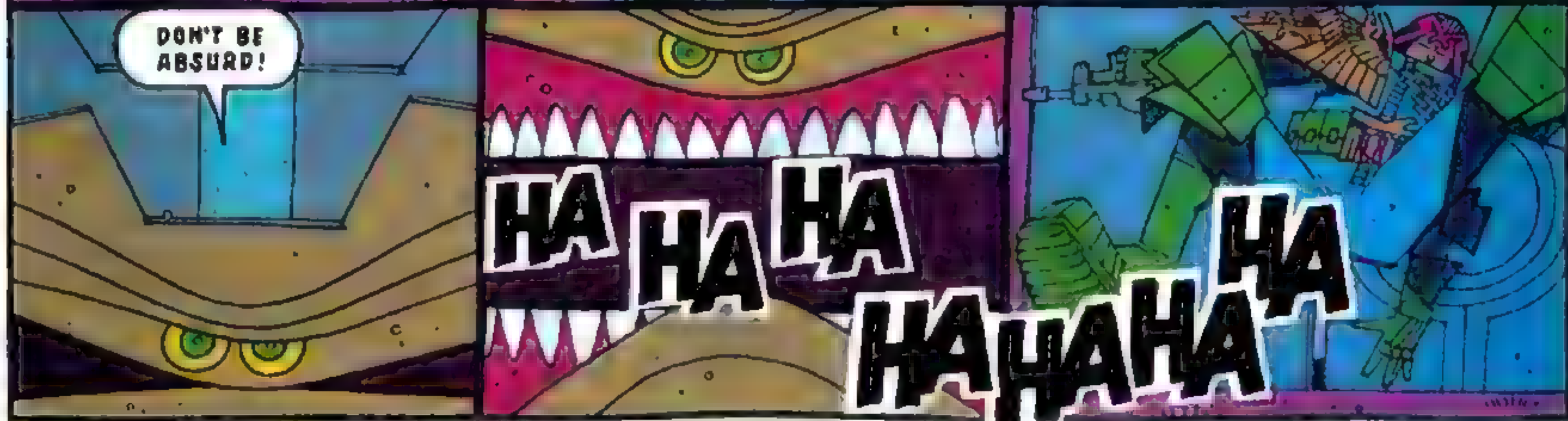
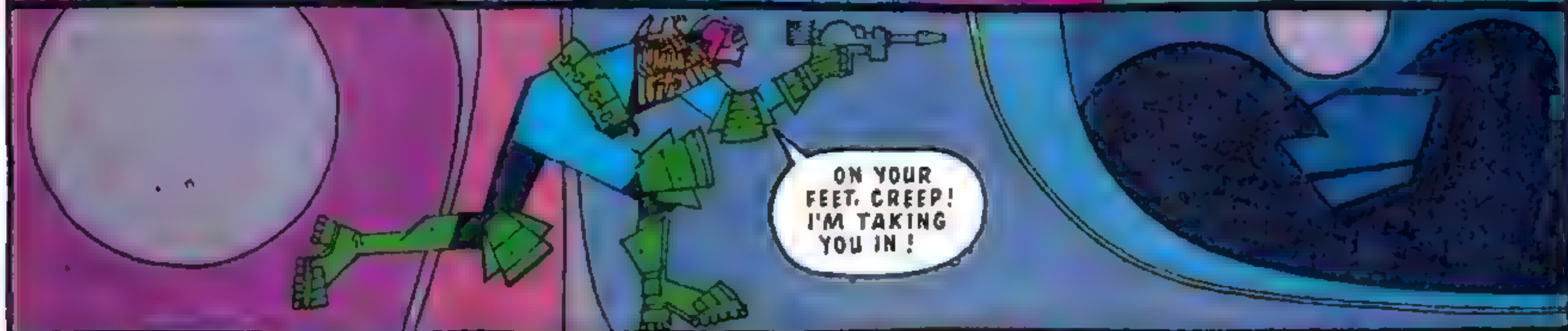
THE ANTARCTICAN AMBASSADOR  
AND HIS PARTY!  
TH-THERE WERE  
SCREAMS--TERRIBLE SCREAMS!  
AND THEN--  
NOTHING!

STAND BACK!



PROKK!







I AM HOWLER, VOICE OF THUNDER! RAZER OF PLANETS!  
SCOURGE OF THE GALAXY! YOU CAN NO MORE TROUBLE ME  
THAN A MICROBE!

I HAVE DECIDED TO SET UP MY HOME  
HERE IN THIS QUIET BACKWATER! AN ESCAPE FROM THE  
EVERYDAY STRESSES AND STRAINS OF PLANETARY  
DOMINATION! A PEACEFUL HAVEN TO RETURN TO WHEN I  
HAVE VENTED MY SPLEEN UPON THE GALAXY!

MY REQUIREMENTS ARE FEW -- TOTAL SUBSERVIENCE OF  
ALL YOUR PEOPLES -- A HANDFUL TO TORTURE WHILE I AM  
IN RESIDENCE. TWENTY A DAY SHOULD DO TO START  
WITH -- WE'LL SEE HOW WE GET ON WITH THAT.

I GOT ANOTHER  
SUGGESTION, PAL!

**BOOM!**

**ZINKKK**

**PING!**

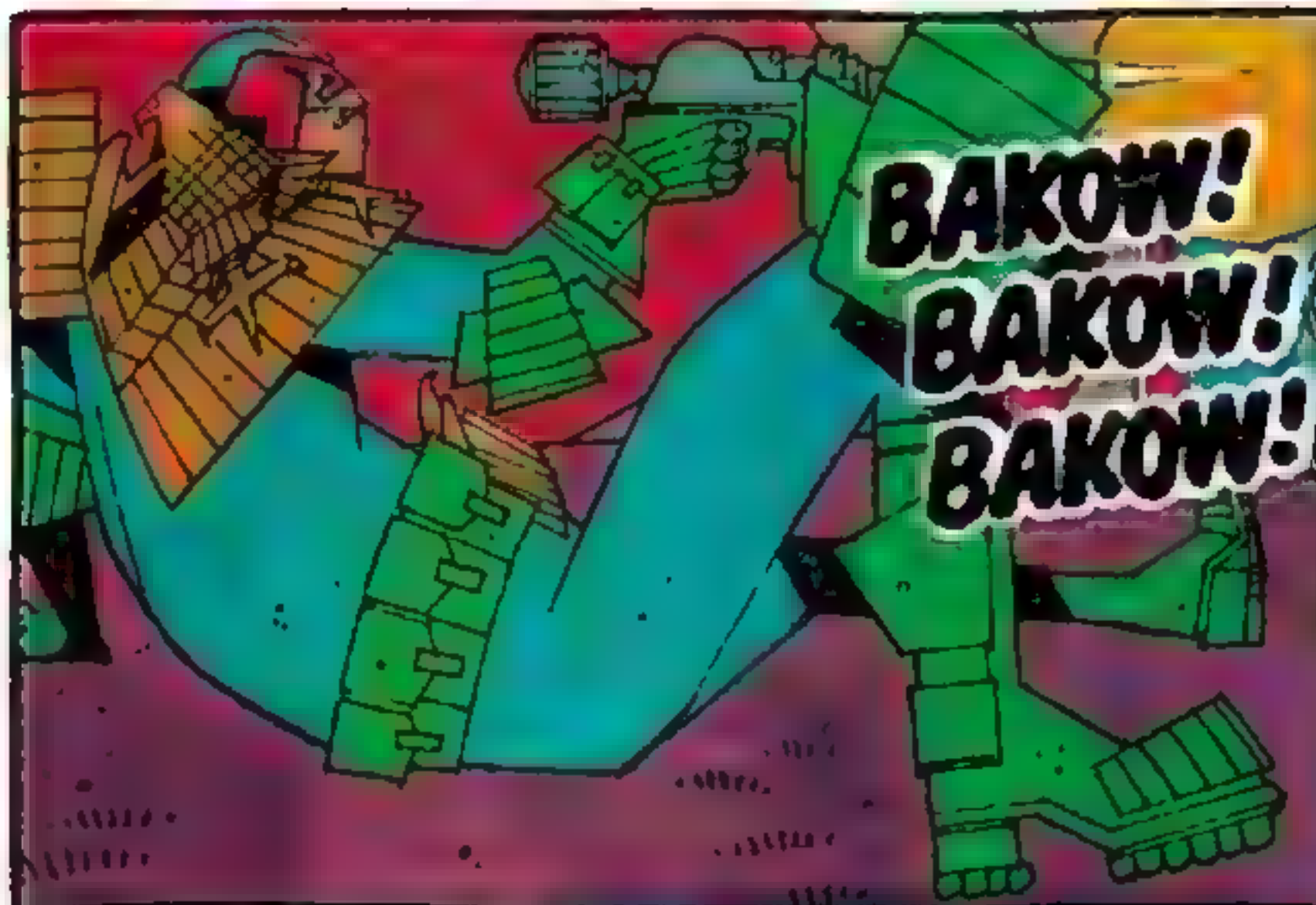
YOU FAIL TO UNDERSTAND YOUR  
POSITION! I WILL HAVE TO  
ADMINISTER A LESSON!

**WHAPP!**

**UNNG!**

I AM GOING TO  
BEAT YOU TO  
WITHIN AN INCH  
OF YOUR LIFE!





**BAKOW!  
BAKOW!  
BAKOW!**



**SPANGG!**

YOUR WEAPONS  
CANNOT TROUBLE ME!  
I AM QUICKER  
THAN A BULLET!

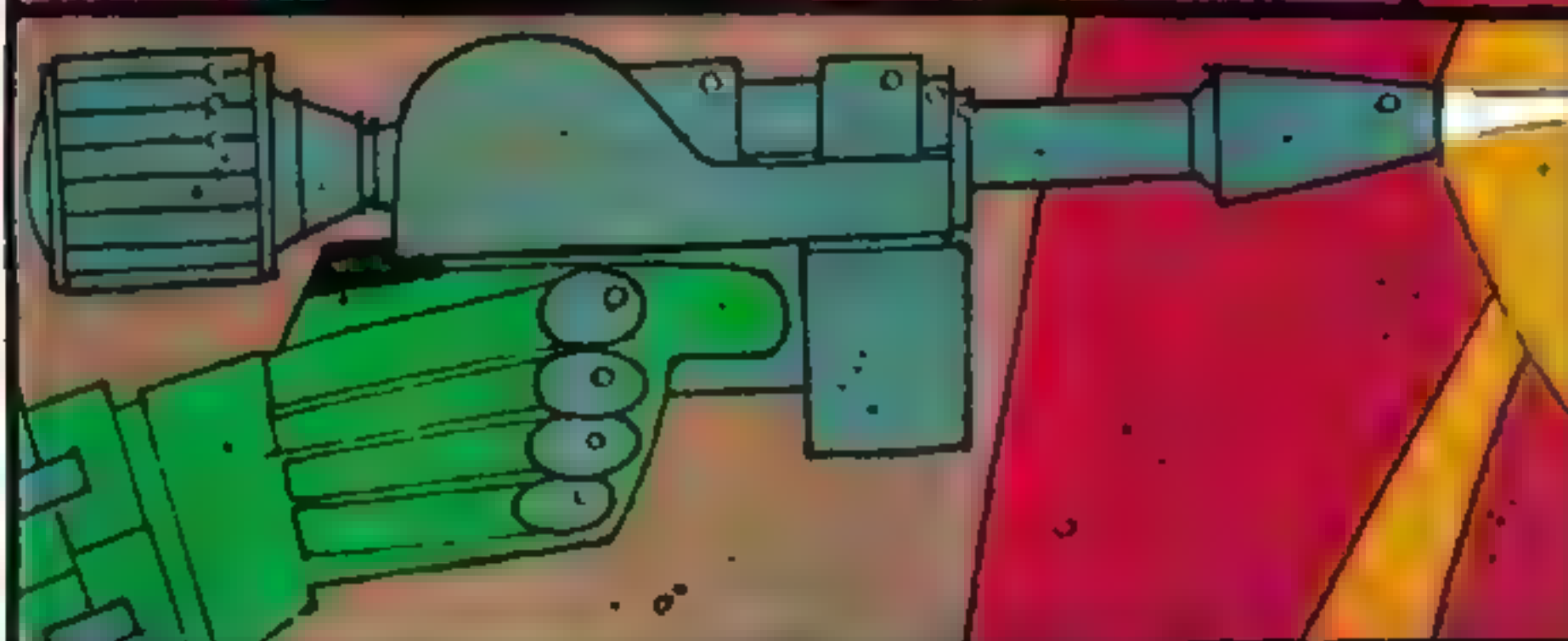
**SPANGG!**



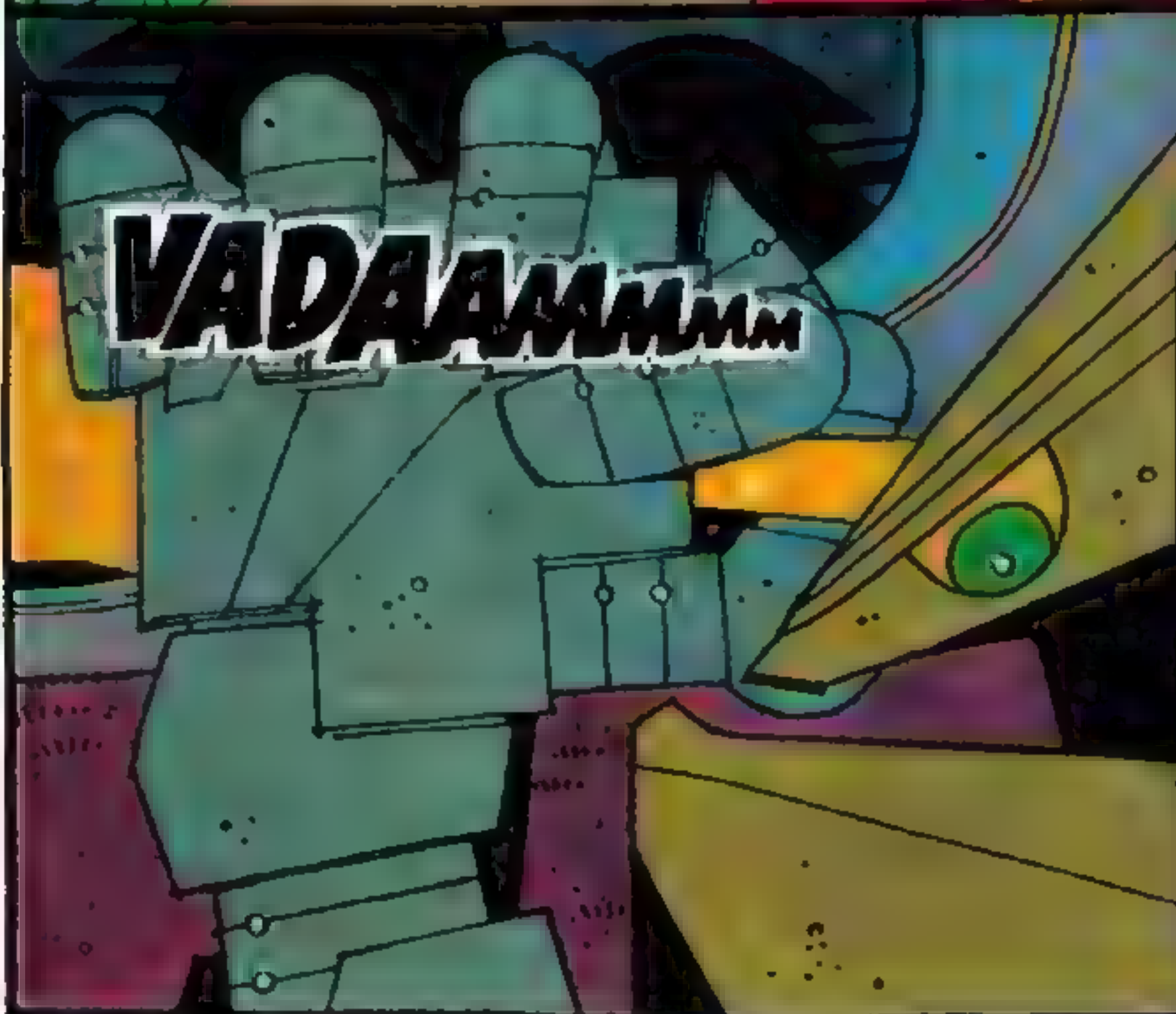
MY HAND AND EYE  
CO-ORDINATION IS  
SECOND TO NONE!



THEN TRY HI-EX,  
YOU BASTARD!



DO YOU NEVER  
LEARN?



**VADAAAAMMM**



**DROKK!**





**YOU AREN'T LISTENINGGG TO MEEEEEE**



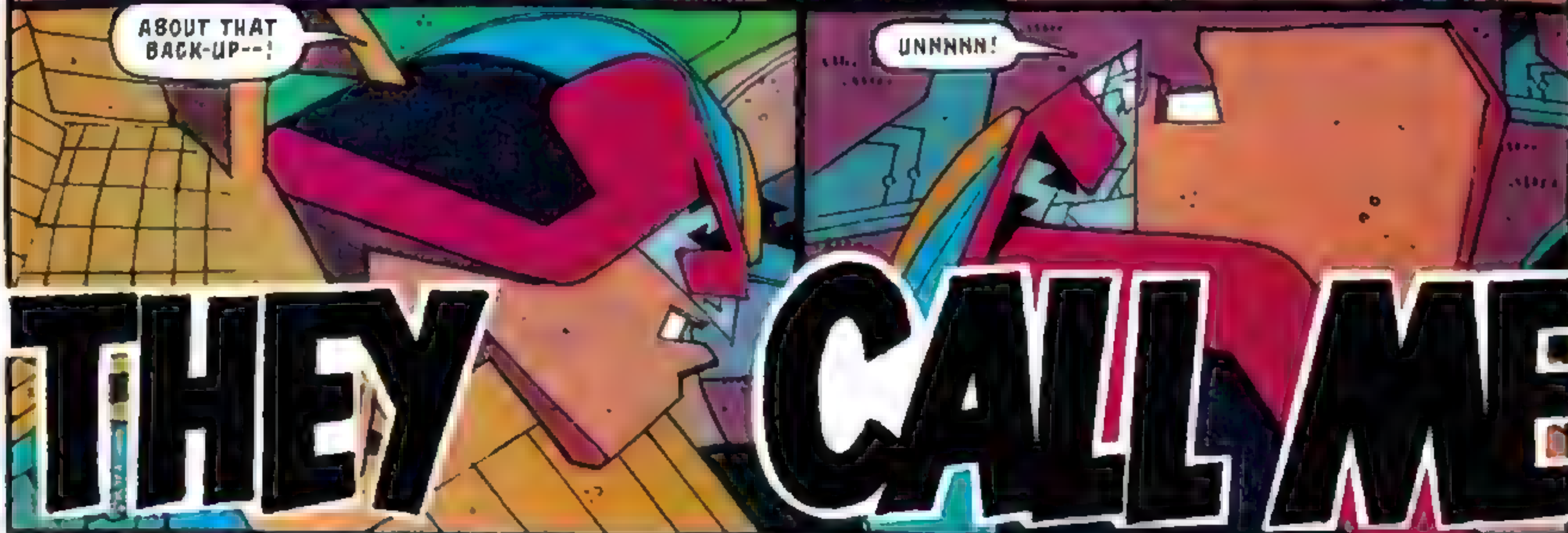
**NOW I'LL**

**SHOW**



**YOU**

**WHY**

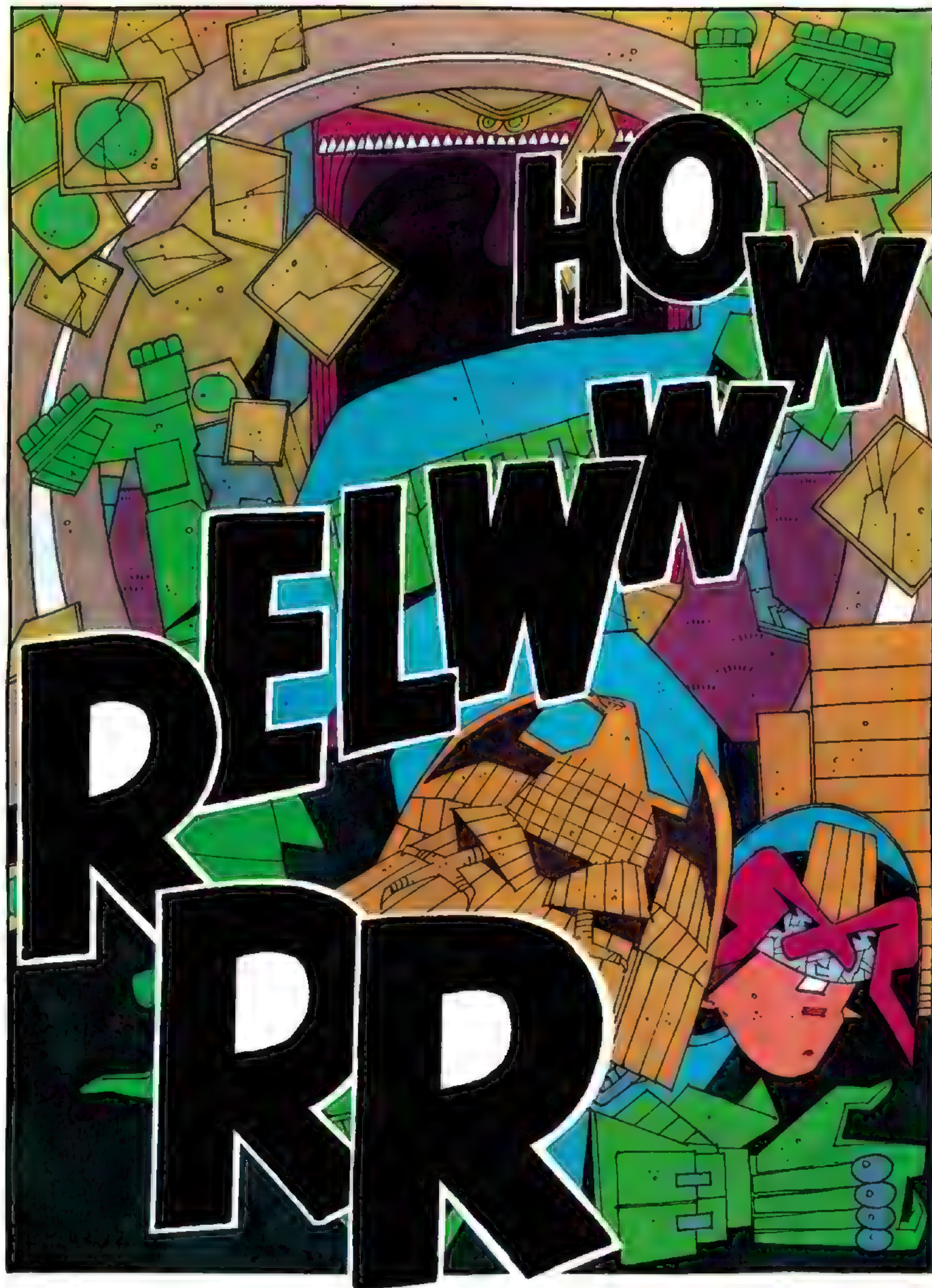


ABOUT THAT BACK-UP--!

UNNNNN!

**THEY CALL ME**









IF YOU DARE TO  
OPPOSE ME  
HOW MANY WILL  
DIE BEFORE YOU  
REALISE THE  
FUTILITY OF  
YOUR ACTIONS?



I JUST THOUGHT,  
AS A GESTURE  
OF GOODWILL  
FROM A NEW  
RESIDENT -

AND BELIEVE  
ME, GOODWILL  
DOES NOT COME  
EASILY TO  
HOWLER!

W  
H  
A  
K!

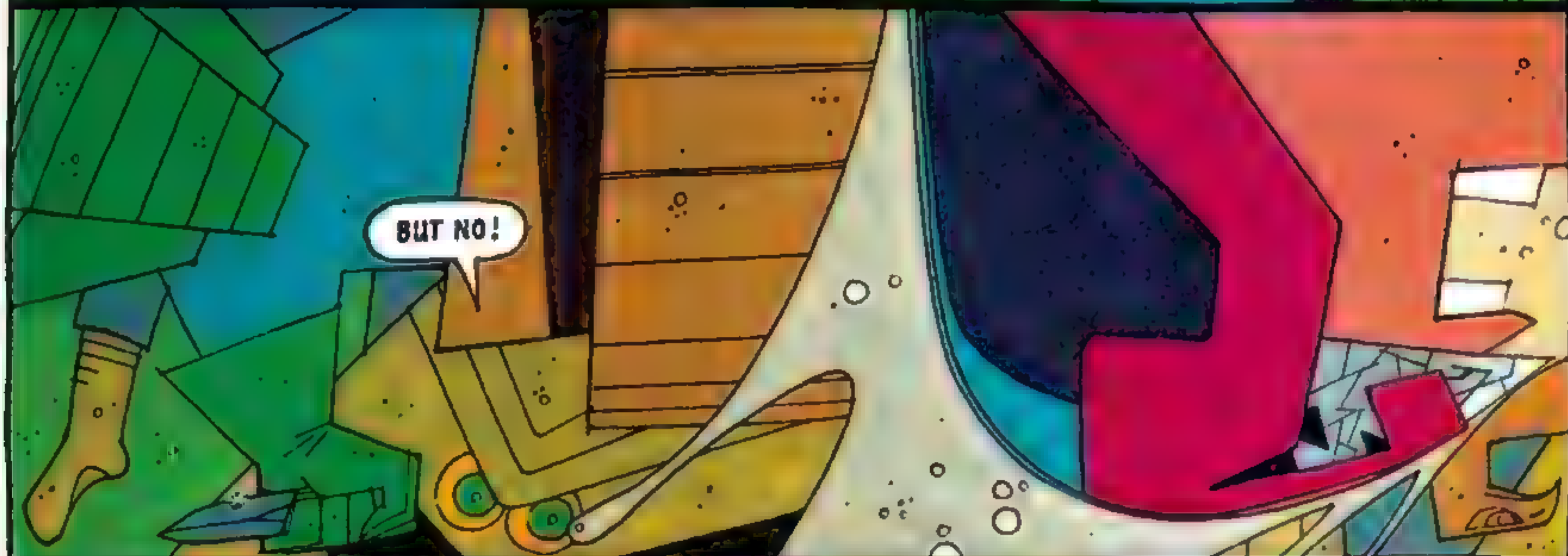
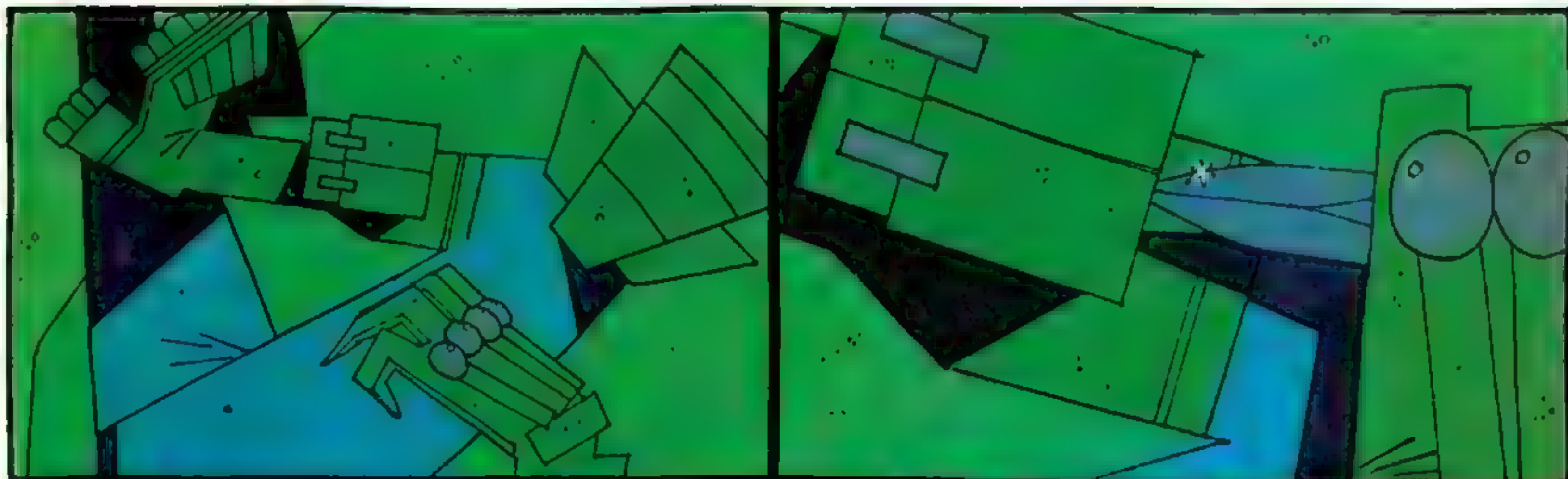


- BUT I THOUGHT -  
JUST AS A GESTURE -  
WE COULD REACH AN  
UNDERSTANDING!

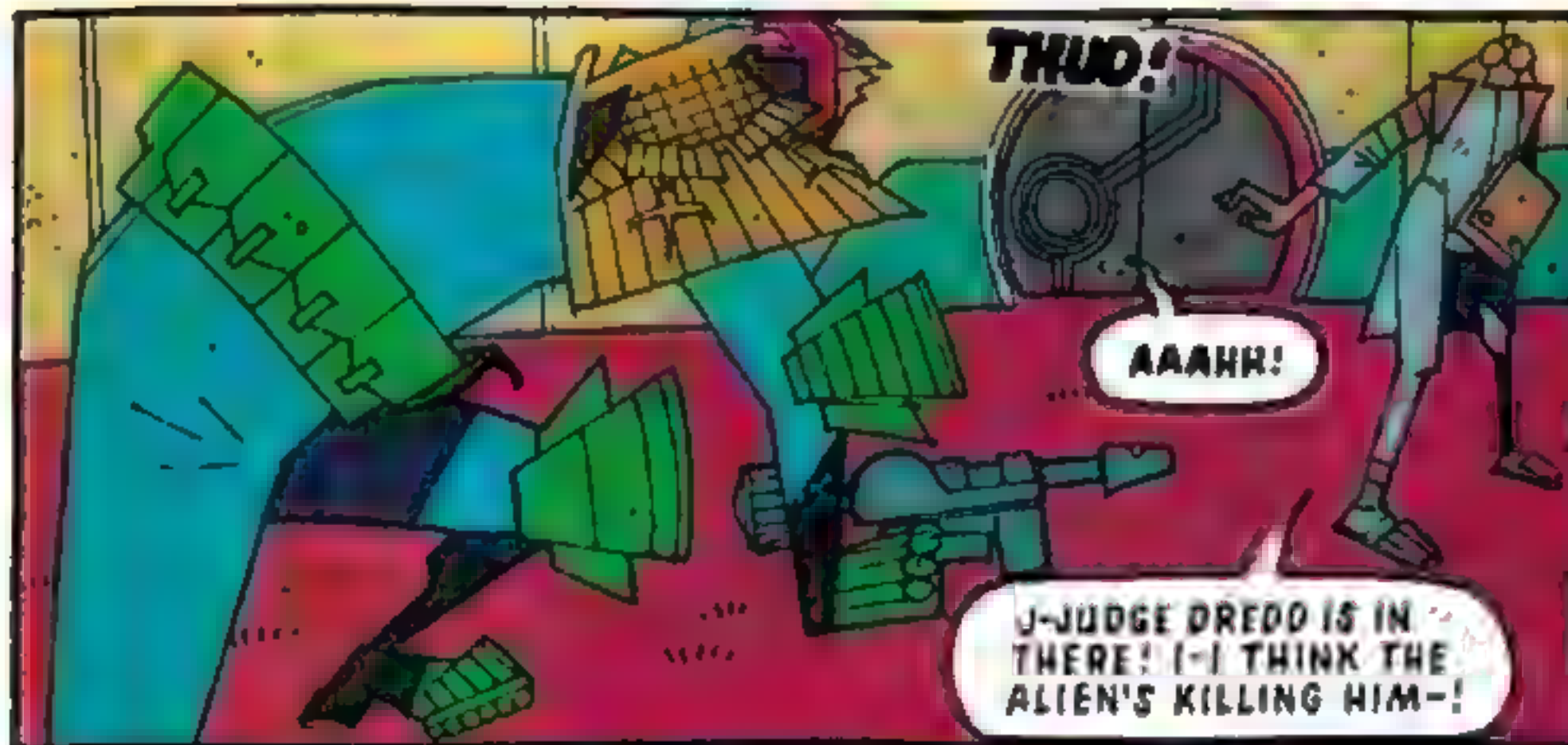
ABSOLUTE SUBSERVIENCE -  
THAT'S NOT MUCH TO  
ASK, IS IT ?

GNNLRBBB





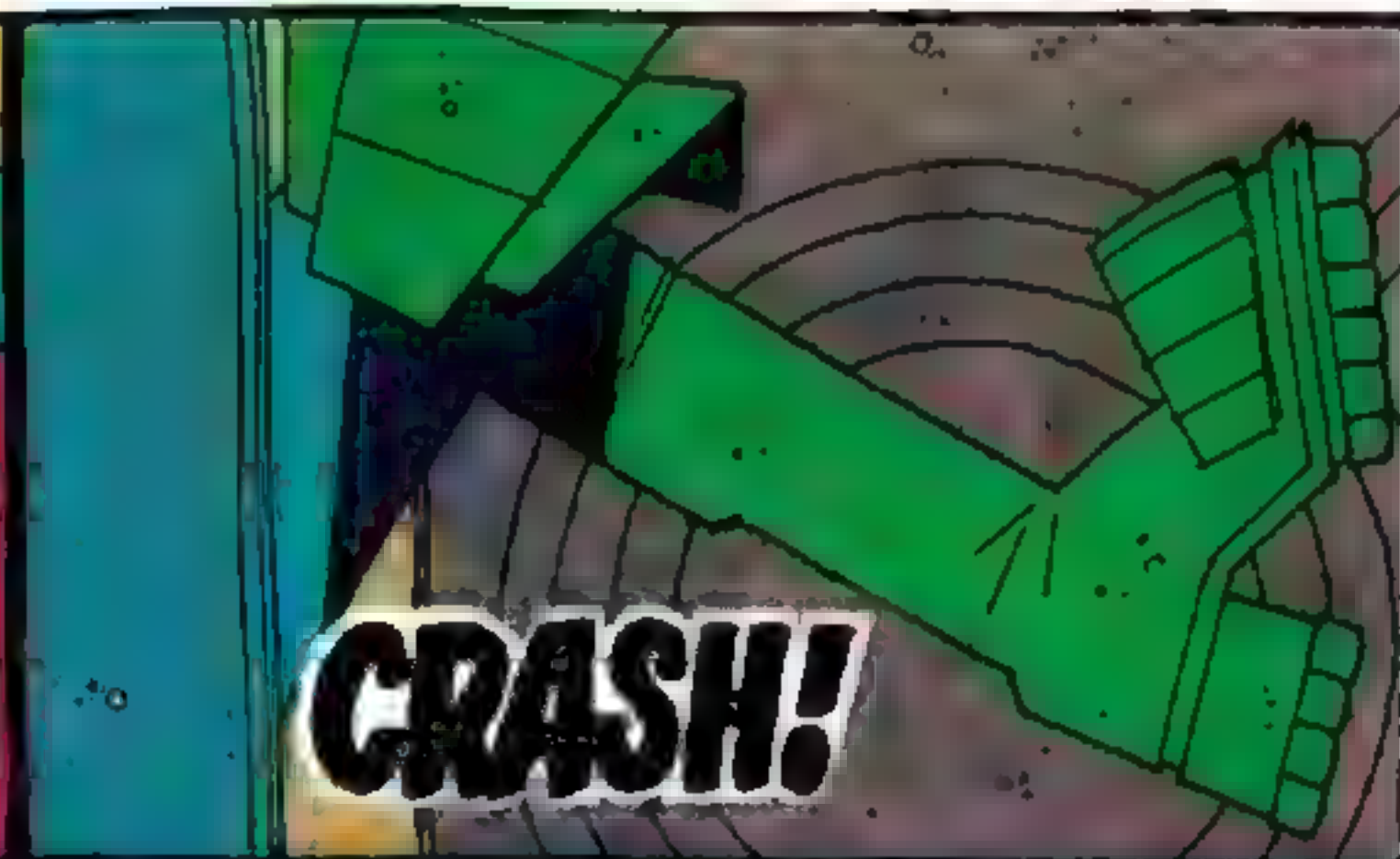




THUD!

AAAHH!

J-JUDGE DREDD IS IN THERE! I-I THINK THE ALIEN'S KILLING HIM--!



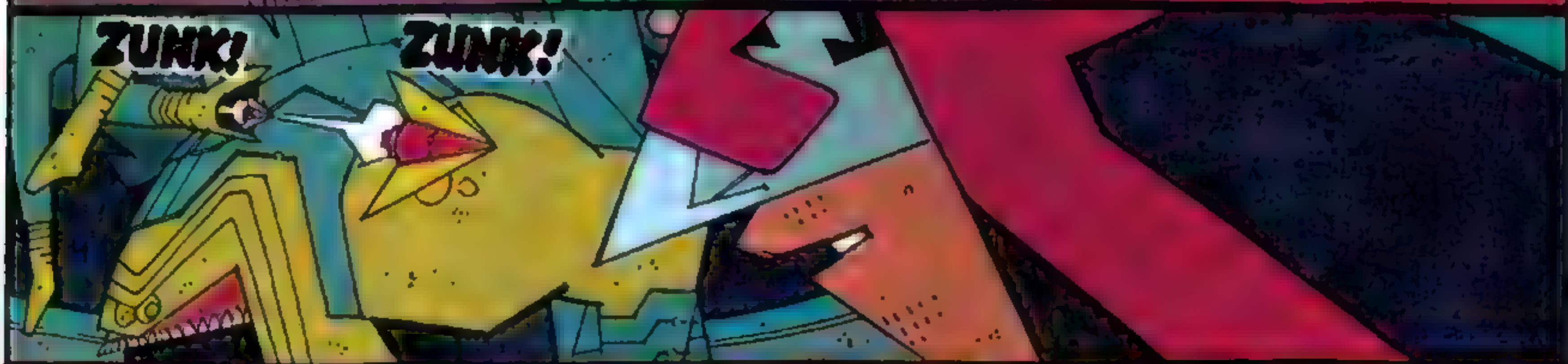
CRASH!



MOTHER OF GRUD--!



WAIT OUTSIDE!



ZUNK!

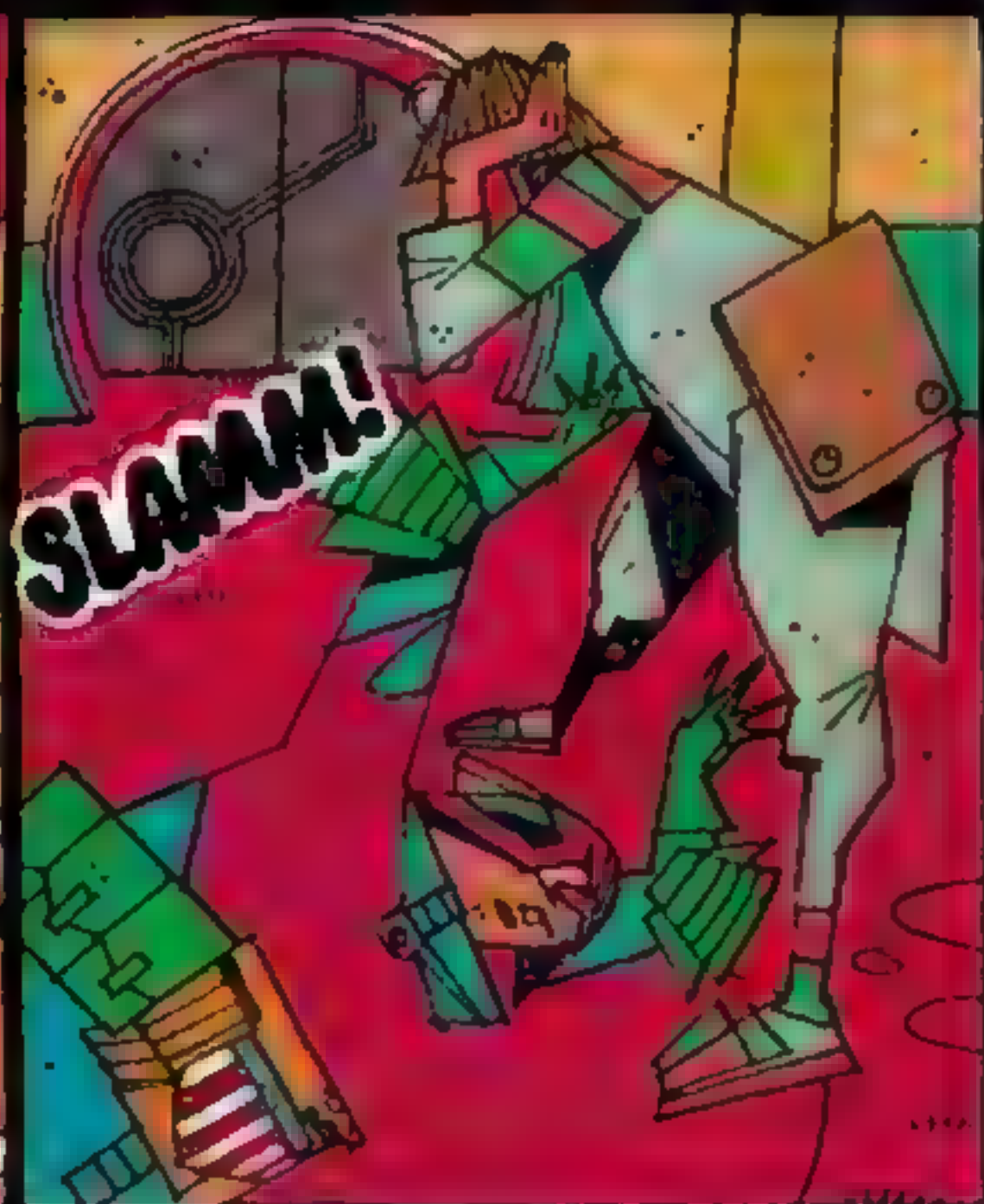
ZUNK!



UNNN!



OH MY GRUD!



SLAM!









THERE'S SOMETHING  
ALMOST TOUCHING  
ABOUT YOUR  
PATHETIC DEVOTION  
TO DUTY!



AND I DON'T LIKE  
BEING TOUCHED!

**SLASH!**



I SHALL HAVE  
TO MAKE AN  
EXAMPLE OF YOU!

**BOOT!**

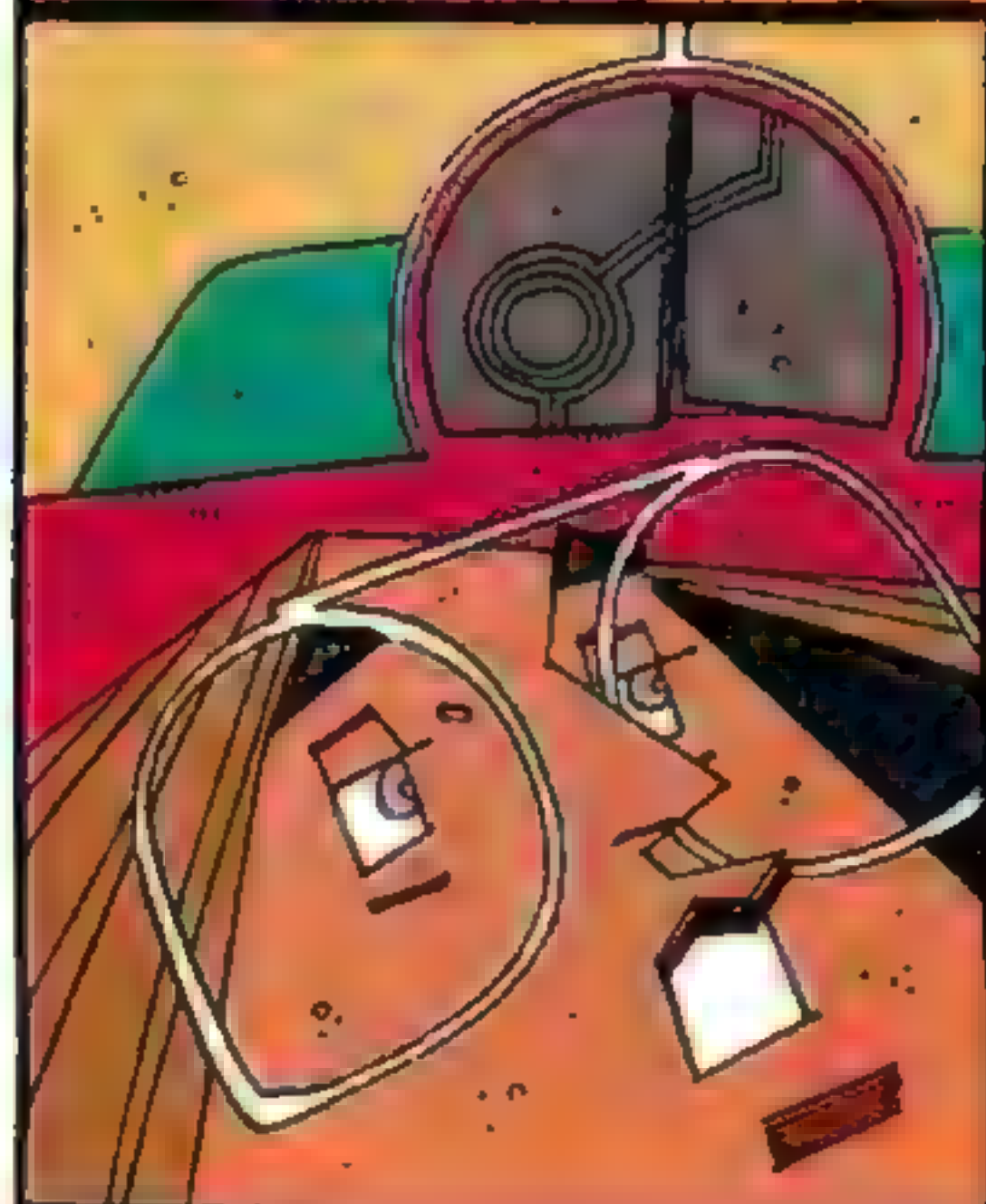


NOT THAT  
I MIND, OF  
COURSE!

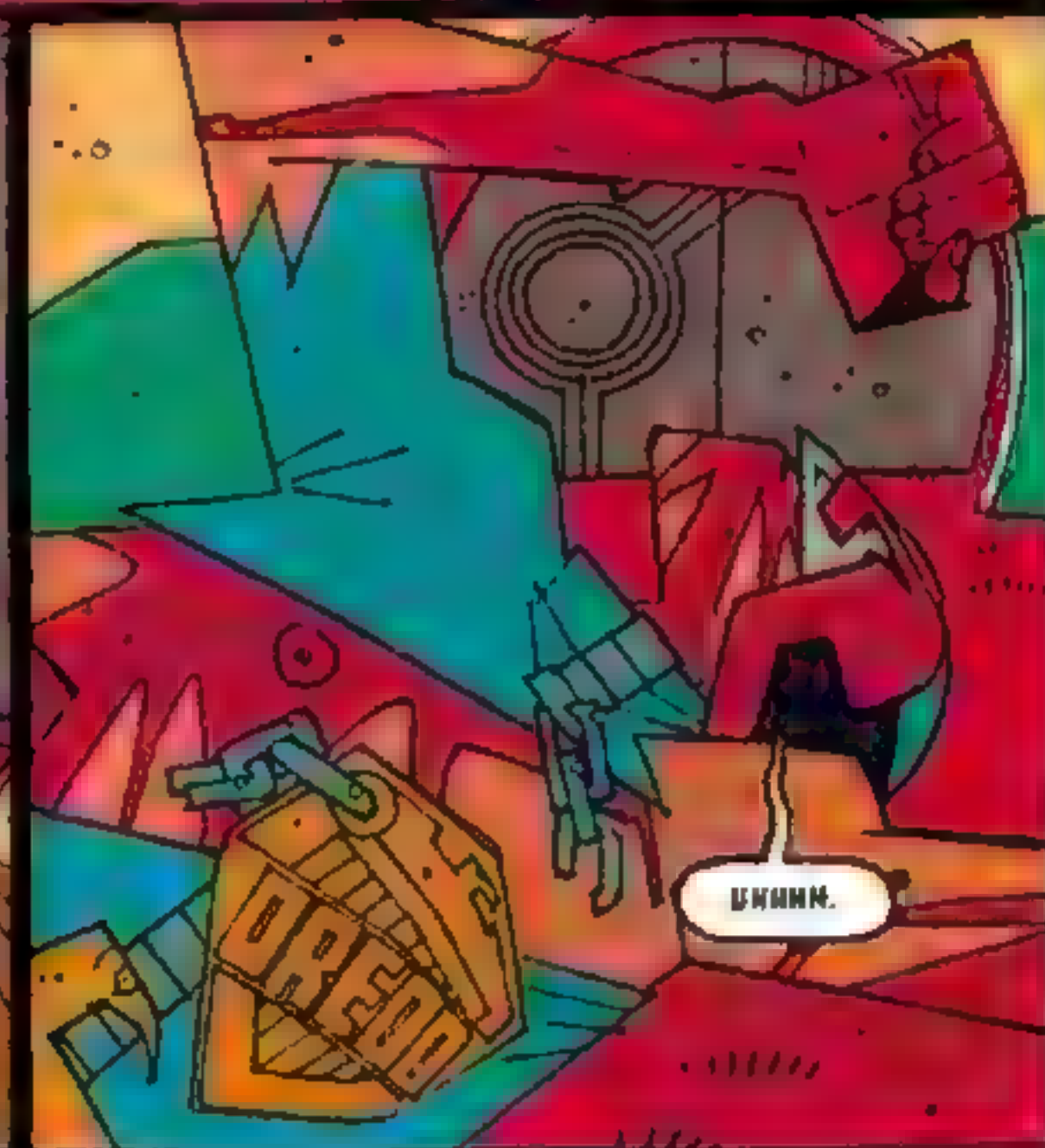


AS YOU'VE PROBABLY  
GATHERED BY NOW, I  
LIKE INFLECTING PAIN!

**THUD!**

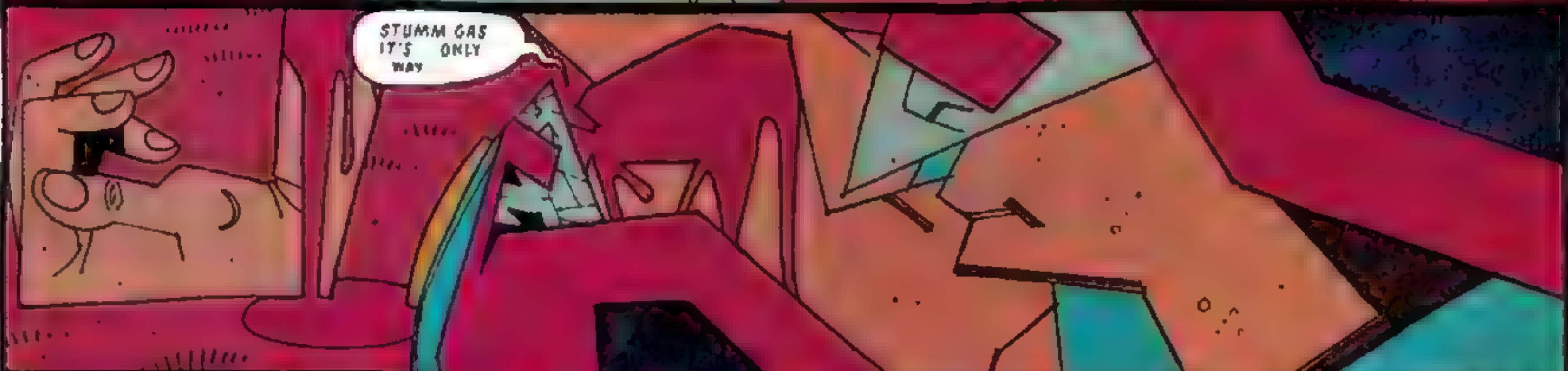
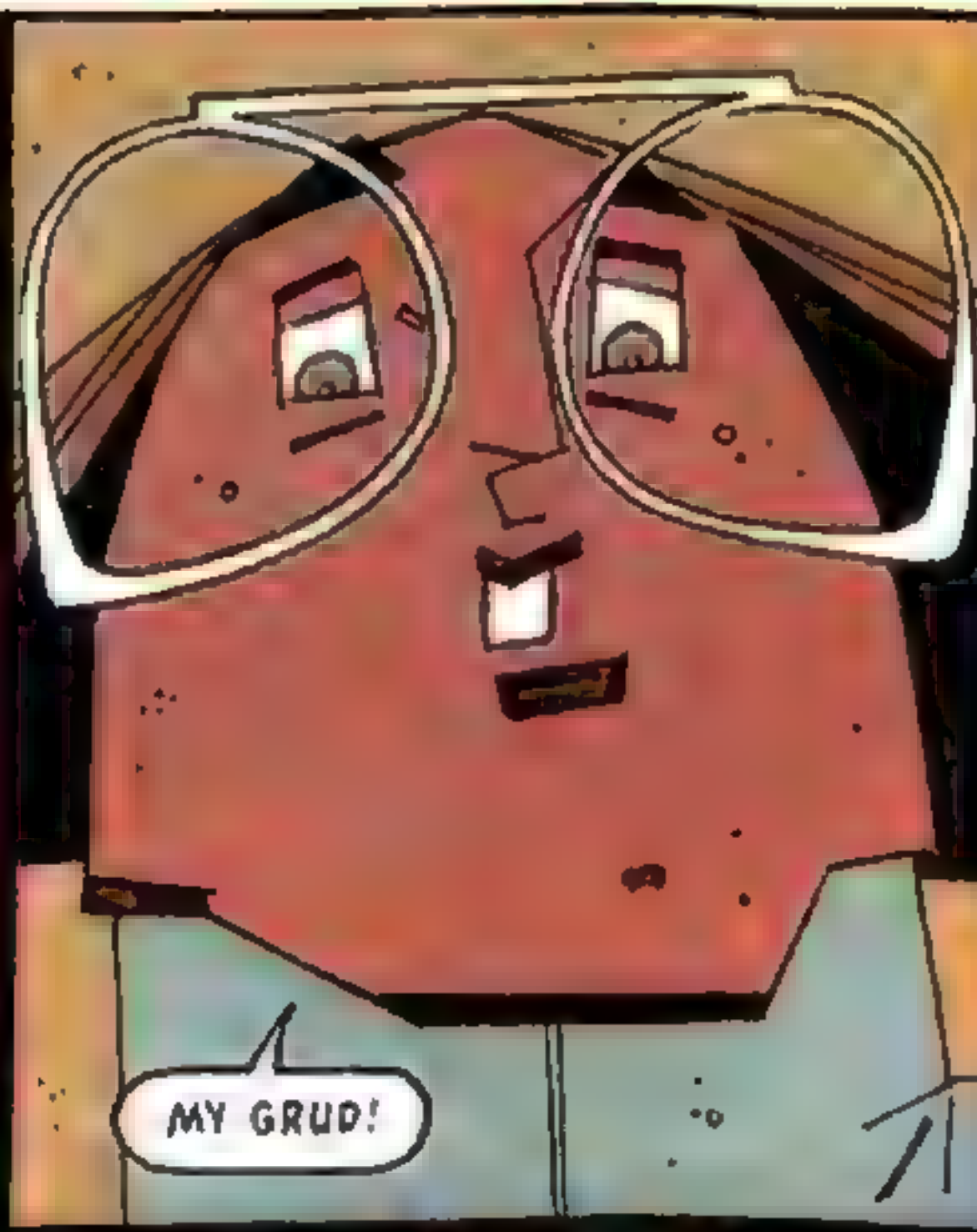


I'M FINISHED  
WITH THIS!  
DISPOSE OF IT!

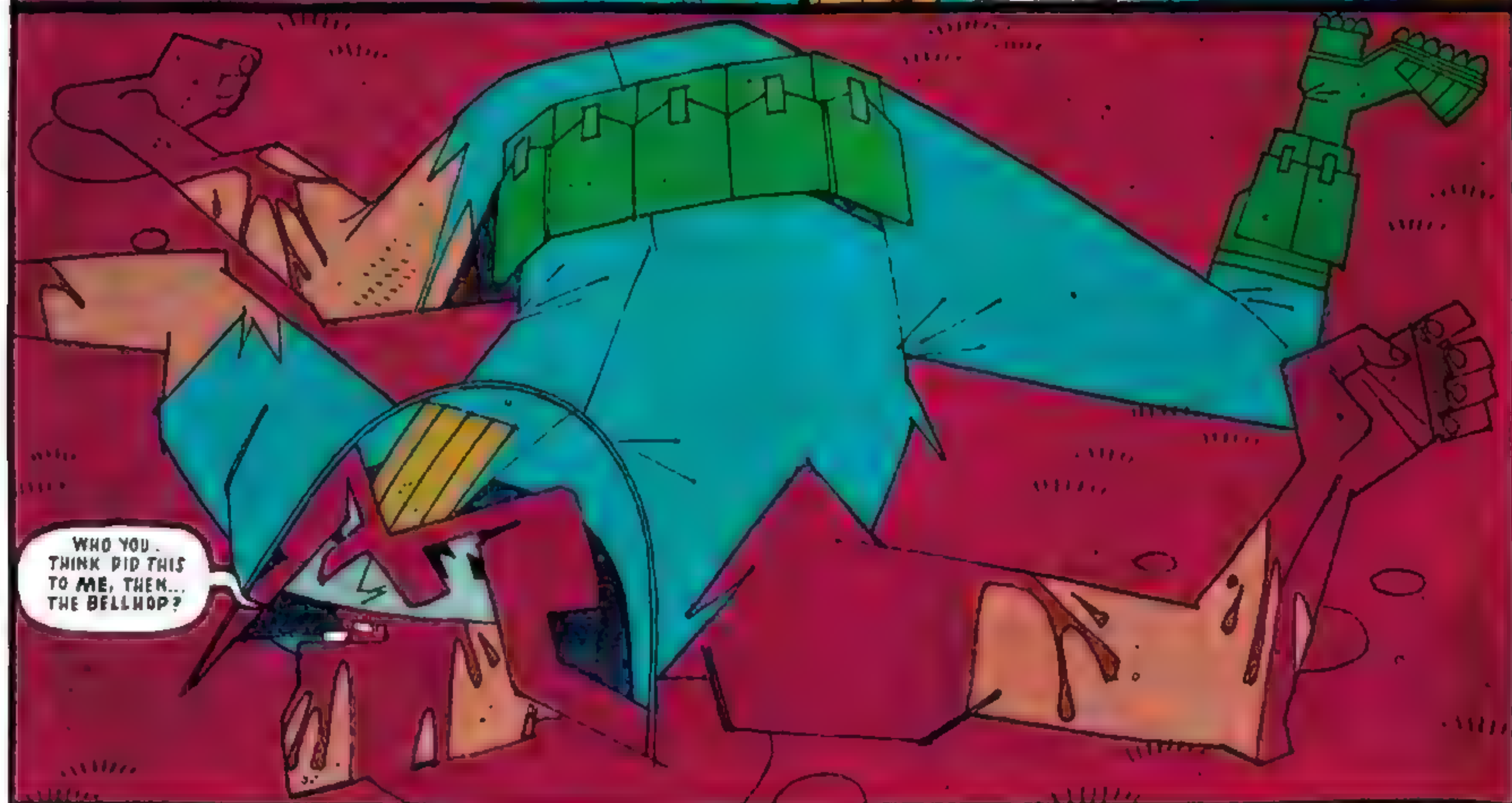
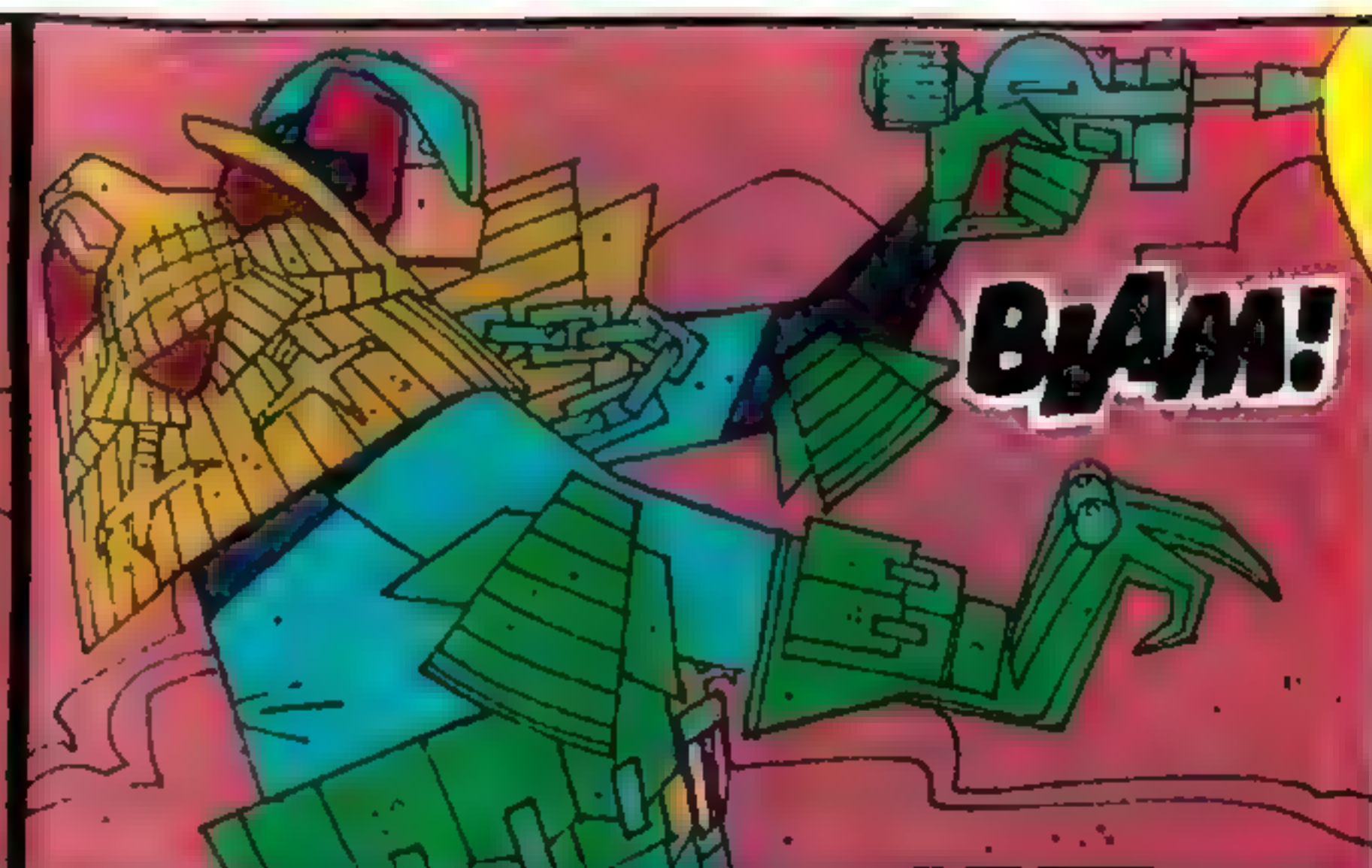


UHHH.









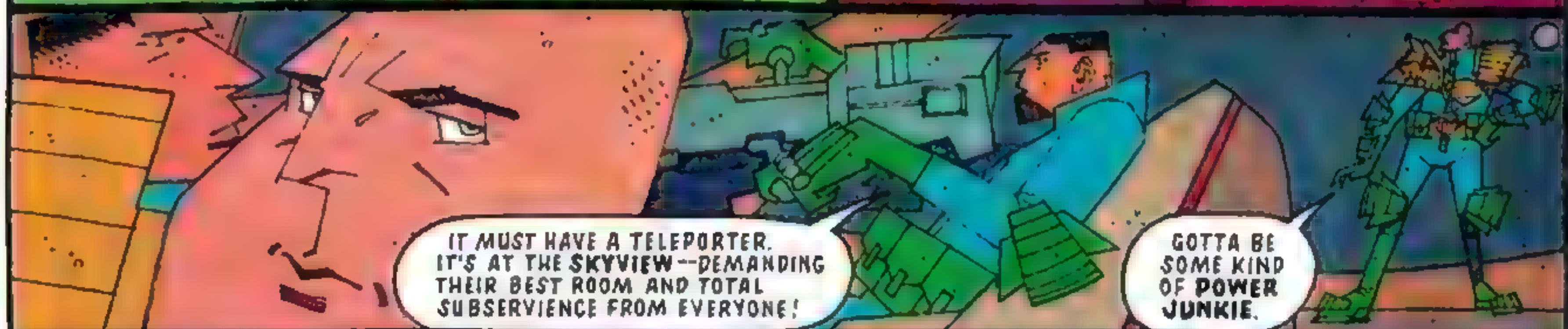




JUSTICE  
DEPARTMENT?  
THIS IS THE  
SKYVIEW  
HOTEL.

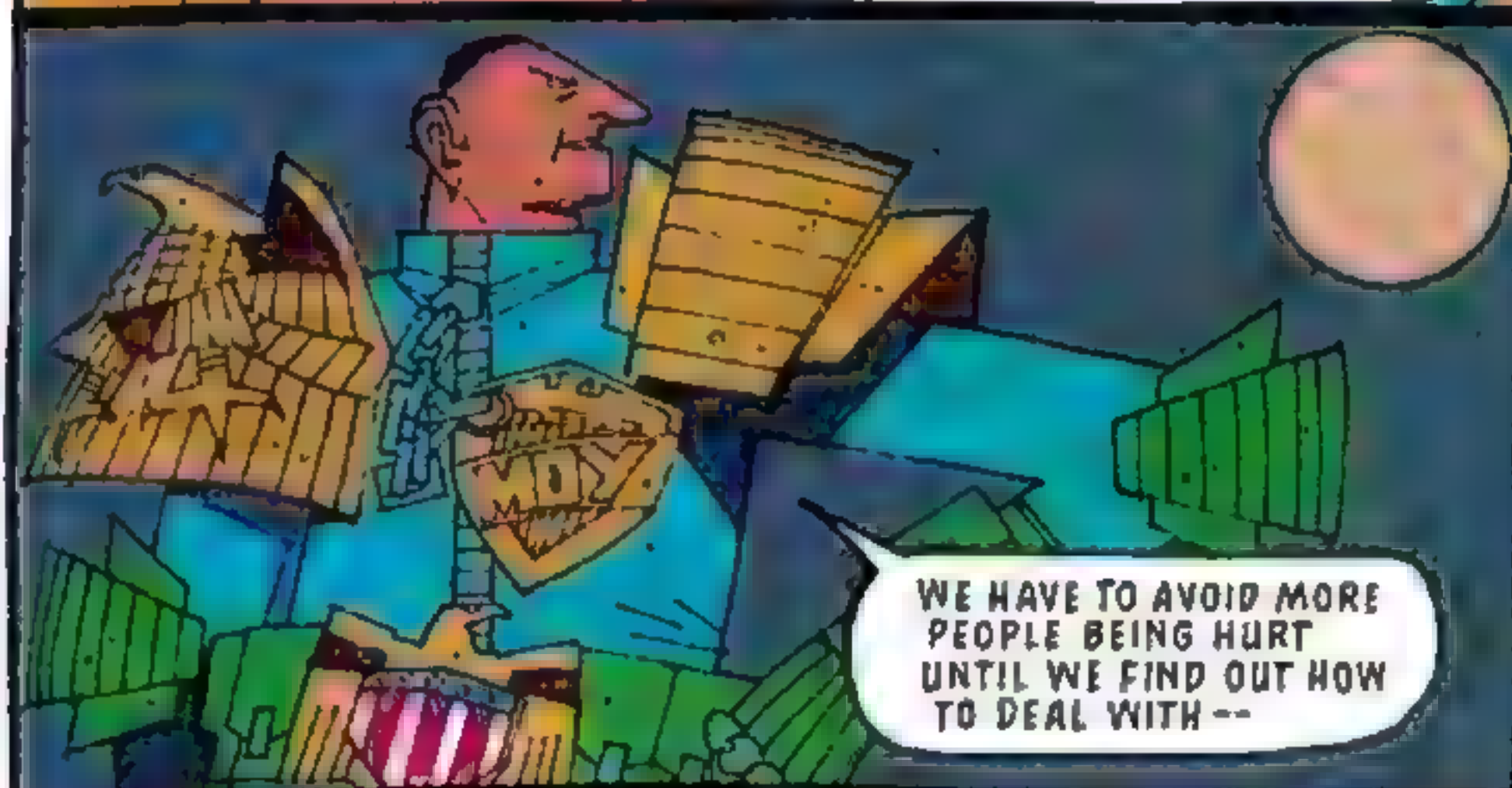


WE HAVE A  
PROBLEM.

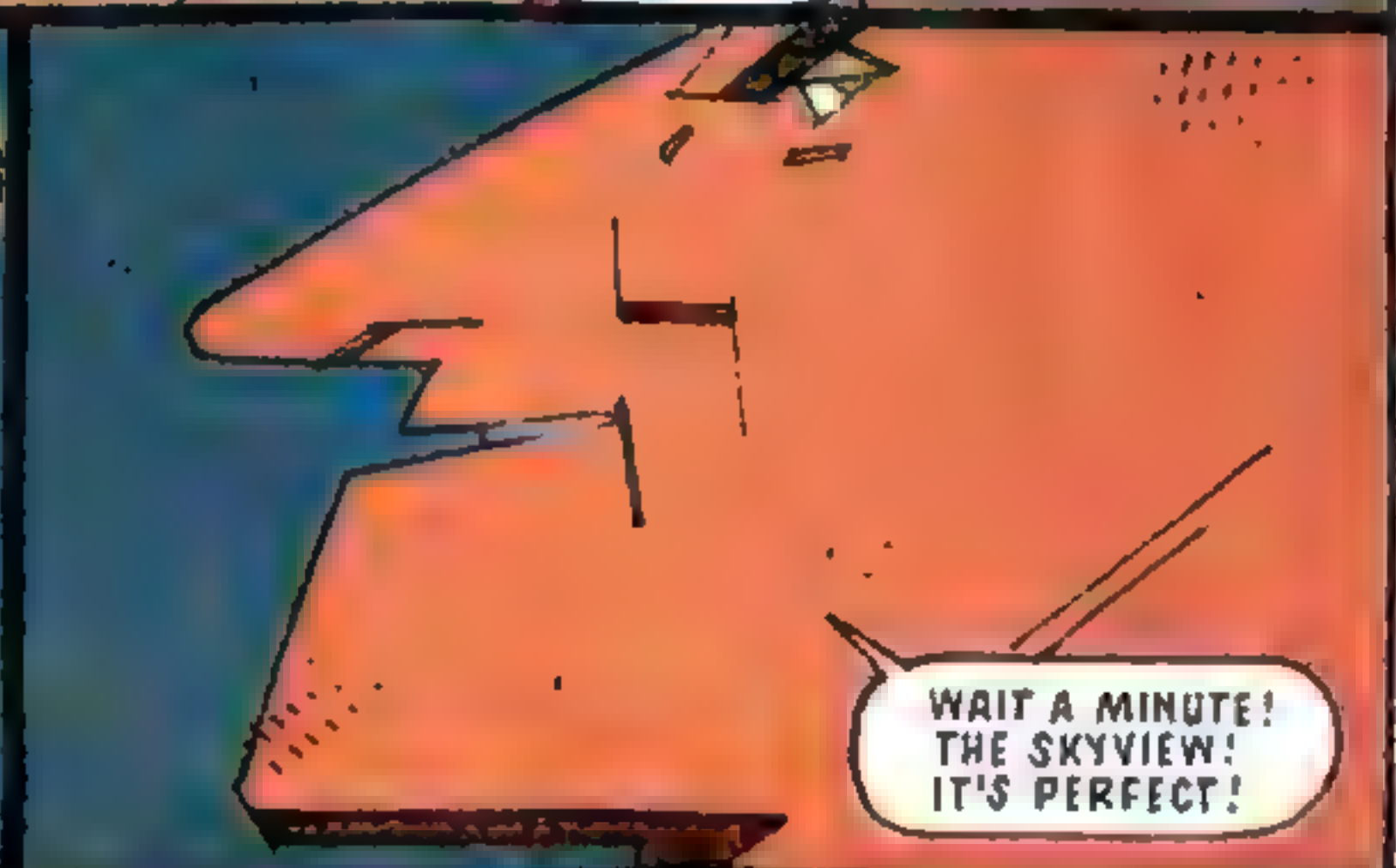


IT MUST HAVE A TELEPORTER.  
IT'S AT THE SKYVIEW--DEMANDING  
THEIR BEST ROOM AND TOTAL  
SUBSERVENCE FROM EVERYONE!

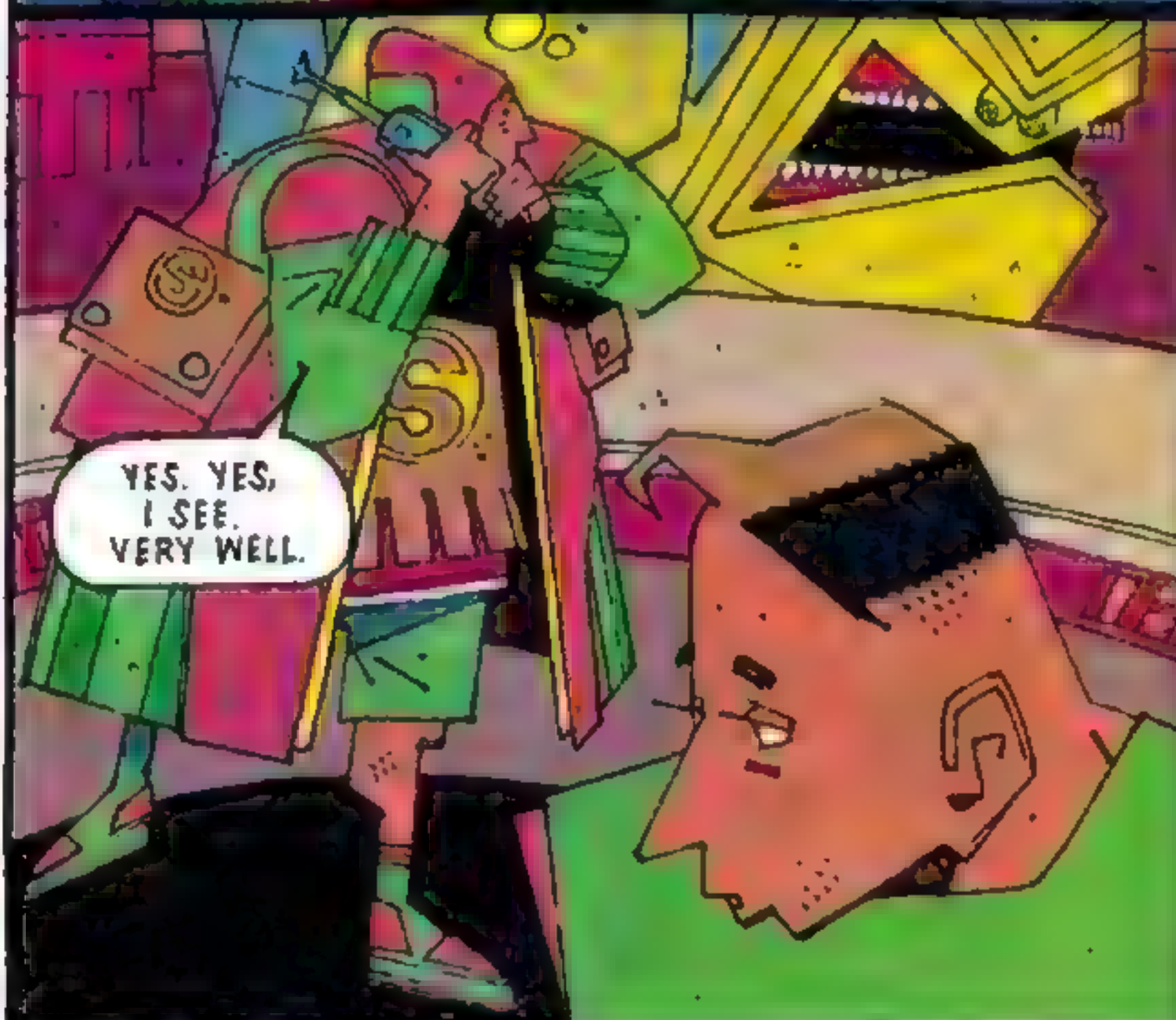
GOTTA BE  
SOME KIND  
OF POWER  
JUNKIE.



WE HAVE TO AVOID MORE  
PEOPLE BEING HURT  
UNTIL WE FIND OUT HOW  
TO DEAL WITH --



WAIT A MINUTE!  
THE SKYVIEW!  
IT'S PERFECT!



YES. YES,  
I SEE.  
VERY WELL.



WE'RE AUTHORISED  
TO OFFER YOU  
EVERY FACILITY OF  
THIS HOTEL, SIR!  
AND... AND JUSTICE  
DEPARTMENT SEND  
THEIR BEST WISHES  
FOR A LONG AND  
HAPPY STAY

THAT'S  
BETTER!  
THE BUGS ARE  
LEARNING!



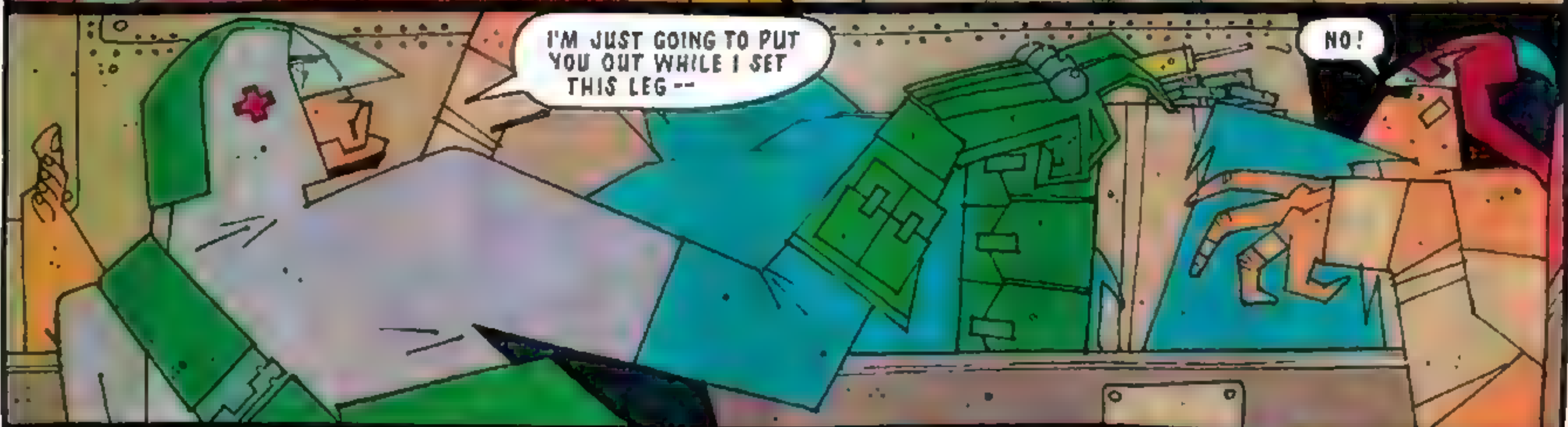


SEVERE LACERATIONS  
AND CONTUSIONS.  
INTERNAL BLEEDING.  
SUSPECTED ORGAN  
DAMAGE.

DISLOCATED SHOULDER,  
MULTIPLE FRACTURE TO  
LEFT TIBIA, FRACTURES  
TO JAW, HANDS, RIBCAGE  
AND CLAVICLE.



YOU'VE BEEN  
WORKED OVER  
BY AN EXPERT,  
DREDD.



I'M JUST GOING TO PUT  
YOU OUT WHILE I SET  
THIS LEG --

NO!



NO ANAESTHETIC!



GOTTA STAY AWAKE!  
GOT A JOB TO FINISH!



YOU'RE IN NO  
CONDITION TO GO  
BACK OUT THERE!  
MY GRUD, MAN,  
THE PAIN WILL  
PROBABLY  
RENDER YOU  
UNCONSCIOUS!



I'LL HANDLE  
THE PAIN! YOU  
JUST SET IT!





YOU'RE SURE THIS IS  
YOUR BEST ROOM?

THE STARDOME SUITE?  
OH, YES INDEED, SIR! IT'S  
WHAT THEY ALL COME TO THE  
SKYVIEW FOR, A NIGHT UNDER  
THE STARS! THE JUDGES  
SPECIALLY REQUESTED  
IT FOR YOU.



HMMPH! VERY WELL!  
TELL THEM I'LL ACCEPT  
THEIR PALTRY TRIBUTE  
FOR NOW!



I FEEL HUNGER! HAVE A MEAL  
SENT UP! I'LL HAVE A COW!

A COW, SIR. A WHOLE COW?

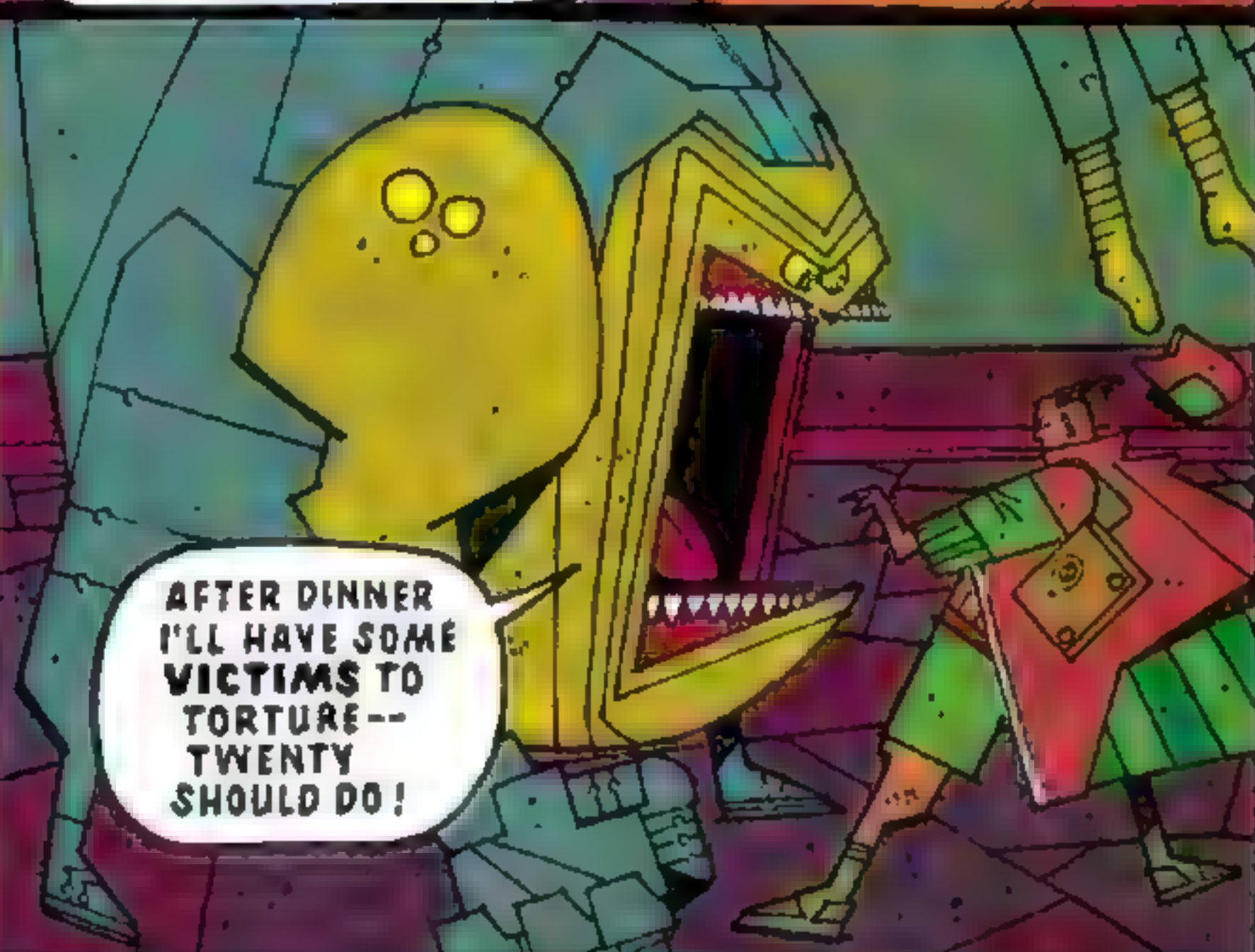
OF COURSE! WHAT DO  
YOU TAKE ME FOR?

AND... AND HOW WOULD SIR  
LIKE HIS COW COOKED?



NEVER--  
NEVER--COOK  
MY COW!

R-RAW.  
Y-YES SIR.

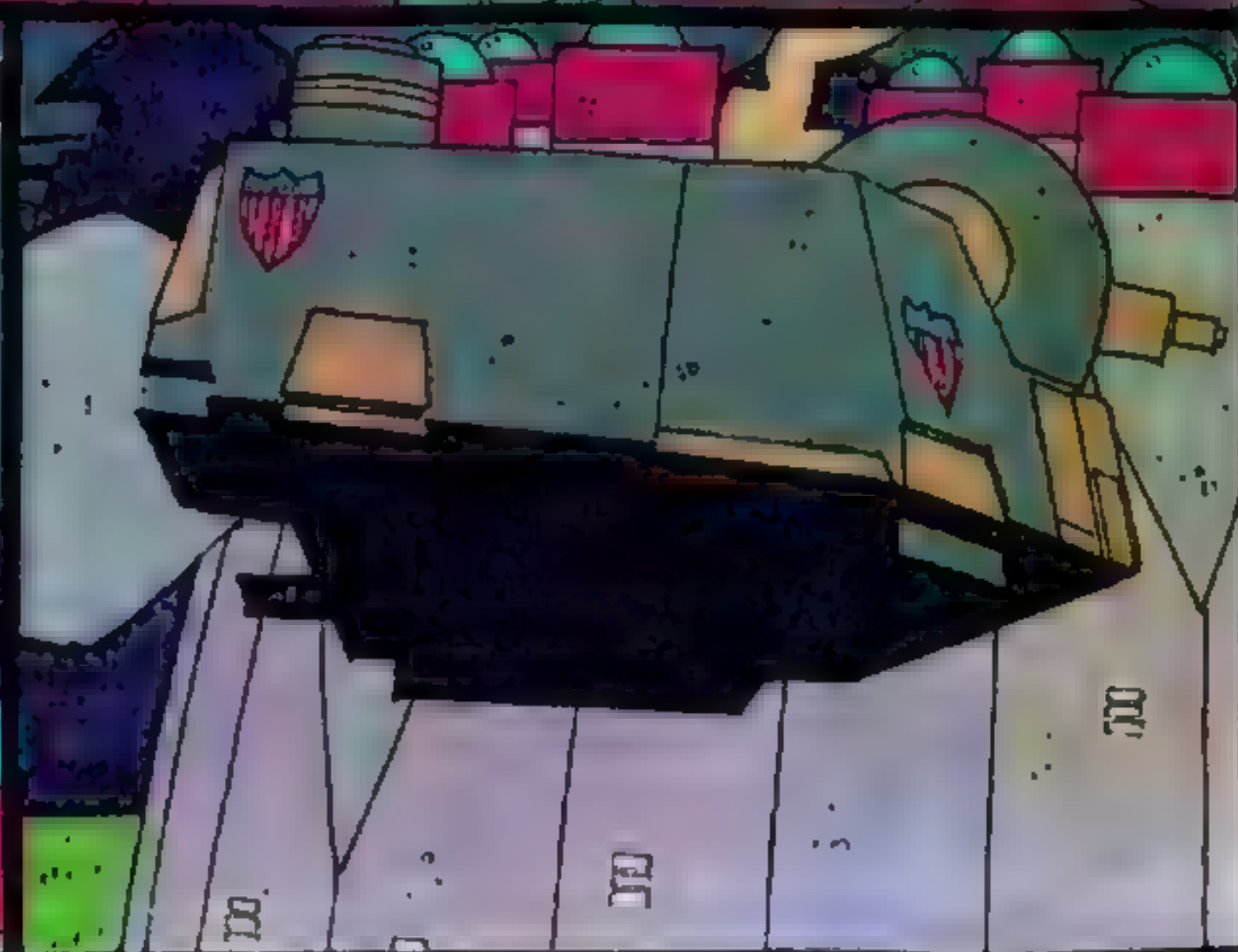


AFTER DINNER  
I'LL HAVE SOME  
VICTIMS TO  
TORTURE--  
TWENTY  
SHOULD DO!

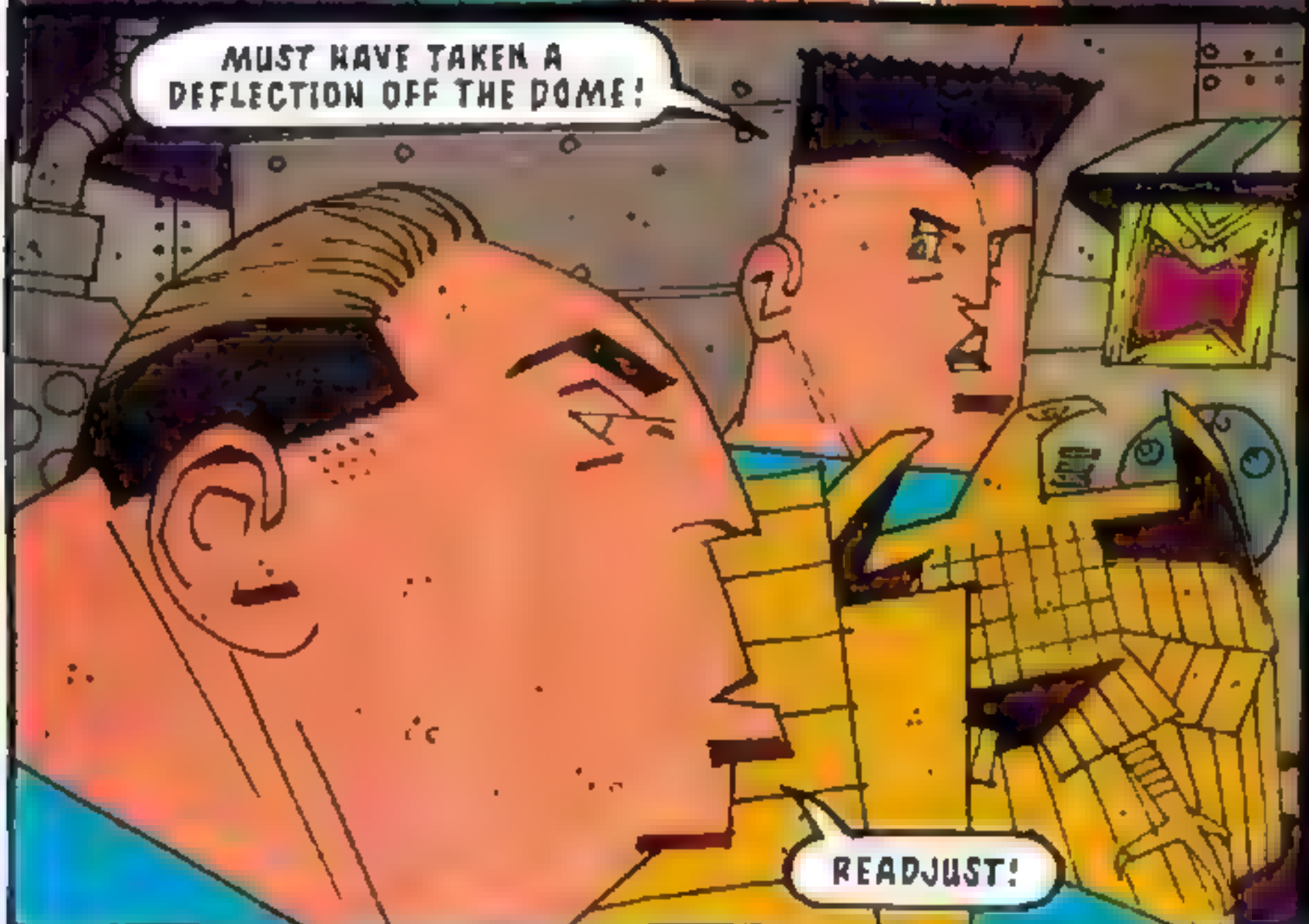
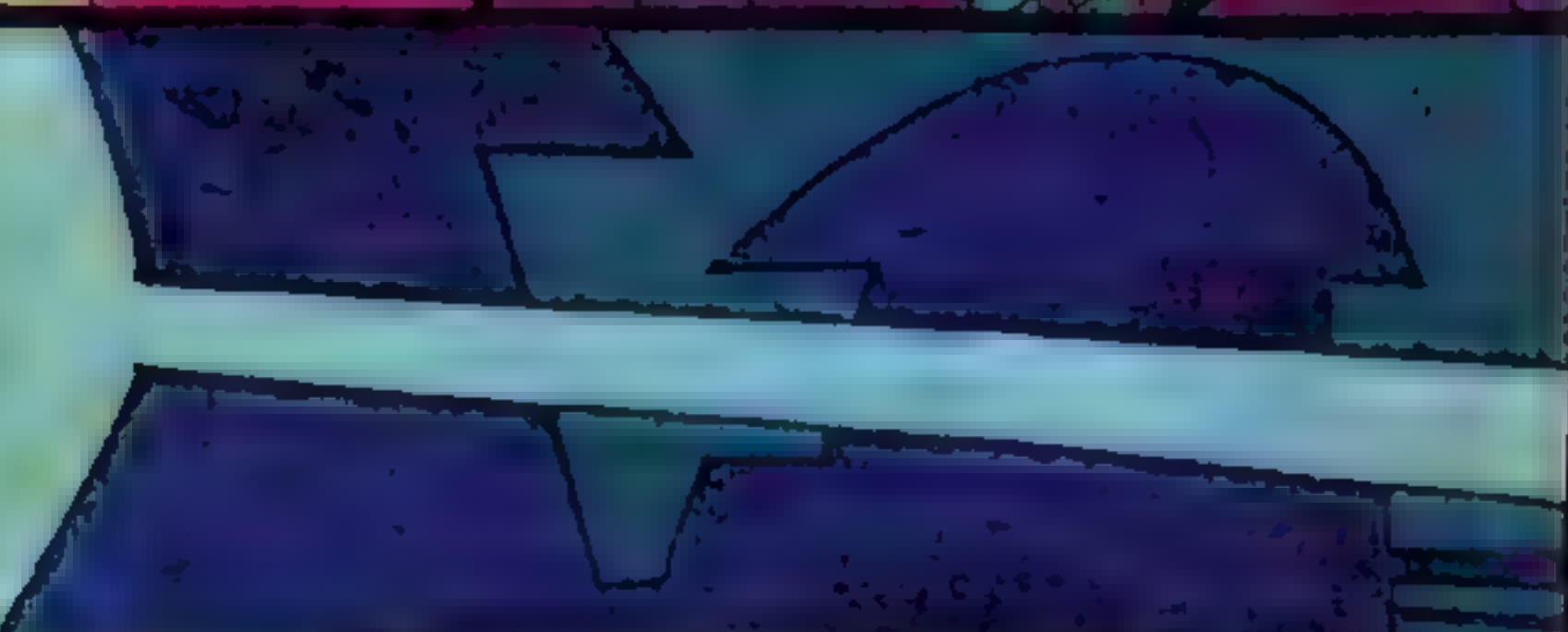
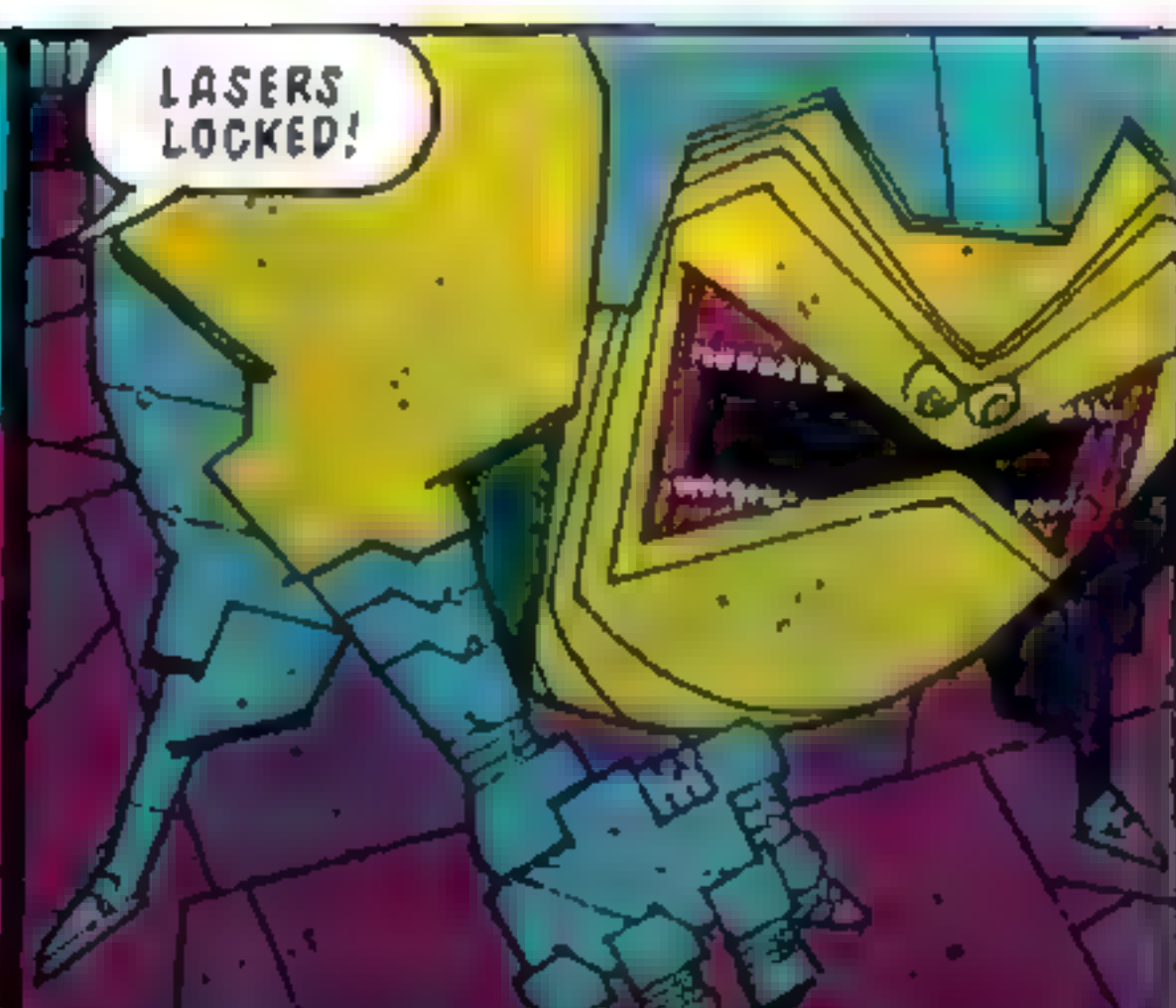
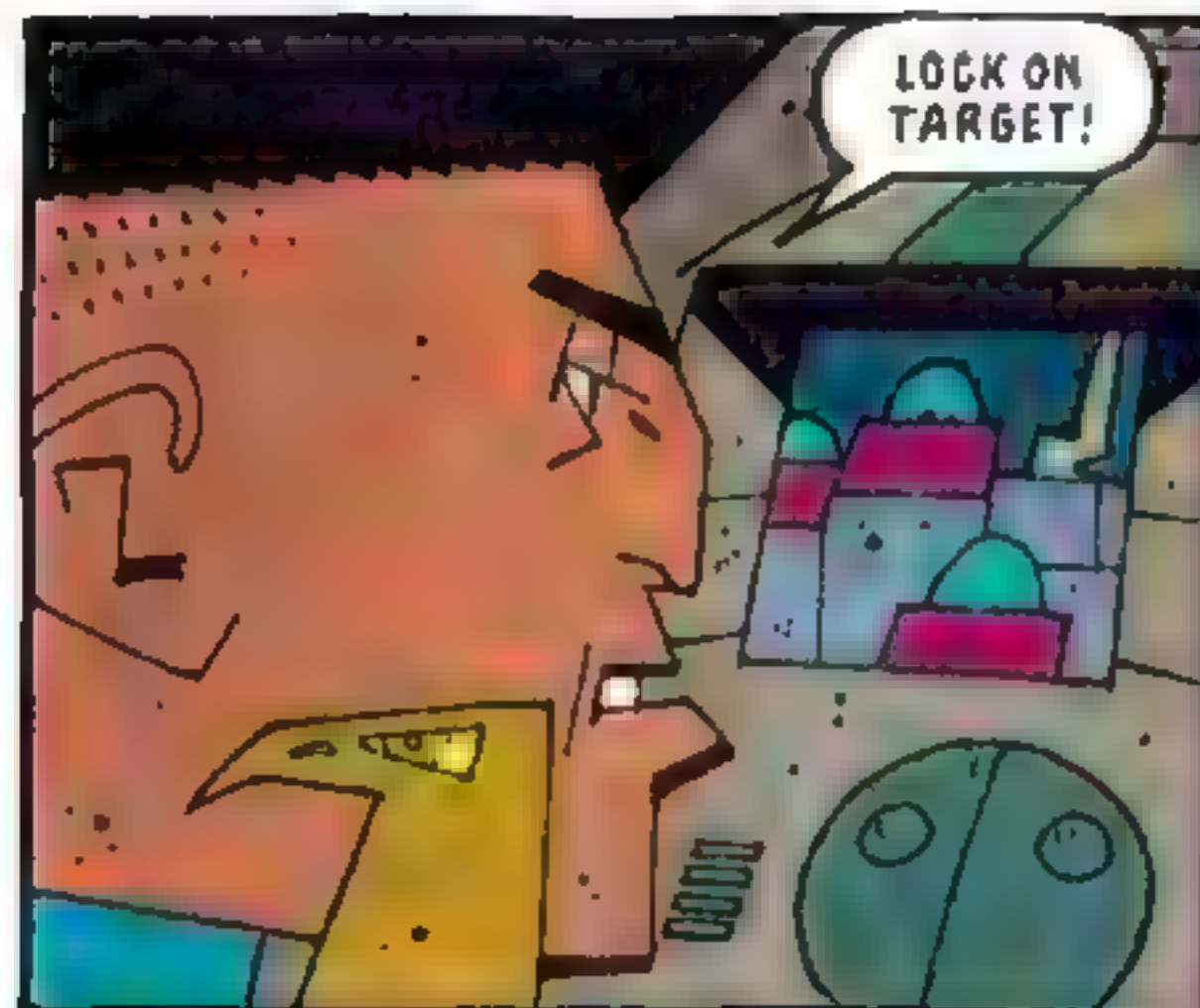


NO--MAKE IT THIRTY! I'M IN A  
STINKING MOOD! I CAN'T STAND  
DEFIANCE! I WILL NOT  
BE DEFIED!

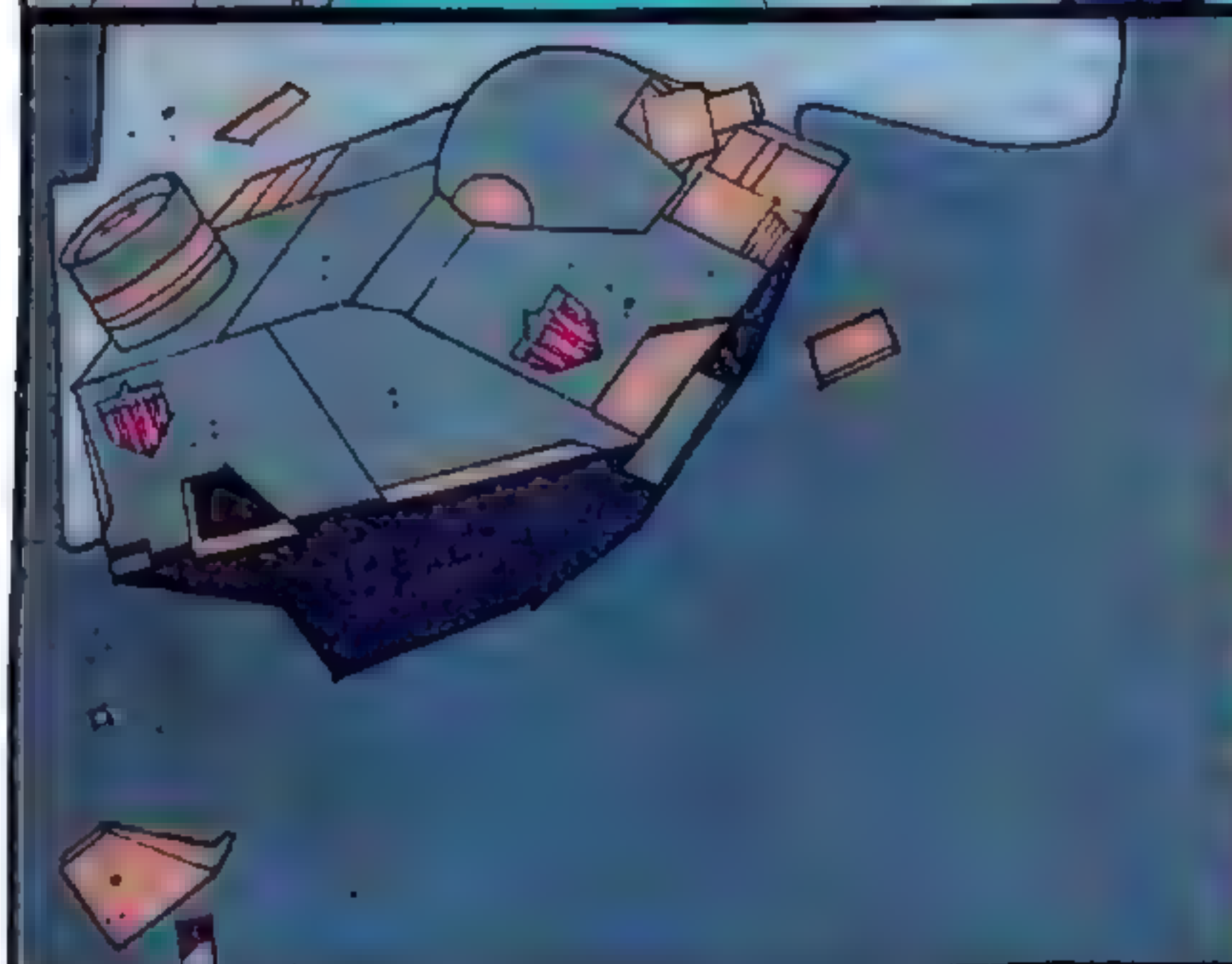
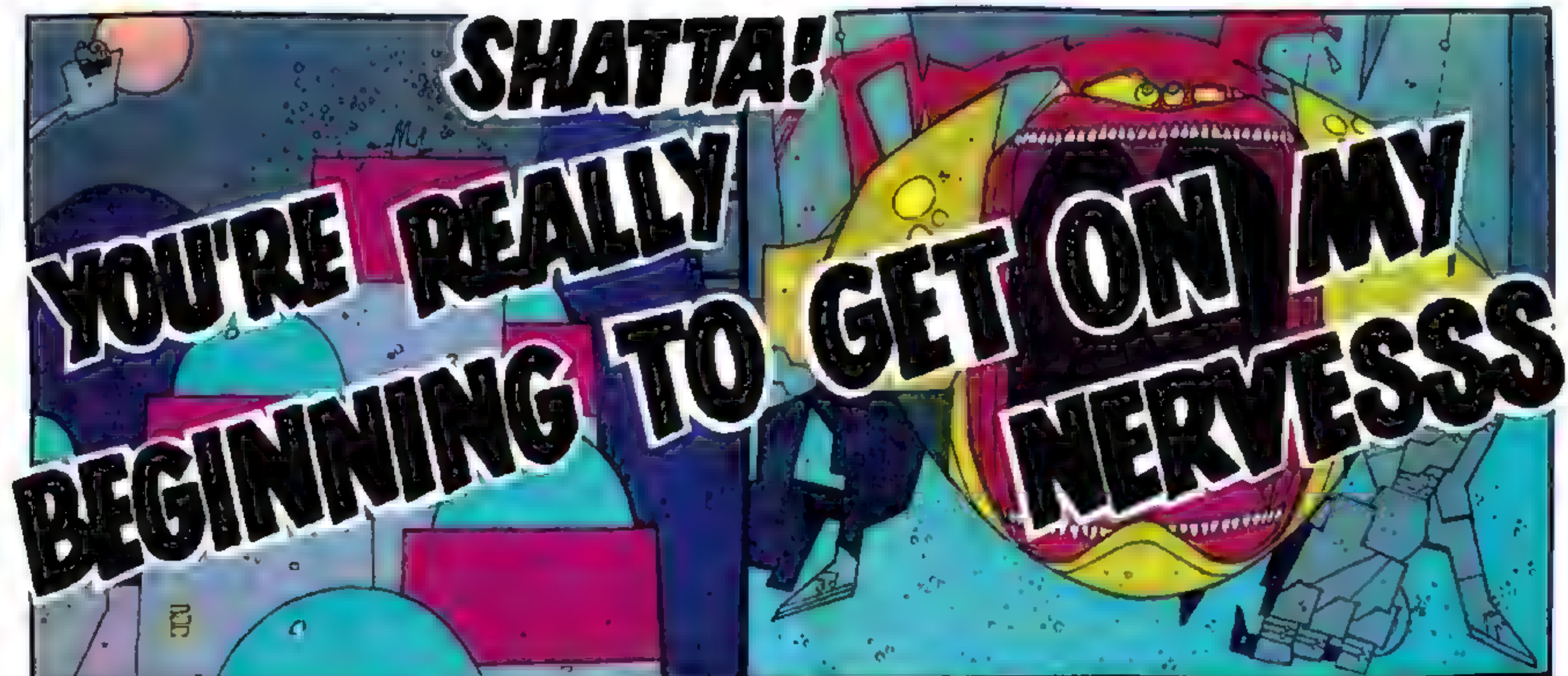
V-VICTIMS...  
THIRTY.  
YES SIR.



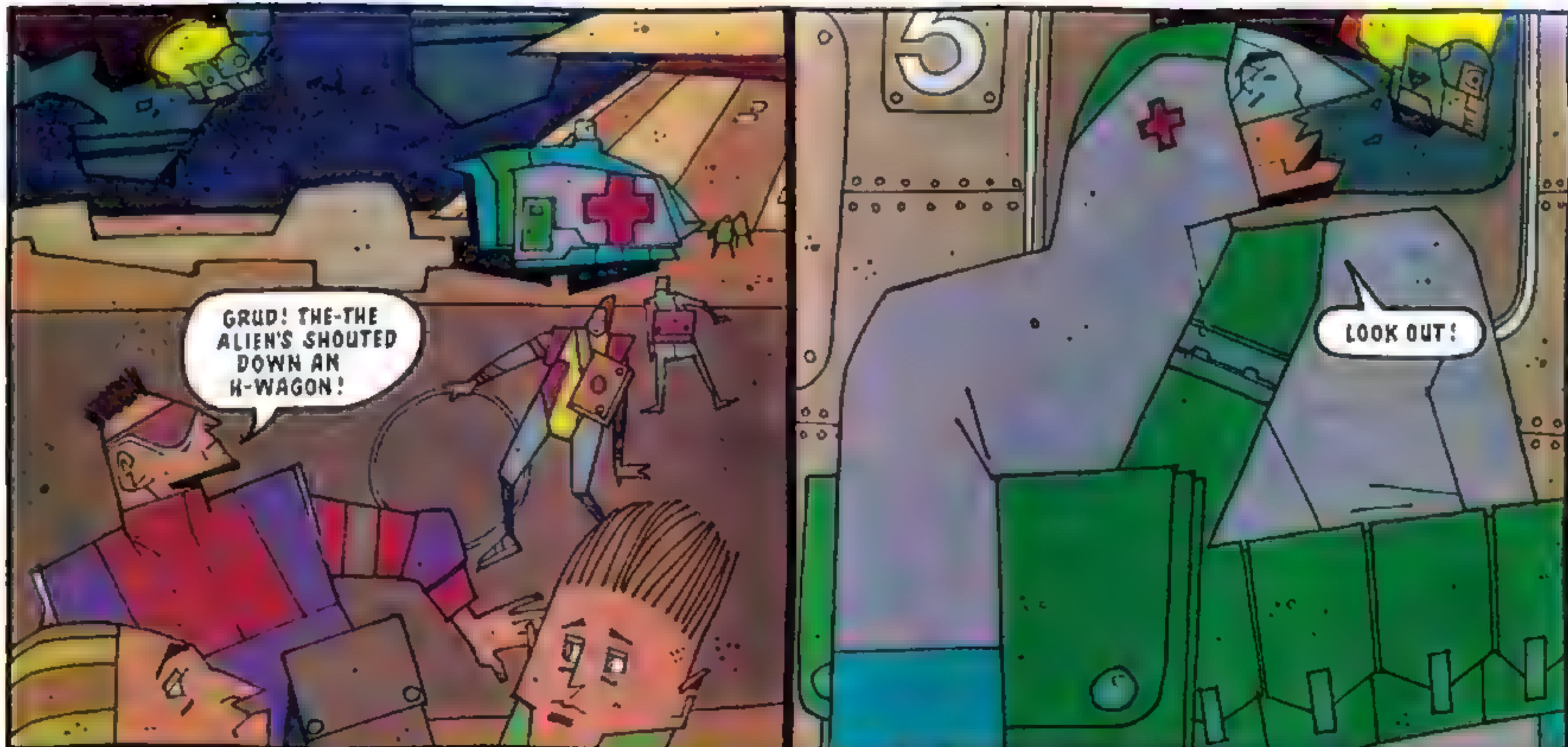












**WADOOOM!**

**SKRIEEEEEE**





**PEOPLE OF MEGA-CITY  
ONE!**

**I HAVE RUN OUT OF PATIENCE  
WITH YOU! ONE MORE ACT OF  
DEFIANCE AND I WILL BRING  
THE WHOLE CITY DOWN  
AROUND YOUR  
HEADS!**

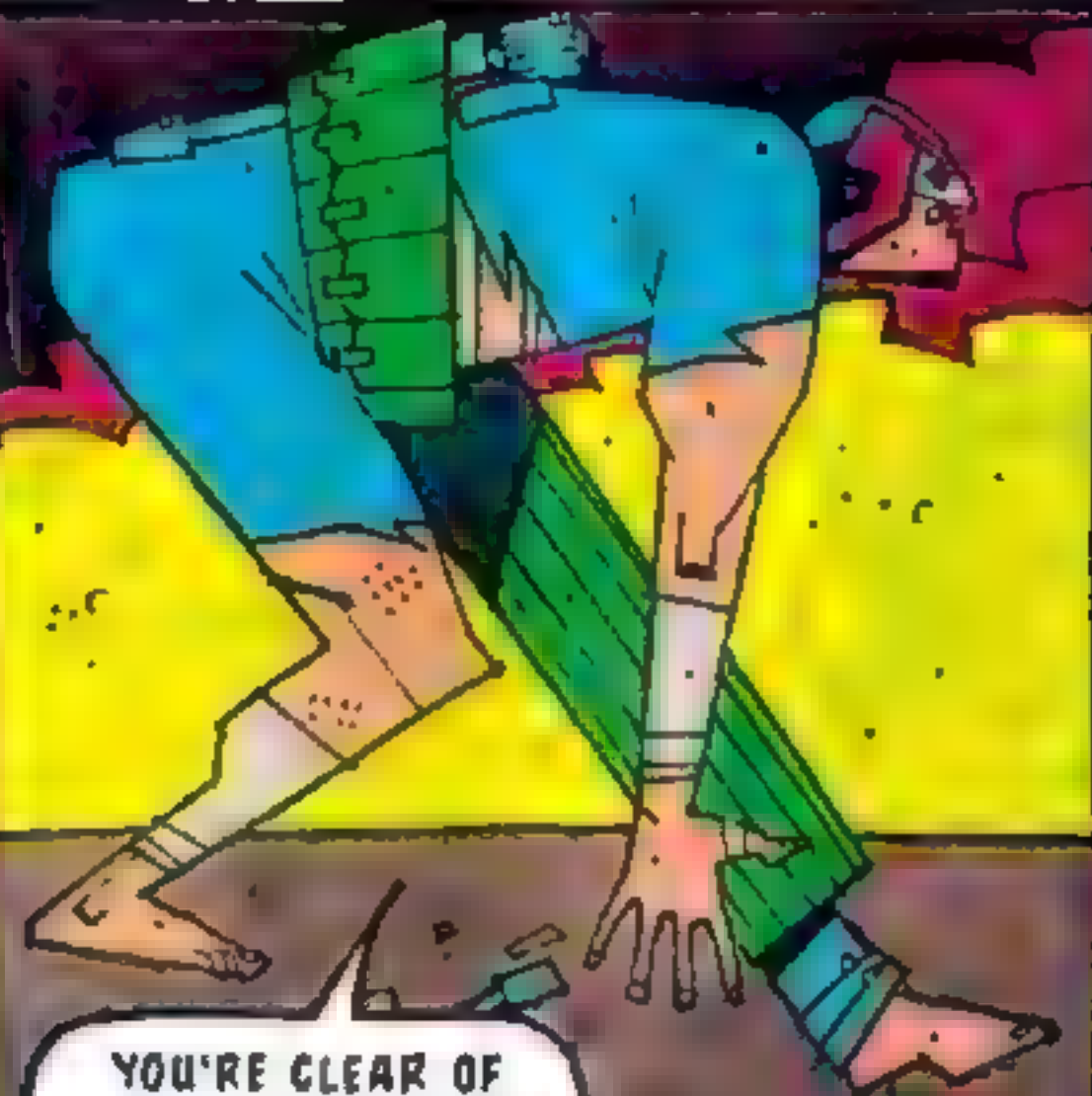




**DOWN  
AROUND  
YOUR  
HEADS!**



GRUD!  
MY HEAD!



YOU'RE CLEAR OF  
THE FLAMES NOW!  
STAY HERE!



WHERE ARE YOU  
G-GOING?

I STARTED THIS —  
I'LL FINISH IT!



YOU'RE IN NO CONDITION!  
WHAT CAN YOU DO AGAINST  
POWER LIKE THAT?

I DON'T KNOW!  
I'LL FIGURE OUT  
SOMETHING!



SOMEBODY'S  
GOT TO SHUT  
THAT LOUDMOUTH  
UP!



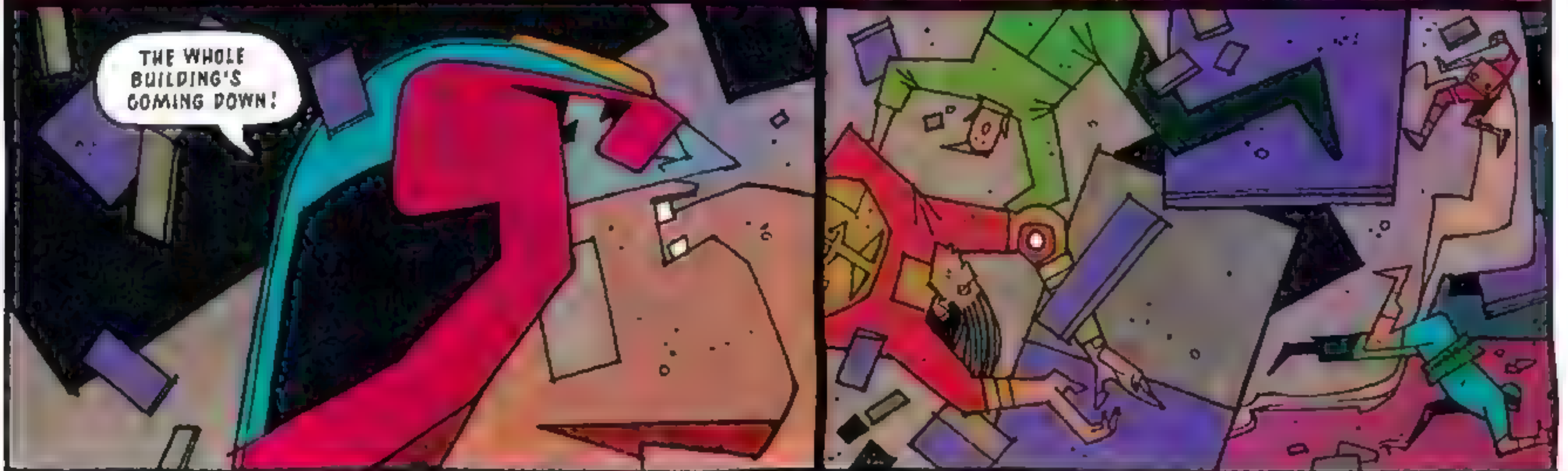




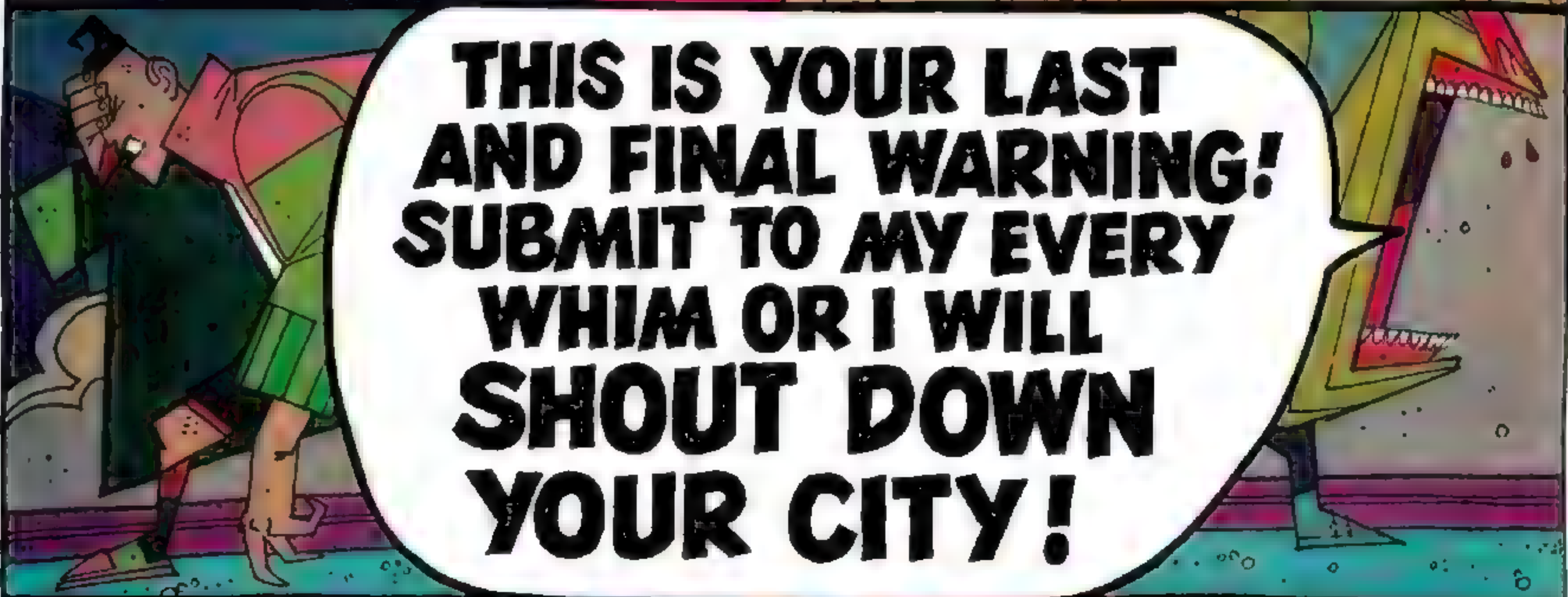
# KER-RUMMBAAA



THE WHOLE  
BUILDING'S  
COMING DOWN!











PRETTY  
HARD  
NOT TO,  
PAL!



EVERY TIME THE  
CREEP BREATHES WE  
GET AN EARTHQUAKE!

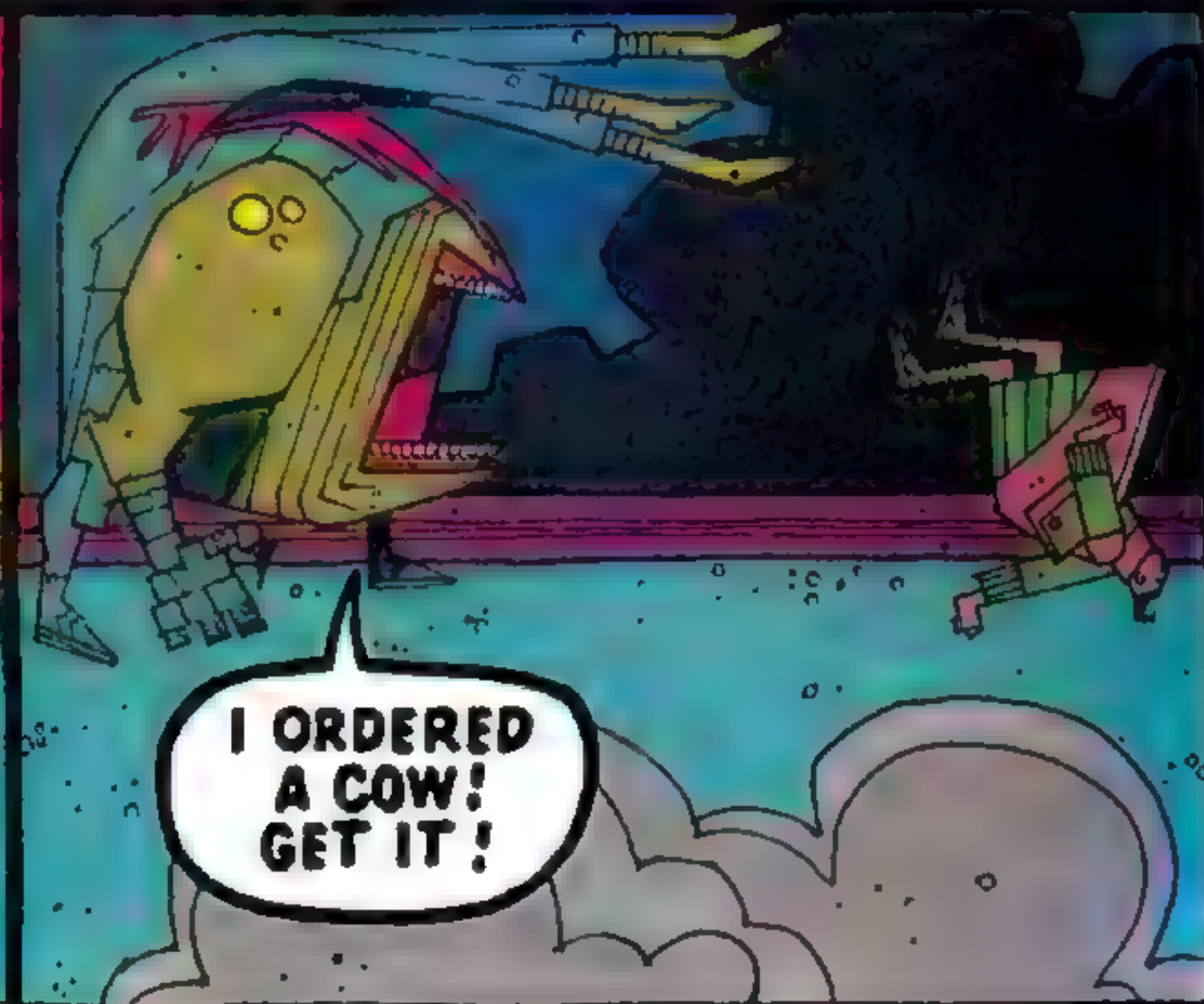


LET THIS BE  
A LESSON TO  
YOU ALL! I AM  
NOT THE KIND  
OF GALACTIC  
DOMINATOR  
YOU CAN  
TRIFLE WITH!



W-W-WILL  
THERE BE  
ANYTHING  
ELSE, SIR?

ARE  
YOU STILL  
HERE?



I ORDERED  
A COW!  
GET IT!





SATELLITE DISHES  
ARE TOUGHENED  
CERAMICS! THEY'VE  
SURVIVED INTACT!

GOT TO GET  
THE CREEP'S  
ATTENTION!



**BADOW!**

**BADOW!**

HOWLER!

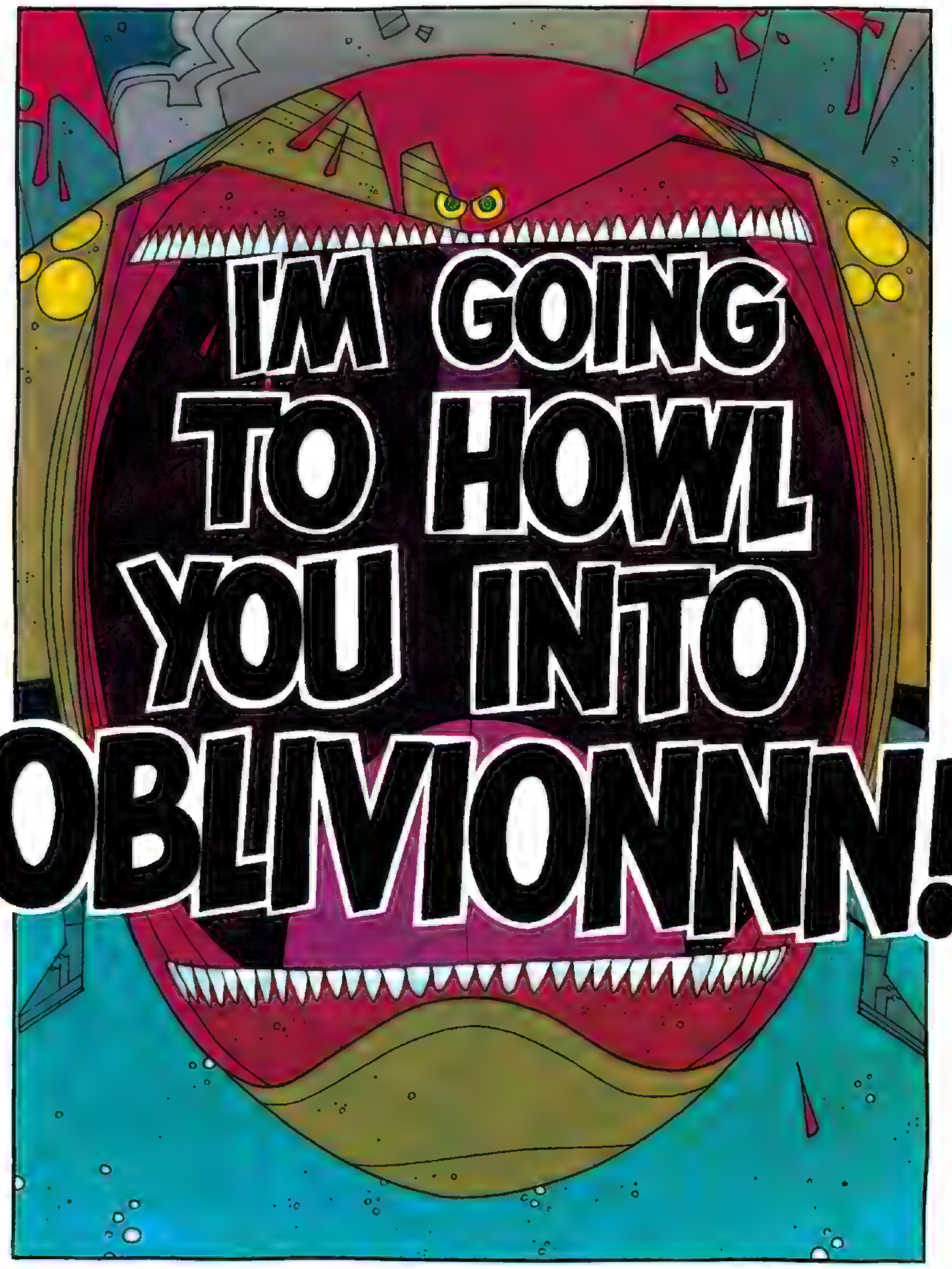


WE'VE GOT SOME  
UNFINISHED  
BUSINESS!

BACK FOR MORE, EH? I GUESS BEING  
BEATEN WITHIN AN INCH OF YOUR LIFE  
JUST ISN'T ENOUGH FOR SOME BUGS!

WELL YOU'VE DONE IT NOW!  
I FEEL A TITANIC RAGE  
COMING ON!





**I'M GOING  
TO HOWL  
YOU INTO  
OBLIVIONNN!**





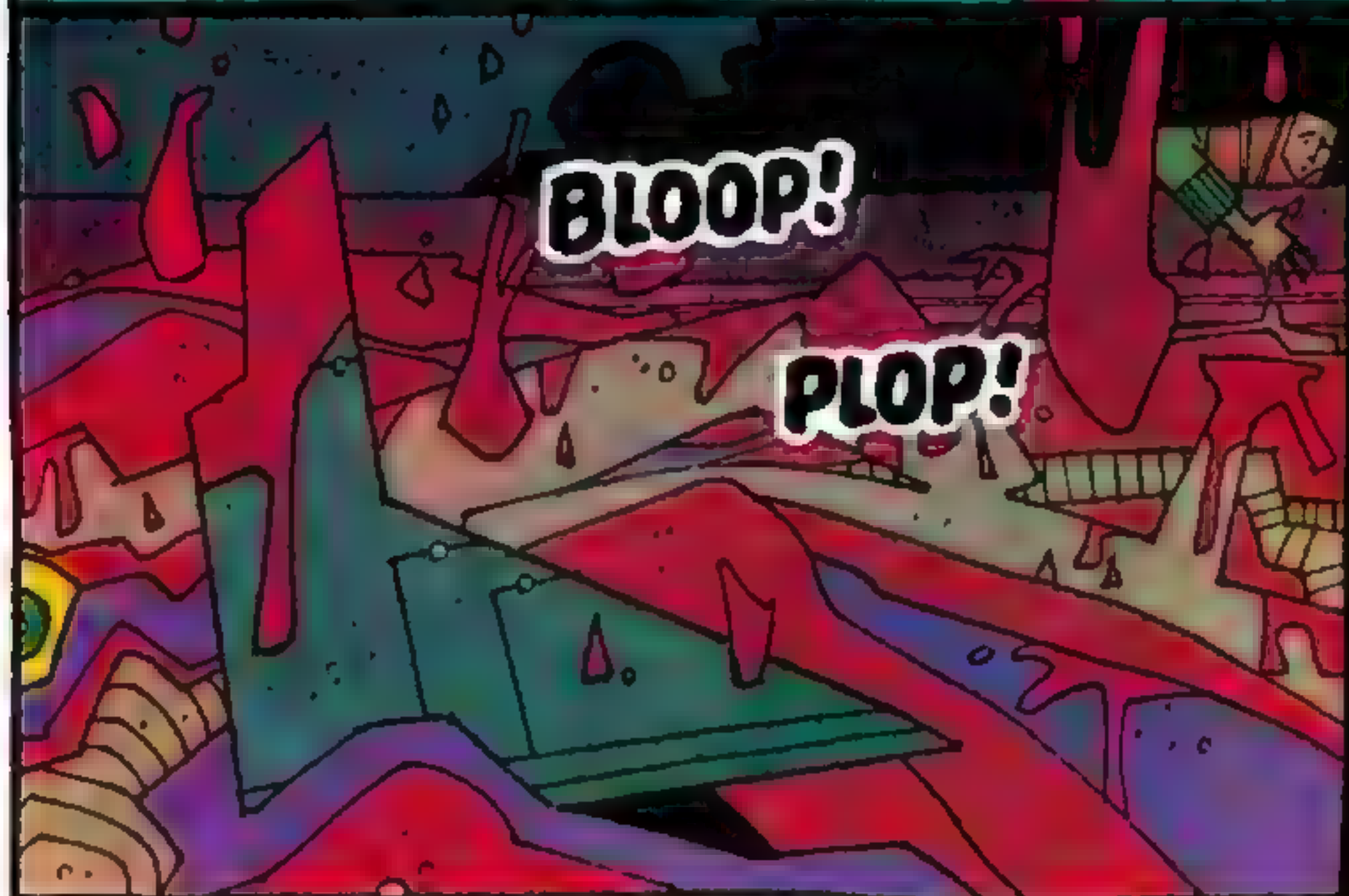
I'M GOING  
TO HOWL  
YOU INTO



GOING TO  
HOWL YOU  
INTO

OBLIVIONNNNN





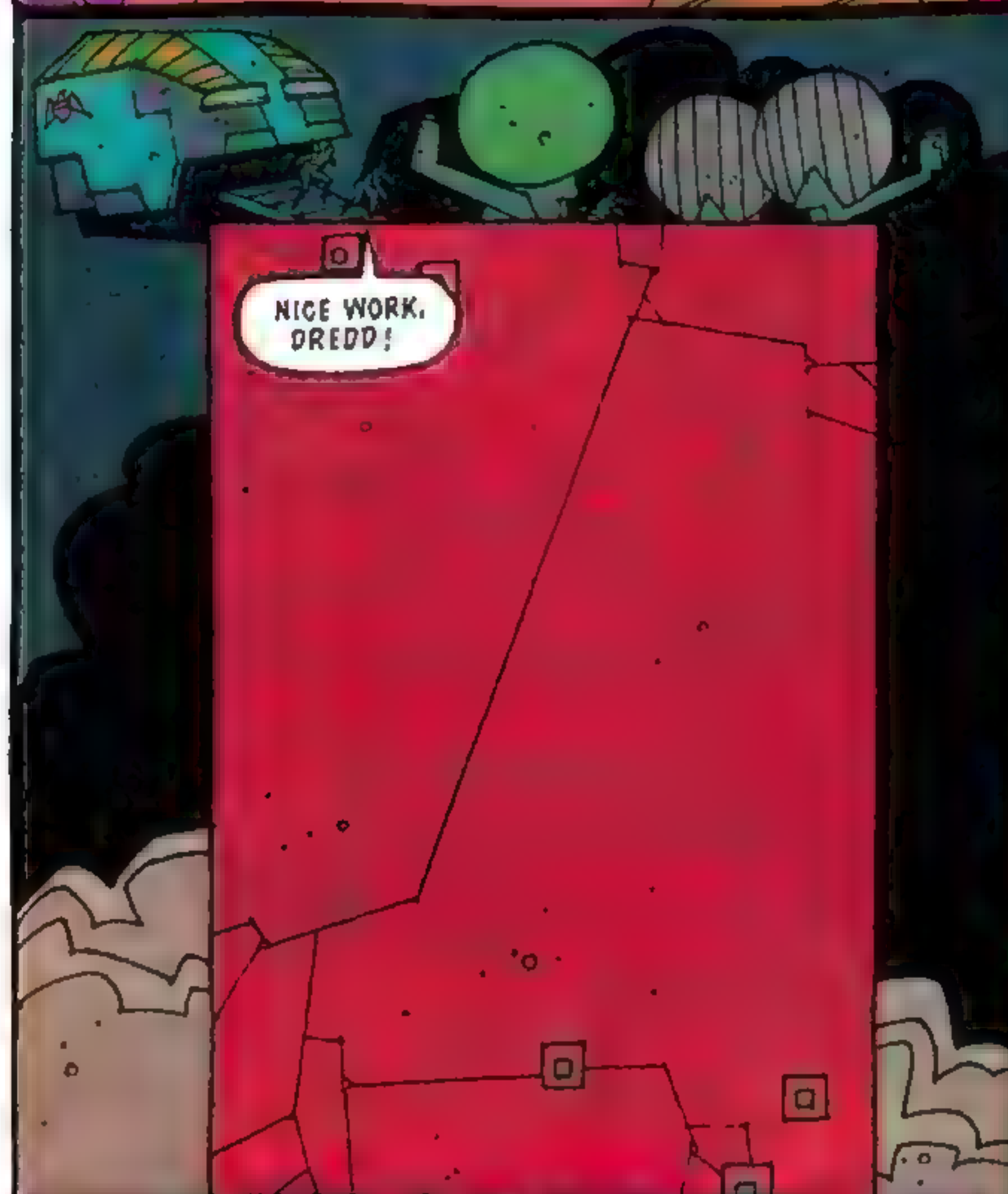




H-WAGON! OVER  
THE SKYVIEW! THE  
ALIEN IS DEAD!



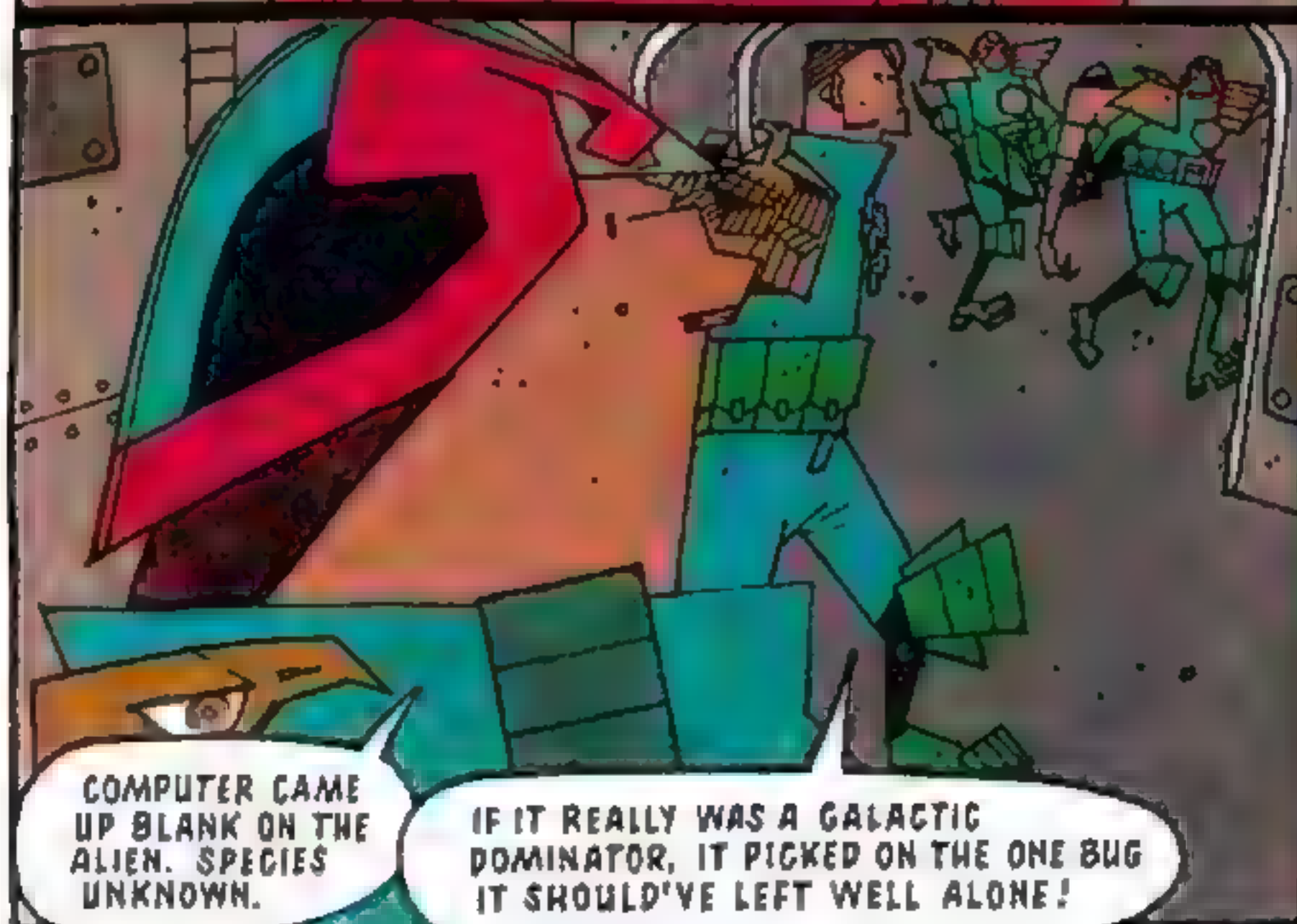
IT SHOUTED  
ITSELF TO  
PIECES!



NICE WORK,  
DREDD!



GET THE  
MEDIC.  
HE NEEDS  
ATTENTION.



COMPUTER CAME  
UP BLANK ON THE  
ALIEN. SPECIES  
UNKNOWN.

IF IT REALLY WAS A GALACTIC  
DOMINATOR, IT PICKED ON THE ONE BUG  
IT SHOULD'VE LEFT WELL ALONE!



YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE  
SMART TO BE A  
GALACTIC  
DOMINATOR.



# WRITERS

**John Wagner** has been scripting for *2000 AD* for more years than he cares to remember. His creations include *Judge Dredd*, *Strontium Dog*, *Ace Trucking*, *Al's Baby*, *Button Man* and *Mean Machine*. Outside of *2000 AD* his credits include *Star Wars*, *Lobo*, *The Punisher* and the critically acclaimed *A History of Violence*.

**Grant Morrison** is one of the most successful ex-*2000 AD* writers, with a host of awards and a huge fan following. He began his career on Marvel UK's *Zoids* before coming to the Galaxy's Greatest Comic, where his strip *Zenith* became a fan-favourite. At first a prolific writer of 'mature readers' comics, including the award-winning *Animal Man*, *Batman: Arkham Asylum*, *Doom Patrol*, *The Invisibles* and *The Filth* for Vertigo, he has gone on to write successful runs on the *X-Men*, *Batman* and received critical acclaim for his work on the *All-Star Superman* series.

**John Smith** is unquestionably a *2000 AD* hero, with a host of creative credits to his name, including *A Love Like Blood*, *Devlin Waugh*, *Firekind*, *Holocaust 12*, *Indigo Prime*, *Pussyfoot 5*, *Revere*, *Slaughterbowl*, *Tyranny Rex*, *Leatherjack*, *Dead Eyes* and *Cradlegrave*. Smith has also written *Future Shocks*, *Judge Dredd*, *Judge Karyn*, *Pulp Sci-Fi*, *Robo-Hunter*, *Rogue Trooper*, *Tales from Beyond Science*, *Vector 13* and *Tales from the Black Museum*. Smith's work beyond the Galaxy's Greatest Comic includes the long-running *New Statesmen* series in *Crisis*, DC/Vertigo's *Hellblazer* and *Scarab*, and Harris Comics' *Vampirella*.

**Garth Ennis** first came to prominence as writer on *Troubled Souls*, the Northern Ireland-set series he created with John McCrea for *Crisis*. As well as scripting its sequel, *For a Few Troubles More*, and *True Faith* (created with Warren Pleece) for that title, he was also a regular contributor to *2000 AD* and the *Judge Dredd Magazine*, writing *Judge Dredd*, *Strontium Dogs*, *The Corps*, *Time Flies*, *Chopper*, and *Sleeze 'n' Ryder*. Outside of the 'Galaxy's Greatest Comic', his well-received run on *Hellblazer* was followed by *Preacher*, the hugely successful DC Vertigo series he created with Steve Dillon, as well as titles such as *Hitman*, *Goddess*, *Bloody Mary*, and a lengthy run on *The Punisher*. He is currently writing *The Boys* which is published by Dynamite Entertainment.

**Mark Millar** is one of *2000 AD*'s most prolific story creators, with many co-creation credits including *Babe Race 2000*, *Big Dave*, and *Slaughterbowl*. He has also written for *Judge Dredd*, *Judge Anderson*, *Rogue Trooper* and *Zenith* with Grant Morrison. Outside of the Galaxy's Greatest Comic Millar has written *The Authority*, *Aztek*, *Batman*, *The Ultimates*, and *Vampirella*. His creator-owned project, *Kick-Ass*, was turned into a feature film and directed by Matthew Vaughn.

**Robbie Morrison** was born in Helensburgh & brought up near Paisley, Scotland. Probably best known for the Eagle award-winning *Nikolai Dante* (co-created with Simon Fraser, additional art John Burns); serialised in UK SF comic *2000 AD* since 1997 and collected as 11 Graphic Novels. He has created many other popular series/characters, including *Blackheart* (art Frank Quitely), *Shakara* (art Henry Flint), and *The Bendatti Vendetta* (art John Burns). He is a regular writer of *Judge Dredd*, and has also scripted *Batman* and *Spider-man*.

**Alan McKenzie** worked for *Marvel UK*, editing *Starburst*, *Cinema* and *Doctor Who Monthly* magazines. He then wrote three non-fiction books, *The Harrison Ford Story*, *Hollywood Tricks of the Trade* and *How to Draw and Sell Comic Strips* before contributing comic scripts to *2000 AD*.

**John Tomlinson** worked at *Marvel UK* helping nurture various talents, including Matthew Bingham and John Freeman. He has co-written strips with Nick Abadzis. He was editor of *2000 AD* from 1994 to 1996 and the *Judge Dredd Magazine* briefly in 1996. He also wrote several stories for *2000 AD*.



**Jim Alexander** has written many stories for *2000 AD* over the years including *Calhab Justice*, *Tharg's Future Shocks*, and *Judge Dredd* stories such as *Die Painfully* and *The Confessions of a Vegetarian*.

**Gordon Rennie** is one of *2000 AD* and the *Megazine's* most prolific creators, with co-creative credits for *Caballistics, Inc.*, *Glimmer Rats*, *Missionary Man*, *Necronauts*, *Storming Heaven*, *Rain Dogs* and *Absalom*. He has also written *Daily Star Dredd*, *Judge Dredd*, *Harke and Burr*, *Mean Machine*, *Past Imperfect*, *Pulp Sci-Fi*, *Rogue Trooper*, *Satanus*, *Terror Tales*, *Tharg the Mighty* and *Vector 13*. Outside the *Galaxy's Greatest Comic*, Rennie has written for anthologies *Heavy Metal* and *Warhammer Monthly*, as well as *Species*, *Starship Troopers* and *White Trash*.

## ARTISTS

As co-creator of *Judge Dredd*, **Carlos Ezquerra** designed the classic original costume as well as visually conceptualising Mega-City One. He also co-created *Strontium Dog*. He has also illustrated *A.B.C. Warriors*, *Judge Anderson*, *Tharg the Mighty*, *Al's Baby* and *Cursed Earth Koburn* amongst many others. Outside of the 'Galaxy's Greatest Comic', Ezquerra first illustrated *Third World War* in *Crisis* magazine, and has since become a regular collaborator with Garth Ennis, working on *Adventures in the Rifle Brigade*, *Bloody Mary*, *Just a Pilgrim*, *Condors* and *The Magnificent Kevin*. He also pencilled two special *Preacher* episodes.

**Peter Doherty** is primarily known to fans of the 'Galaxy's Greatest Comic' as artist of the *Young Death* series, which opened the *Judge Dredd Megazine's* first volume, but he has also contributed extensively to *Judge Dredd*, working on the epic *Judgment Day* as well as many shorter stories. Outside of *2000 AD*, Doherty's comic work includes *The Dreaming*, *Superman/Batman: World's Finest* and a *Grendel Tales* series.

**Ron Smith** has drawn many *2000 AD* stories including some of the epic *Judge Dredd* tales including *The Day The Law Died* and *The Judge Child*. A favourite amongst *2000 AD* fans, His other work includes *Chronos Carnival*, *Tales of The Doghouse* and the classic *Daily Star Dredd* strips.

Since joining *2000 AD* in 1986 **Colin MacNeil** has worked on many strips, including *Chopper: Song of the Surfer* and the infamous death of Johnny Alpha in *Strontium Dog: The Final Solution*. He went on to collaborate with John Wagner on the award-winning *America* for the *Judge Dredd Megazine*. He has also worked on *Shimura*, *Maelstrom* and *Fiends of the Eastern Front: Stalingrad*, and, outside of the *Galaxy's Greatest Comic*, provided the atmospheric artwork on *Bloodquest* for Games Workshop. He also enjoys creating large abstract paintings. He says it's art therapy!

**Mick McMahon** may not have illustrated as many strips as other *2000 AD* creators, his importance to the comic cannot be overstated. It was McMahon who co-created perennial classics *A.B.C. Warriors* and *The V.C.'s*, and it was also McMahon who gave Judge Dredd his defining, "big boots" look. McMahon has also illustrated *One-Offs*, *Ro-Busters*, and provided a classic run on *Sláine*. Outside of the *Galaxy's Greatest Comic*, he has pencilled *Batman: Legends of the Dark Knight* and *The Last American*, which he co-created with John Wagner.



**Mick Austin** is perhaps better known for his acclaimed book jacket illustrations rather than for his comics work. However, in addition to assorted covers and pin-ups, he has contributed to several *2000 AD* series — *Future Shocks*, *Indigo Prime*, *Judge Anderson*, *Judge Dredd*, *Tales of the Doghouse*, *Terror Tales*, *Urban Strike* and *Vector 13*. He was also the artist behind the controversial 'Judge Corey' story in *2000 AD Sci-Fi Special* 1989, featuring the titular Judge's suicide.

**Clint Langley** began his *2000 AD* career with the fully painted artwork of his co-created series *Dinosty*, and has also illustrated *Judge Dredd*, *Nemesis the Warlock*, *Outlaw*, *Sinister Dexter* and *Tales of Telguuth*. However, it is the striking mixture of fully painted art and digital manipulation on *Sláine* and the *ABC Warriors* which has made him a firm favourite with fans. As well as working for *2000 AD* Langley has produced covers for Games Workshop and Marvel (with striking covers for *The Punisher*, *Wolverine* and *Ghost Rider* amongst others), produced art for *World of Warcraft* and *Magic: The Gathering*, and is the winner of the 2007 Inquest Gamer Fan Awards for Best Artist. Clint is currently working on *American Reaper*, a story he co-created with writer Pat Mills.

One of *2000 AD*'s best-loved and most honored artists, **Ian Gibson** is responsible for the co-creation of *The Ballad of Halo Jones* (with Alan Moore), the hugely popular *Robo-Hunter* (with John Wagner and Alan Grant) and created Bella Bagley, an unfortunate character in Judge Dredd's world who fell head-over-heels in love with 'Old Stoney Face' himself! His work outside the Galaxy's Greatest Comic includes *Chronicles of Genghis Grimtoad*, *Star Wars* and *X-Men Unlimited*.

**John Higgins** is a multi-talented *2000 AD* artist and writer; as well as scripting a *Future Shock* and *Judge Dredd*, Higgins has illustrated *Chopper*, *Freaks*, *One-Offs*, *Tharg the Mighty* and *Time Twisters*. His work outside the Galaxy's Greatest Comic is also highly respected, and he has contributed to some of the most important series of recent times, including working as a colourist on the modern superhero classic *Watchmen*, and on Vertigo's *Animal Man*, *Hellblazer* and *Pride and Joy*.

**Dermot Power's** lush painted art has graced *Judge Dredd*, *Sláine* and the *Batman/Judge Dredd* crossover 'The Ultimate Riddle'. He is currently working in the film industry as a concept designer, where he has contributed to *Star Wars*, *Harry Potter* and *Batman*, and *Charlie and the Chocolate Factory*.

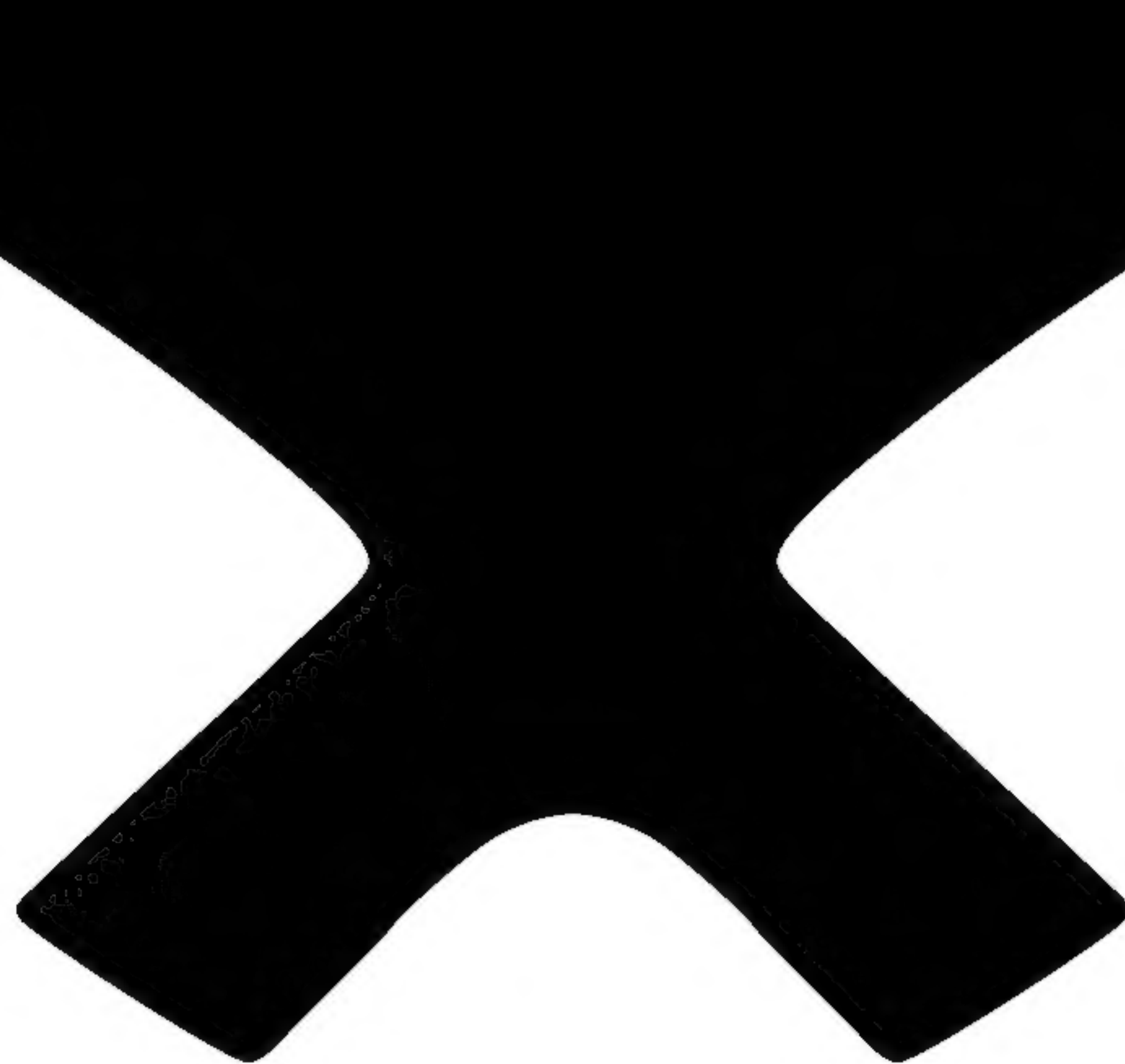
**Nick Percival** has worked on a variety of cross-media projects; following *Judge Dredd* 'Goodnight Kiss', he painted the *Sláine's* epic 'King of Hearts' for *2000 AD*, worked at *Marvel Comics*, in film pre-production, MTV, *Wizards of the Coast*, in video games design and directing computer animation.

**Paul Peart** has worked on a variety of stories for *2000 AD* over the years, from *Tharg's Future Shocks*, *Slaughter bowl*, and *Judge Dredd* stories such as *Control*, *Medusa*, and *Sports A-Go-Go*.

**Jim Vickers** is probably best known for his *Judge Dredd* stories in both *2000 AD* and *The Judge Dredd Magazine* which include, *The Al Capone Story*, and *Plagues of Necropolis*.

The stunning painted artwork of **Greg Staples** has been a cover fixture of *2000 AD* for some years, but Staples has also contributed interiors, working on *Brigand Doom*, *The Clown*, *Download Tales*, *Judge Dredd*, *Sinister Dexter*, *Sláine*, *Tales of Telguuth* and *Terror Tales*. Greg is currently working on the much-anticipated return of *Judge Death* story with John Wagner.





## DREDD VS THE UNDEAD!

**MEGA-CITY ONE: A FUTURE METROPOLIS PLAGUED BY EVERY CRIME IMAGINABLE.** Keeping order are the Judges, a stern police force acting as judges, juries and executioners. Toughest of all is Judge Dredd. He *is* the law!

Volume 20 in this best-selling series sees Dredd travel to the North African city of Luxor, where he has to battle a flesh-hungry mummy! The past catches up with Dredd when an undead abomination from the ashes of East Meg One travels to the Big Meg with vengeance on its' mind. Mean Machine is back! Plus the return of the first-ever published *Judge Dredd* artist, Mick McMahon!



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